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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

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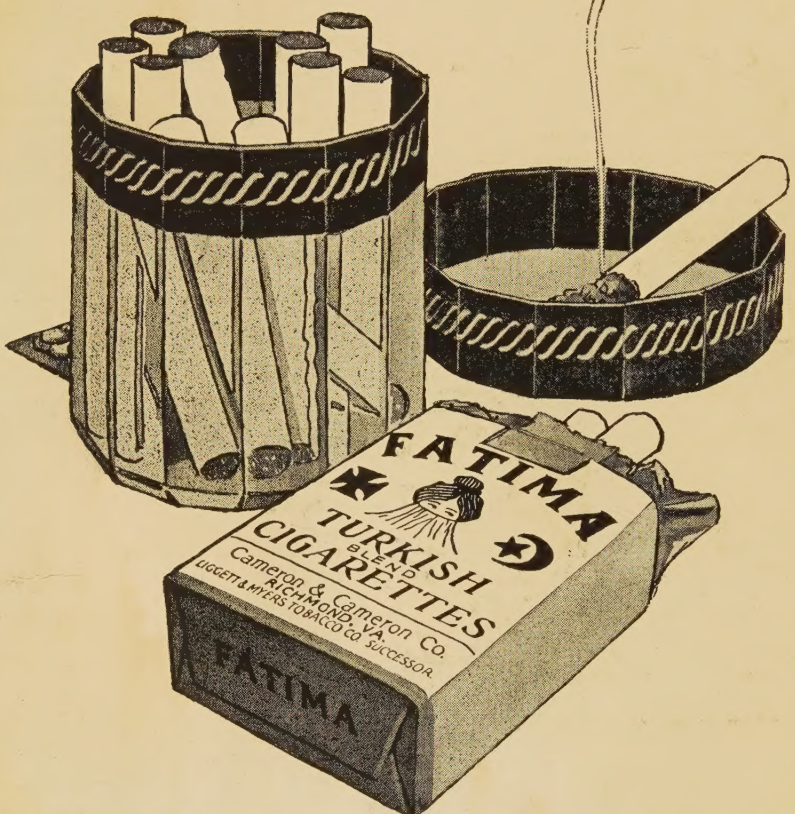

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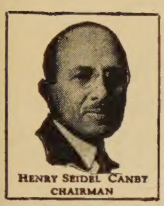

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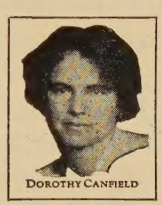

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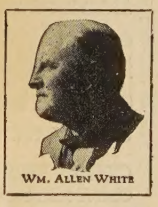

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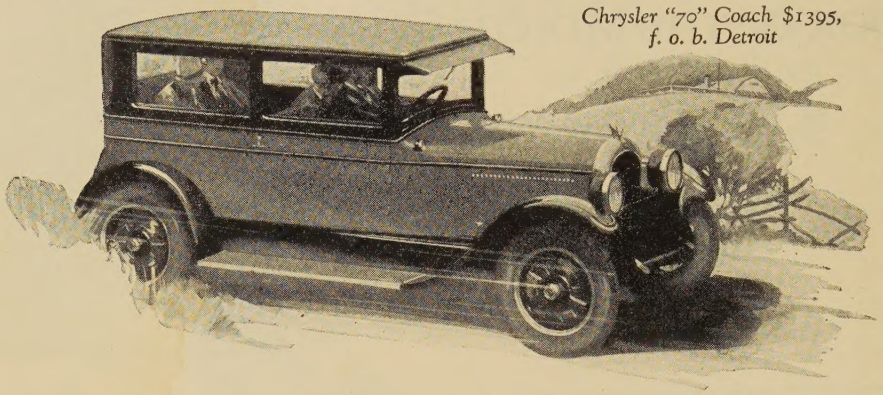

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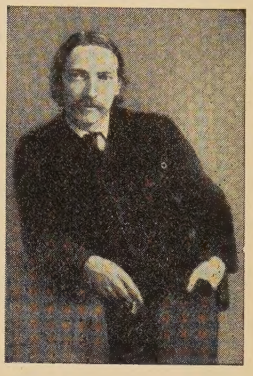

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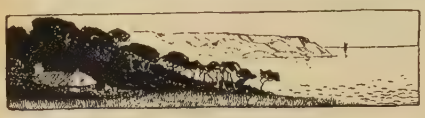

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THE FUNDAMENTALIST POPE

BY STANLEY WALKER

Between New York and hell, which have so much in common, stands the gaunt, fierce figure of that Christian gladiator, the eloquent and erudite Rev. John Roach Straton, D.D., (Shurtleff College, Alton, Ill., 1906).

This scimiter of the Lord realizes, as all sensible observers must, that he is leading a forlorn hope—that the modern Babylon, barring a miracle, is already as good as lost. But still he presses on. His enemy is the Prince of Darkness, that tricky and everlasting foe before whom so many shining pastors have fallen. He has given his solemn word that at the grave, and not before, will he lay down his sword.

Contrary to the belief of the ungodly, Brother Straton does not despise New York. On the contrary, he loves the sinful city with all the love a stern and righteous father has for an erring son. As he says:

> I have felt it my duty as a citizen and a father to do what I could to overthrow the entrenched evils of today, but I have not been so foolish as to imagine that we are going to be able to restore this lost world into the Kingdom of God. While God has laid it upon my heart to warn New York concerning the evils that are menacing her, nevertheless I have come to love this great and noble city.

There is another misconception—fostered, alas, by the notorious wet, kept press of New York—: that Brother Straton is a figure of little importance, a mere transient mountebank. It is true, of course, that his imprint upon the life of New York itself has not been particularly deep, but his detractors too often forget that to Baptist America he is an imposing magnifico, a genuine hero. He alone preaches to Broadway of the real hell-fire, the authentic Word. He alone carries to the devil's capital the glad tidings that Jonah's whale was as actual as a broiled mackerel at the Algonquin. Since the passing of the sainted Bryan, he is the recognized boss and bellwether of the Fundamentalists, the ordained scourge of the whole hellish rabble of evolutionists, atheists and free lovers.

When the true believer from the Bible Belt visits New York and seeks a place to worship (I assume, of course, that he has not been seduced by synthetic gin), does he join the crowd that flocks to hear the oily infidelities of Harry Emerson Fosdick? He does not. One look at that crowd is enough to convince a Baptist deacon from Tuscaloosa that they are either agnostics or Episcopalians. So he turns his feet toward the Calvary Baptist basilica in West Fifty-seventh street, where the real Gospel is on tap.

It is an ugly church, the nightmare of some happily forgotten architect of 1882. Carnegie Hall itself is not more monstrous. Above the portal one reads, "We Preach Christ Crucified." The church sprawls its

dingy and misshappen length between a bank and a new office-building. Across the street is a hotel. A few doors away a sign announces that Mlle. La Chapelle gives instruction in stage and ballroom dancing. Farther west is Louis Chalif's dancing-school. There are several art shops, and an ugly rumor says that more than one loose woman has been known to live in the neighborhood. One may stand on the steps of Calvary late at night and hear the ribald music from the Club Richman and the Creole Follies. It is amid such surroundings that the behemoths, Straton and Satan, stage their gory bouts. Is it any wonder that Satan seems always to have the upper hand? Or that good Baptists from the back country, sensing the heroism of his struggle, applaud the Pope of Manhattan?

Inside, the visitor is ushered politely to a seat. He receives a copy of the day's "programme" and reads the cover:

"Our Motto: The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible!

"Our Goal: The church in the school, and the school in the church!"

The singing begins. The choir tears into "At the Cross," "There's a Fountain Filled with Blood" and "Throw Out the Life-Line." The visitor looks about him and perceives that the congregation bears none of the loathsome stigmata of great wealth or high social position. He concludes that they are just folks. Suddenly Brother Straton, lean, gray-haired, cadaverous and solemn, appears in the pulpit. The congregation leans forward a bit, tense. After a few preliminary flourishes, like a wary prize-fighter feeling out an opponent, the pastor lets drive at sin. He mentions painted women. Old ladies in shawls grow stern. Then come the good old hissing words—obscene, indecent, lecherous, lascivious—and the battle is on.

At the end of the service it frequently happens that some souls have been saved: if so, they are baptized in the pool just back of the pulpit. Then the congregation disperses, and wicked Fifty-seventh street is quiet save for the taxicabs, fire-engines and gun-men, and the blare of jazz. Beelzebub still rules.

And yet, while all the other Protestant churches in New York seem to be dying, Calvary grows, even in the face of serious internal dissensions. Before leaving for a two-months tilt with the temptations of the flesh in Palm Beach last January, Brother Straton reported to his flock:

> I am glad to say that we had 216 additions to the membership in 1925, with 52 losses by death and dismissal, leaving a net gain for the year of 164. The editor of our church calendar finds that we had more additions during the year than the other five leading Baptist churches in Manhattan combined. We had nearly double the net increase of these five churches. Surely with this showing we should thank God, take courage and go forward!

As I have hinted, few members of this band of Christian soldiers are wealthy or distinguished. Time was when Calvary was high-toned and even, in a quiet Baptist way, fashionable, but after the coming of Brother Straton in 1918 many of the older and wealthier members withdrew. One cause was his abolition of pew rents; the more fastidious of the old-timers objected to the presence in their pews of certain new-born souls whom they termed riff-raff. Another cause of trouble was the pastor's "salacious sensationalism," as his critics called it. Naughty words occurred in his discourses. Once, so the story goes, the small daughter of a high and mighty lady member asked, "Mother, what is a prostitute?" The lady at once moved to another church.

But, as Brother Straton well knows, it takes more than such trivial defections to stop the onward march of the Kingdom. Righteousness is better than wealth. Are there dissenters in the sanctuary? Then kick them out!

Brother Straton was born on April 6, 1875, in the Christian town of Evansville, Ind. He is the son of a Baptist preacher, the Rev. Henry Dundas Douglas Straton. His mother was Julia Rebecca Carter, of an old Virginia family. Years afterward, when he was chided for not being in the

Social Register, he was able to reply with fine scorn: "Perhaps I can't qualify under the rules of your pork-packing aristocracy. But I am descended from the Black Douglases of Scotland and the Carters of Virginia."

The elder Straton moved to Georgia, and there John Roach became steeped in the Confederate culture. He attended Mercer University, and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, and later on the University of Chicago, and the Boston School of Oratory and Expression. He married a lady of Atlanta in November, 1903. She has borne him five children. The eldest, Hillyer, is now preparing for the ministry under his father's tutelage, and accompanies him on his revival tours of the streets of New York. These tours are made in Summer in an automobile with a specially-built pulpit. A cornetist goes along to alarm the crowds. It is said that many sinners, thus attracted, have repented of their wickedness and been saved.

II

"I was reared," says Brother Straton, "in a good home by godly parents, but at the age of eighteen I was in Atlanta, Ga., and there in the great city drifted deep into sin. Through a half-way study of philosophy and science, I was swept away from my moorings of faith. As a result of these studies and the skepticism which flowed from them, I gave up church and rarely attended it. Thus it came about that I was living a dissolute and immoral life, and that despite the mere human idealism which I had tried to establish as a substitute for the restraining and inspiring influence of religion, I was deep in sin, loving sin, following sin and living for sin; and conscience, through the stupefying effect of sin, was almost dormant. But I happened one day into the First Baptist Church of Atlanta. That prince of preachers, Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, was the pastor, and a revival meeting was in progress. I heard there an old-fashioned Gospel sermon. It was taken right out of the Bible and it held up Christ on the Cross as the only hope of sinful men. The voice of God spoke to my heart through that sermon and the power of Christ changed my heart and altered the whole direction of my life. The sins I had loved I hated and turned away from, and the righteousness I had despised I grew again to love and follow. As well tell a man, cured of smallpox, that there is no such thing as disease and that he hasn't been cured as to tell me that Jesus Christ isn't the Son of God. I know by my own experience. He worked a miracle and redeemed me from sin."

At the time of this miracle John Roach was employed in the Georgia State Capitol, and planned to be a lawyer, a respectable profession in Georgia. God, however, had other plans. After serving as "professor of oratory and the interpretation of the literature" at Mercer "university" at Macon, Ga., he was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1900. He was on the faculty of Baylor University at Waco, Texas, from 1903 to 1905, and then became pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Chicago. From 1908 until 1913 he was pastor of the Immanuel-Seventh Church of Baltimore, and from there he went to the First Church of Norfolk, Va., where he remained until God, perceiving that here indeed was a great battler, sent him to Calvary in New York to replace the aged Dr. Robert S. MacArthur. As a boy, he had shown marked oratorical ability. Indeed, he was the winner of the intercollegiate oratorical championship of Georgia, and, as a crowning victory, of the Southern interstate oratorical championship. Later he lectured on the Chatauqua circuit to great applause. Meanwhile, he was also busy with the pen. He won a prize of $1,000 from the Commercial Club of Portland, Oregon, for a forward-looking treatise on "Portland and the Northwest," and the Anti-Saloon League awarded him $500 for a monograph on "the mental, moral, physical and economic cost of the

liquor traffic." This monograph was entitled "The Deadly Upas Tree."

It was during his service in God's somewhat neglected vineyards in Baltimore and Norfolk that he perfected the technique which was later to bring him so much notice in New York. Both Baltimore and Norfolk were, and are, evil cities; indeed, it is well-known that the honorarium of the Norfolk harlot remains the lowest in this country. The Straton crusades in these cities were gaudy and full of thrills; whether he improved either town is something for the historians and bootleggers to worry about. Certainly there is nothing in the libel, circulated among the carnal gossips of New York, that he was run out of Norfolk. That story is of a piece with the one which would have him, even today, a drinker of so-called Scotch whiskey.

The truth is that the learned brother is a sober citizen, and a good husband and father. He has great affability and it is common knowledge that he once asked a bibulous reporter for the *World* to join him in prayer. He is content to live on a paltry salary of $9,000 a year. He has a home in East Seventy-seventh street which cost $35,000, and at last reports had a $20,000 mortgage on it. He once asked the church to take over the mortgage, and give him the house as a pastorium, as they call it in the South, but some of the trustees, imbued, no doubt, with the spirit of Satan, demurred. The congregation, however, gave him a respectable riding-horse, on which he takes the air in Central Park.

"The outside of a horse," he says, with his ready phrase-making, "is the best thing for the inside of a man."

III

It was in 1918, soon after he landed at Calvary, that New York, through its public prints, began to notice a new voice in the tumult of the town. Brother Straton denounced the users of roulette wheels in the sale of war savings stamps as "gamblers, felons and debauchers of the young." Then he preached on the evils of the Bal Bleu, a charity affair held by society women at the Ritz-Carlton. He said the ball was "an expression of paganism." One woman, defending it, suggested that, having come recently from Norfolk, he was perhaps not accustomed to seeing women in evening dress. He replied:

> I was at a dinner party, not a great while ago, and sat next to a lady who was so scantily attired that I positively blushed when another gentleman came and stood at the back of my chair to say something to me.

Next he went to see "Aphrodite" at the Century Theatre, and reported his observations thus:

> It was a nightmare of nude men and women who were slobbering over each other and lolling on couches with each other, and dancing in feigned drunken revelry together. What possible art or entertainment can there be in the silly cavorting of harlots and degenerates?

It was at about this time that certain of the older members of Calvary began leaving for other places of worship. A little later Dr. MacArthur, the pastor emeritus, asked that his name be dropped from the church programme. There was even a plot, it appeared, to oust Brother Straton: he charged that his enemies sent limousines to the Old Folks' Home in a diabolical attempt to get enough votes to put him out. The scheme failed, and twenty-nine conspirators were suspended.

He continued to attack the deviltries of the town. He declined to take part in a meeting of actors and clergymen at the Church of the Heavenly Rest on the ground that the stage was immoral. Nor was he moved when Rabbi H. Pereira Mendes of the Portuguese Synagogue said: "Actors are more than actors. They are sons of God." Brother Straton replied: "I do not believe that any good can come from that marriage of the Church and the theatre. If there are any children from the union they will doubtless be blind and lame and miserable."

The actors and clergymen went ahead and held their meeting. But a remarkable thing happened, and this is how Brother Straton described it:

> The most dramatic incident occurred when one of the Jewish rabbis was speaking, seemingly making some veiled reference to my letter declining to attend. In addressing the mixture of actors, actresses and preachers he dramatically lifted his hand and exclaimed, "We are all children of the God of Light!" As soon as he had finished that exclamation, every light in the building went out, and they were left in pitch black darkness. My friends, was this a mere coincidence or was it a deliberate rebuke from God, and an indication of his displeasure at any such mixing up of the corrupt stage of today with His pure and Holy Church?

The climax of the doctor's fight with the stage people came one Sunday afternoon when he debated with William A. Brady in Calvary Church. Brady, who used to manage Jim Corbett, declined at first to speak in the church, fearing foul play from a hostile audience. Brother Straton announced that he himself would go ahead and speak anyhow, which he did at great length. Brady was concealed in the audience, and getting madder all the time. At the end of Brother Straton's speech, William H. Anderson, the chairman (this was before Anderson was sent to Sing Sing), arose and said it was too bad Brady wasn't present.

"Mr. Brady *is* present!" boomed the truculent entrepreneur, striding to the pulpit. There, with arms akimbo, and talking from the side of his mouth, he defended the fair name of the American stage. He said there were more preachers than actors in prison, and, casting a glare at the choir, he hinted that there was always trouble when young men and women got together. Actors were decent people, he said, and plays were clean.

"How about Fatty Arbuckle?" cried a woman. "And 'Getting Gertie's Garter'?" shouted another. Bill fought back gamely, but his job was hopeless. He left the pulpit amid boos and hisses from the saved. Only a few infidels near the exits applauded.

Brother Straton attended the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in Jersey City to get materials for his holy work. He was particularly shocked by the number of women at the ringside. "How could they sit there," he demanded, "and look upon the spectacle of two practically naked men, battering and bruising each other and struggling in sweat and blood for mere animal mastery?" Dance-halls also worried him, and he came out in favor of a bill which would prohibit all public dancing save the more seemly sort of religious mazurkas, such as were danced by David and the other pious hoofers of antiquity, who performed solely for the glory of God.

Early in 1920 he began his greatest and most ill-starred crusade. National Prohibition had been in effect for three months, but there were almost as many gin mills remaining in New York as there are in the town today. Accompanied by Harry P. Burton, a newspaper man, and Daniel Hoffheim, of the vice-chasing Committee of Fourteen, Brother Straton disguised himself as a lover of fleshly pleasures and made a tour of the dance-halls, restaurants and speak-easies on the upper West Side. Burton paid all the bills. On the following Sunday Brother Straton preached a sermon on his observations. Beginning by saying that New York was "a feverish, unbrotherly, overwrought, Sabbath-desecrating, God-defying, woman-despising, law-breaking, gluttonous monster without ideals or restraint," he described his visit to the underworld in great detail, telling of meeting drunken women, prostitutes, dancing instructors of easy virtue, and other sad types of hellions. Moreover, he said he had bought Scotch highballs in many places. He charged that brothels existed with the knowledge and consent of the police.

A series of arrests followed. One Peter Galliotti and a waiter were arrested in one place, and Thomas Healy in another. Inspector Dominick Henry, over whose head several raids were carried out, was indicted for neglect of duty. But eventually he was freed, and so were Galliotti and his waiter. Brother Straton was chief witness against the prisoners charged with selling liquor when they were brought before Commissioner Hitchcock.

"You say you were served with a

Scotch highball?" he was asked. "Now, did you ever in your life taste Scotch whiskey?"

"No," said Brother Straton, and Commissioner Hitchcock, apparently much relieved, ruled that he was an incompetent witness. Subsequently, in a sermon, Brother Straton said: "I drank whiskey when I was in college and afterward I drank it to cure colds. I know what whiskey tastes like, and I tasted each of the drinks served to us in the places we visited. I simply took enough to convince myself that the stuff was whiskey. One would not have to swallow a polecat to know it was a polecat."

Meanwhile enemies were at work, and some one started the vicious tale that the crusade was designed to boost the sale of the doctor's book on the carnalities of New York, which, by a coincidence, was published at that precise time.

IV

What has been the result of all this crusading upon the wicked life of New York? As usual, alas, the devil seems to be winning. When Brother Straton began his first crusade, there were 200 dry agents at work in New York; the latest count shows only thirty. The liquor sold in the town is steadily improving in quality and becoming cheaper and more plentiful. The dance-halls and night-clubs are still open. Sunday motion-pictures and Sunday baseball have been made legal. Through the efforts of the Hon. Jimmy Walker, prize-fighting is now a State business. And thousands of women in New York are no better than they should be.

What is the cause of this distressing failure? The answer is simple: Modernism and the hellish doctrine of evolution. It comes from Brother Straton himself:

> Sabbath desecration, the breakdown of parental authority, the wrecking of home life, largely through unbelief, and the inroads of such commercialized amusements as the theatre (including the appalling menace of the movies), the degraded dance, the divorce evil, the sensualism in magazines and books, and the general reign of lawlessness, all flow out of the same fountain, namely, loss of respect for constituted authority; and this loss of respect for authority comes in turn from loss of faith in the Living God, in the Bible as a revelation from God, in the divine Christ as the Son of God and the supernatural Saviour of the world. In other words, religious Modernism is the foul fountain from which all these monstrous evils and these ever-increasing dangers flow.

As early as 1924 Brother Straton said that the Modernists were "morally mushy," and "cuckoo birds." He called Dr. Fosdick "a Baptist bootlegger, a Presbyterian outlaw, and the Jesse James of the theological world." The fortune of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who is building a great church for Fosdick near Columbia University, he holds to be the greatest curse that rests upon the Baptist denomination today. Young John D. himself is "a self-complacent and somnolent Modernist." "Fosdick," said Brother Straton, "preaches eloquent and oily sermons. He should have SOCONY on the front of his new church." As to the decision of the Fosdick-Rockefeller church not to insist upon the ducking pool, he holds: "Total immersion is not necessary to salvation, but it is necessary to strict obedience to God's word."

In August, 1925, Brother Straton was billed to speak at the Y. M. C. A. in Louisville on "Monkey Men and Monkey Morals," but he was barred and had to get another hall. Back of this plot, he charged, were "the Rockefeller money and the Fosdick influence." The Union Theological Seminary, supported in part by Rockefeller, is another hot-bed of heresy. This institution, says Brother Straton, "is far more dangerous to the stability of the community than the back rooms where Bolsheviki hatch their plots and anarchists prepare their bombs." Again, he charges that the Baptist Board of Foreign Mission is sending out missionaries who hold heretical views. He says that the board is seeking to starve a little handful of Fundamentalist missionaries who are trying to convert France to the true faith. He and thirty other Fundamentalist pas-

tors have demanded access to the damning records of the board, but the board insists on keeping them padlocked.

Once, at a Baptist convention at Atlantic City, Brother Straton attempted to prevent Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, the Modernist president of Brown University, young John D's. alma mater, from taking the platform. But the forces of heresy were in control and he lost. One clergyman even forgot himself and shouted "Throw Straton out!"

During the Scopes trial in Tennessee Brother Straton kept in constant touch with William Jennings Bryan, who planned to call him as an expert witness for the prosecution. "Be ready," Bryan wired. "I am ready to go at the drop of a hat," replied Brother Straton. But his testimony was not needed. When the Lord called Bryan from the scene of battle, the mantle of the Fundamentalist leader was grasped by Straton, who said: "The suggestion comes from many quarters that I should carry forward the campaign in opposition to evolution that our fallen chieftain had to lay down. These suggestions have been made, I suppose, because Mr. Bryan and I were so closely associated and were so at one in our convictions."

The followers of Bryan elected him vice-president of the Bryan Memorial Association of Dayton, Tenn., which seeks to collect enough money to build a Christian university there; he is also a member of the designs committee of the association for a Bryan memorial in Washington. He favors raising not less than $1,000,000 for a Fundamentalist university in Washington. The foes of the evolution heresy could have no better leader. Long before the Scopes trial he was hard at it. He visited the infidel Museum of Natural History in New York and reported that Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, the president, was poisoning the minds and corrupting the morals of children with an exhibit of skulls in the Hall of the Age of Man.

"That exhibit," he said, "is treason to God Almighty and a libel on the human race." He suggested that instead of the skulls there should be an exhibit starting with a Bible open at Genesis, with a red arrow pointing to the first verse. He took his idea to Dr. William K. Gregory, curator of the department of comparative anatomy, and they talked at length. The curator shortly after reported sadly that there had been "a vast gulf" between them.

Once Brother Straton produced some fossils of his own which he had obtained from John T. Reid, of Lovelock, Nevada. One of these fossils, he said, was of a shoe, or moccasin, and it occurred in a rock of the Triassic Era, which certainly exploded the theory that that era antedated man's appearance upon earth. The other was a fossilized horse's hoof of the Cretaceous Era, which, if genuine, would disprove the theory that the horse was evolved from a toed animal. The museum rejected the fossils as "absurd rubbish." Dr. Frederick A. Lucas, the honorary director and probably a Modernist, said: "I know of the 'moccasin.' It is not a moccasin and I don't believe it is a fossil. I hear the discoverer has made another find. This time it is a horse's hoof, which belongs in the same category. If he stood around the museum long enough he could amass a fine collection of fossilized potatoes, lemons, hog feet, broom handles and other objects brought in by ignorant persons. He could use them as additional ammunition."

It is difficult to make a scientist, hip-deep in hell, see the light, but Brother Straton believes that the Legislatures of all the Southern States will follow the action of Tennessee and Mississippi in prohibiting the teaching of evolution in their public-schools. This movement, he holds, will then sweep to the North. In taking command of it he probably has a better chance of success than he has ever had in any of his other crusades. He understands thoroughly the minds of the bucolic Baptists of the South and West, and he knows what a rural legislator will do when the pastors crack their whips.

Even in New York he split even in his four debates with the Rev. Charles Francis Potter, the Unitarian—and some of the judges were Justices of the Supreme Court of the State!

V

There are fiends out of hell who allege that the Straton bugle has not been blown as melodiously of late as it used to be. The good brother, in truth, has passed fifty, and perhaps his old frenzy for righteousness begins to slacken. But he is still eloquent. He can still set the Baptists to leaping in air and howling hosannas. As witness:

> What will you do about all this, men and women of New York, you blatant infidels who sneer at the Church and laugh at the preachers and scoff at all righteous things; you lewd men and women, slaves to lust and appetite, prostituting the sacred power that God has given you to base, selfish and unholy ends; you vain and godless society women with your cigarettes, your cocktails and your indecent dresses; you who decline the duties and privileges of motherhood that you may pursue your selfish "careers" and who nurse contemptible little dogs rather than babies; you malpractitioners who help them to do these things; you drunkards and drunkard-makers; you thieves; you murderers; you bribe-givers and bribe-takers; you corrupt politicians; you stirrers up of strife and bloodshed; you makers and sellers of impure literature; you blind leaders of the blind who cry peace, peace, when there is no peace; you religious pharisees who profess with your lips on Sunday a creed to which your lives give the lie every day in the week?

But the man also has a tenderer side. He knows how to pull out the *voix celèstes* stop. Here is the official Baptist heaven as he describes it:

> But think, my friends, what heaven will be! . . . Stand yonder with me below the Arch of Triumph in Fifth avenue and let us give play to our imaginations. Instead of that graceful arch being composed of man's poor plaster, which is already cracking and falling in decay, think of it as carved from one perfect opal or one giant diamond, fairly stabbing the eyes with the dazzling beauty of a million rays of light. And beyond it, reaching far and away, see the avenue, not with the cold drab stones that we know but paved with pure gold so rare and fine that it shines like transparent glass. And there beside that matchless highway see trees with many colored flowers, each bearing the fruits of life and the leaves that are for the healing of the nations, and to the right and left of these, as far as our wondering eyes can see, behold mansions of glory, built of opals and sapphires, and rubies, and pearls, planned by the skill of omnipotent wisdom and executed by the power of a divine architect! Add to that little glimpse which the imagination gives a thousandfold increase in beauty and sweetness and let the city stretch out and out, with its jeweled walls 1,500 miles in each direction, and its exquisite beauties piled plain on plain and street above street, soaring up 1,500 miles toward the eternal blue. Try with your poor finite minds to think of that and to dream of it and you will begin to catch some faint, far-off suggestion of the place that God Almighty is preparing for them who love Him!

No wonder the gaping Baptists from up-State, crowding into Calvary Church to see and hear the great man, are transported to such delights that the collection-plates run over with their money! It seems a pity that one so gifted should have to turn aside from his gilt and glittering rhetoric to fight malcontents within his own flock. Yet such is the fact: the devil has seen to it personally. More than two years ago Straton announced a plan to build a great Baptist hotel and temple on the site of Calvary, to cost $5,000,000 and to rear itself twenty-two stories toward heaven. It was to be the center of the soul-saving activities of New York. In the temple all the leading evangelists of the nation would do their stuff, and the hotel was to be a refuge for Christian wayfarers from the wiles of painted women, bootleggers and scientists. Unfortunately, the congregation's reaction to this holy scheme was hostile. When the doctor, worn to a shadow by his trying duties, went to Europe for a rest and to study comparative vice, thirty-three black sheep got out a statement attacking their absent shepherd. They accused him of running the church into debt, and of causing several eminent deacons to quit in disgust.

Upon his return Brother Straton and his faithful friends threw out a group of these blasphemers, but the trouble was not over. Five trustees sought an injunction to restrain the pastor from mortgaging the church property, valued at between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000, to further the hotel project. The charges which this little set

of willful men made in court were astounding. For example, they alleged that $105,000 received from the sale of the Collegiate Church property, which had been taken over by Calvary, had been dissipated, that Brother Straton was "unsafe to handle funds," that three pro-Straton trustees, William Harman Black (a learned jurist), Ely R. Callaway and P. A. Carter, were relatives either of the pastor or of his wife, and that, anyhow, the property had been dedicated to God and it was wrong to mortgage it for a Christian hotel. Not even when Brother Straton explained that he had prayed all night and that God had assured him of the righteousness of his course were the rebellious trustees appeased. A tale reached the pastor that he was supposed to get $85,000 out of the hotel deal and was to have a luxurious eleven-room apartment on the top floor. Truly there are no lengths to which the devil will not go. Finally, after long bitterness, the action was dropped, without cost to either side, and the pastor announced that all was forgiven. Recently the anti-Straton trustees thoroughly beaten, resigned, issuing a final blast accusing the pastor of drawing two salaries and of being guilty of other unspiritual practices. Immediately their places were filled with God-fearing men. Only an unexpected flank movement by the Powers of Darkness can prevent the building of the godly department-store. There is little doubt now that the majority of the congregation will follow Straton in whatever course God assures him personally is right.

Just before the court action was settled a somewhat unnerving rumor was started that Brother Straton was going to forsake Calvary for the West Palm Beach Tabernacle, in the Holy Land of the Christian realtors. He explained the situation on a cold, smoky, muggy Sunday. He reminded his flock that, according to God's word, he was entitled to his Sabbatical year. However, he had decided to let them off easy and take only a two-months leave of absence. Word had reached him that there was a lot of boozing, Modernism and greyhound racing in Florida. He had arranged to pay for a supply pastor out of his own pocket while he helped the Palm Beach clergy scotch these evils. The state of affairs in Florida, it appeared, was desperate. Many persons hoped he wouldn't go there: it might hurt real estate values, they said. "The only realty values I'll depress are in hell!" replied the intrepid doctor, and off he went. Two weeks later the New York papers were printing pictures of him in a bathing-suit. This was somewhat puzzling. Could it be that the grizzled old knight of God, caressed by that lascivious climate, had become soft? Soon came the reassuring news that he had denounced a performance of Ziegfeld's "Palm Beach Nights," by which $100,000 was raised for a hospital.

He has promised not to desert New York. "It would not, I fear," he said, "be the same old town without me." Indeed it would not. The new Gomorrah loves him in much the same fashion that a smaller town loves and takes pride in the village atheist. He is unusual, and he gives a good show.

DANIEL BOONE

BY CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

Few names are dearer to Americans than that of Daniel Boone; his memory has become a national inheritance, a tradition as sacred to the people of the West as that touching the Revolutionary Fathers. Unfortunately, scientific research offers no support for his fame, which is a myth, like that of William Tell, conceived in caprice, reared by uncritical history, and perpetuated by popular sentimentality.

The established facts in the life of Boone are few, homely, and insignificant. He was an ordinary frontiersman of the *fin de siècle dixhuitième*. His costume was picturesque: coonskin cap, buckskin clothes, moccasins, tomahawk, and rifle. With the last he was skilled. As an agent of a land speculator he made in 1769 an exploration in the Kentucky region, and marked more clearly the oft-trodden Wilderness Trail, over which he led a company of settlers; later he moved to Spanish Missouri. Here is nothing extraordinary, nothing to mark him off from his fellows, who dressed in the same fashion and made the same trek.

The facts of the life of the man Boone, indeed, have little in common with those of the superman so universally exalted. The figure of the latter is projected against the background of a romantic West where hid the crafty Indians. Into this there moves a vast army of peaceful and liberty-loving settlers consummating a momentous conquest; the common people are making history. Popular caprice has placed Boone at the head of this army of invasion, and he is idolized as the most heroic of Western explorers, as the first to make known to settlers the fertility of the "dark and bloody country" of Kentucky, and as the first to plant in the West a permanent settlement of Americans. After him followed the pioneers by hundreds and then by thousands until the Mississippi Valley was populated. Thus he is made to symbolize a great epoch. Even during his life time he was depicted by tradition as the superman of his generation of Westerners. In his old age he had become convinced of the truth of the tale that was told and declared himself an instrument "ordained of God to settle the wilderness." Succeeding generations have only fortified the legend. So firmly embodied in the consciousness of the American people had the apotheosis of Saint Daniel become that no voice was raised in protest when a few years ago a committee of illustrious Americans selected his name to be inscribed among the noblest of the land in the Hall of Fame.

But it requires only the most superficial research to knock the story into a cocked hat. A study of the historical sources proves that thousands of men explored Kentucky before Boone, and that the region was well known to multitudes who needed no superhuman herald either to tell them of the fertility of soil or to summon them to action. The impetus to move westward was impatiently throbbing in their hearts long before Boone's western career began, and in fact before he started on his adventure others had already made their settlements or had selected their sites. Finally, in this whole complex movement across the mountains Boone played a subordinate part; he was little more than the employé of an empire builder.

II

Different motives have moved men to risk their lives in the American wilderness. All are economic in their character. American historians have sadly neglected one of them: the fur trade, which was, both during the colonial period and long afterwards, among the most important and profitable businesses of the continent. This neglect has been due, no doubt, to the New Englanders, especially the prolific history-writers of Massachusetts, who have been permitted too exclusively to stake out the metes and bounds of our national history. The fur trade played only a minor part in the life of the Bostonians; the Harvard curriculum has always been innocent of courses in either its practice or history. But neither this neglect nor ignorance can obliterate the powerful influence of the fur-hunger upon the past of the nation. Possibly future historians may reach the conclusion that the pursuit of furs affected the national development more decisively than the importation of molasses and its distillation into rum by the Northeastern Yankees. Stranger reversals of interpretation have taken place. At any rate, the history of Kentucky begins with hunting.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the history of Kentucky started with salt licks, for salt has always been a most important ingredient in the life of the territory. How early, the bones of the mastodon bear witness. To the licks came buffaloes, deer, bears and other animals in a Noah's ark variety, making Kentucky one of the best known hunting grounds of the continent. Within its valleys the Iroquois unsuccessfully struggled with the Cherokee and Creek for the rights of monopoly. The fur secured was not so valuable in commerce as that of the beaver and the mink, with pelts perfected by the wintry blasts of the far North, but the hunters in Kentucky satisfied two economic needs, clothing and food.

Naturally the fame of this land was soon broadcasted by the forest radio to the English settlements. Even in far-off Albany the Indians told the story, and in 1692 a Dutchman, Arnout Viele, led a trading expedition to the Cumberland river. This remarkable adventurer, the first from the British colonies to view the blue grass valleys, had no immediate successors. Not until fifty years later did another Albany expedition seek wealth in the same Ultima Thule. But the enterprises of the Southern hunters and traders followed a different course and became of historical significance. In 1673, a year made notable by Joliet's discovery of the Mississippi, James Needham, an almost unknown hero of the West, started from Virginia and made his way across the mountains and established trade with the Cherokees in the territory of modern Tennessee. Interest in the West, thus aroused, was stimulated by the tales of Jean Couture, a companion of the Chevalier de la Salle, who journeyed through Kentucky to Charleston sometime between 1690 and 1692. Soon every year pack trains from South Carolina were going a-trading into the wilderness. In 1698 Captain Walsh crossed the Mississippi and established a post at the mouth of the Arkansas. By the activities of these Southern colonials the Indian tribes south of the Ohio had been brought into relation with the English before the French had firmly established the province of Louisiana. A momentous outcome! The British traders have left few records of their comings and goings, but accounts of their wanderings and intrigues throughout the territory extending from the Ohio to the Gulf were written by their enemies, the French, who knew whereof they complained, for Kentucky was a lodestone to all seekers of pelts.

Up to the middle of the Eighteenth Century the French hunters and traders in Kentucky greatly outnumbered their rivals, who concentrated their energies to regions farther to the South. The earliest French visitors were residents of the Illinois country, distant only a few days journey by land or water. After the foundation of New Orleans many boats made the toil-

some up-river journey from that village to hunt and trade around the salt-licks. An eyewitness reports that he saw in the Kentucky waters during August and September, 1767, twenty large French pirogues. This means that one or two hundred men were still hunting there after the height of the season of that year was over. There are no statistics to guide us, but it will be no exaggeration to estimate that during the half century between 1720 and 1770 twenty Frenchmen, on the average, hunted and traded annually in the Kentucky woods. When one remembers that the business in life of the French settlers was practically limited to this industry, the average appears to be set too low.

For many years the only rivals of these French were the British colonists of the South; but about the middle of the century the Pennsylvanians began to extend their trading operations into all parts of the Ohio valley. The most famous of them, George Croghan, with some fifty employés and an hundred pack horses carried on an extensive trade with the Indians north and south of the Ohio. One of his parties, with which was John Finley, later to be Boone's guide, explored, in 1752, the land of Western Kentucky. Lewis Evans interviewed Croghan concerning the West; and how extensive was the contemporary information about the Kentucky region may be learned from his well-known map published in 1755.

III

So far we have been considering only those who penetrated into the interior of this far-famed land, but men voyaging on the Ohio river were able to learn much about its fertility and topography. Therefore, in estimating the extent of information about Kentucky, travelers along its northern border must be taken into consideration. Some of them, it is known, strayed far inland from their camps. Strangely enough, the French were dilatory in exploring the course of the Ohio. Their first recorded expedition along its whole length was made in 1739, when the governor of Nouvelle France sent a company of soldiers via the Ohio to participate in the war against the Chickasaw. When France and the British entered upon their final struggle for the West in the French and Indian War, military expeditions on the river became yearly occurrences, for Fort Duquesne at the forks of the Ohio was supplied with rations, munitions, and troops from the Illinois country. In 1756 some British prisoners, among them three women, were brought down the river. The next year a French officer led a force of forty men up the Tennessee for "about 120 leagues." After the war was over and France had ceded to the British Empire her claims to all the West east of the Mississippi, Fort Pitt, the rechristened Fort Duquesne, became the centre of operations in this midland valley. It was from here that troops were sent in 1765 to occupy the Illinois country, and thereafter supplies and troops for this distant port were regularly moved on the Ohio.

For a few years the commercial gentry of Philadelphia fixed their eyes on the country of the Illinois, whence they expected to draw immense profits. The firm of Baynton, Wharton & Morgan was the first in the field and made elaborate preparations for their western venture; their initial expense of about $150,000 makes their undertaking one of the most spectacular in the annals of colonial business. Boats were built for them at Pittsburgh; and twice yearly a fleet with supplies was sent down the Ohio to their partner, George Morgan, at Kaskaskia. It was their boast that they were employing in 1767 three hundred boatmen. Twice, in 1766 and 1768, the famous geographer, Thomas Hutchins, was one of their passengers; and it was on these journeys that he gained his knowledge of Kentucky. Other firms and some individuals entered into competition for the trade, but none reaped the expected reward, and practically all withdrew about the time Boone was making his first exploration.

During this same period curiosity about Kentucky itself became intense. Yearly hunting parties with land speculating attachments explored its various valleys. They were evidence of the interest which the citizens of Virginia were taking in the land lying directly to the west. We shall return to this phase in a moment, but a couple of these hunts gave rise to some information of importance. They were sent out from Kaskaskia on the Illinois by George Morgan, who was hoping to make profits for himself and his partners by supplying the British troops at Fort de Chartres with salted buffalo meat. Both expeditions seem to have hunted on the Cumberland river, the second in 1768 being expected to mount that stream for three hundred miles. The history of them is of no further interest; but in making his preparations, Morgan made many inquiries of his French neighbors and reported the result as follows to his partners: "The great number of French Hunters that are procuring Meat on the Ohio for New Orleans as well as the Settlement on the West side of the Mississippi, have so thinned the Buffalo and other game there, that you will not see the 1–20 Part of the Quantity as formerly." A British officer stationed at Fort de Chartres had reached a similar conclusion.

From 1673, when James Needham established trading relation between the transmontane Indians and the British colonies, to the date of the exploratory expedition which made Daniel Boone famous was a period of almost a hundred years, and during that time the buffalo herds visiting the salt licks of Kentucky had been almost exterminated. Morgan's statement, even if exaggerated, is still informatory about a land supposedly so unknown. We must evidently revise our ideas. Being a Yankee, I am prepared to venture a guess. If we count all those who had visual proof during this century of the fertility and general desirability of Kentucky, either by hunting within its bounds or skirting along its northern border, their number must be in the neighborhood of 4000. More than half of these made rather extended excursions into the interior of the land, and we may take for granted that few of its western valleys had not heard the crack of a white man's rifle. Some such picture of the *terra incognita* which Daniel Boone explored is the product of recent historical research.

IV

When Boone made his trip into Kentucky in the year 1769, the lure of the blue grass was felt along the frontier from New York to Georgia. Men who had seen it had not kept silent, and even the knowledge of the region possessed by the French was spread far and wide by the visitors to Kaskaskia and by the French themselves, some of whom came to Philadelphia and New York. Two classes of men had eagerly listened to the stories—speculators and prospective settlers. Land speculation! It has been continuously active in American history. The seeking of a fortune in realty has been the magnet which has drawn the millions across the continent. In every advance westward of population the speculator has ridden in the vanguard. In the seventh decade of the Eighteenth Century everybody was ready to take a flyer in land, even as their descendants are doing today in Florida. Only not Florida but Kentucky was the land of promise, the El Dorado of men's dreams. Legend affirms that Boone was the agent who called the people across the mountains. The reverse is the truth. Boone was among the conjured, not the conjuror.

It will be necessary to turn back on the narrative a moment in order to trace the development of the speculative mania, which was so potent that the hindrance of its expression by the British ministry must be counted one of the determining influences in driving the leading men of Virginia into the patriotic party. Possibly the beginning may be found in a petition of John Howard of Virginia, in 1737, for permission to explore the Mississippi. He

actually started in 1742, but was captured by the French and carried to New Orleans. An account of his wanderings, written by one of his companions, was copied and eagerly read by other land-hungry persons. As early as 1749 the government of Virginia granted to Bernard Moore land at the mouth of the Ohio. Two years before this the Ohio Company was formed by the Lees, the Washingtons and others to establish a settlement at the forks of the Ohio, a movement which inspired many another speculator in transmontane lands, and millions of acres were marked out for settlement in the next year or two. As a consequence of these undertakings there took place the two famous explorations of Kentucky by Dr. Thomas Walker and Christopher Gist, representing rival companies. Before settlement could be made, the French and Indian War broke out as the consequence of their activities, and for a time speculation was quiescent.

As the war neared its end and the West was assured to the British, speculation took on new life. The older companies began operations. New plans were inaugurated. Each year some new get-rich-quick scheme was promulgated. In Pennsylvania Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Galloway, Samuel and Thomas Wharton were the leaders of enterprises, first in the Illinois country and then in the territory south of the Ohio from the Alleghanies to the Kentucky river. It is almost impossible to name one of the Revolutionary fathers of Virginia who was not drawn into the stream of land speculation; all the Lees, all the Washingtons—George particularly—all the Lewises, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, George Mason, the Randolphs, and hosts of lesser folk, all were on their tiptoes waiting for the signal to occupy the territory lying directly to their west, what is today West Virginia and Kentucky. The sounding of the signal was, however, delayed. To placate the Indians, the British ministry felt obliged to prohibit temporarily, in 1761, all settlement beyond the mountains; and it was slow and cautious in lifting the ban—so slow that the speculators became impatient, and pushed into the forbidden land without the permission of his Majesty. Surveyors and prospectors swarmed over Kentucky. In 1773, land was staked out as far west as the site of modern Louisville.

The principal land speculator of North Carolina was Richard Henderson, who formed a company to buy directly from the Indians the territory lying west of the Kentucky river. It was as an agent of Henderson that Daniel Boone undertook, as so many others were doing, his first exploration in 1769. Still acting as a subordinate, he marked the Wilderness Trail, and in 1775 he led the first settlers to Transylvania. But months before his arrival in Kentucky the frontiersmen of Virginia had founded Harrodsburg and two other settlements. So the glory of being the first to raise his log-cabin in the land of promise must be denied him.

V

The narrative has now placed Daniel Boone in his proper niche. He was one of the many pawns in the magnificent game of chess being played on Kentucky territory. Of the superman there is no trace. Without doubt the unlearned will continue to exalt the name of the simple soul whose fictitious career exemplifies so fully their idea of historical causation and typifies so fittingly their conception of the common man in history. But the historian must reconcile himself to the inevitable neglect of his scientific research and extract what pleasure he can from the contemplation of truth. A lonely occupation indeed! There is for him, however, a source of self-complacency in the realization that he has freed himself from the hallowed tradition of the multitude, and that he belongs to the small group of the elect who understand the impossibility of compressing into the naïve symbolism of the Daniel Boone myth the complex forces which culminated in the settlement of Kentucky.

MANN OF TOWN TOPICS

BY ROBERT R. ROWE

Colonel William D'Alton Mann came to New York with the titles of editor, publisher, soldier and inventor. All of them had been hard and honestly earned. After he reached town his inventive genius continued to flower, and soon it displayed itself in an improvement in that ancient implement, the muckrake. After careful studies he reached the conclusion that the combination of wealth, notoriety and loose living makes that class of people known as smart society peculiarly vulnerable to publicity. He provided the publicity in *Town Topics*—and the publicity, for many years, provided him with a very comfortable living.

In retrospect the Colonel, without any retouching, stands out in his lily-white whiskers, his flaming red bow-tie, his plug hat and his old-fashioned frock coat as no worse if not any better than the vain, foolish and ofttimes cowardly class who paid a high price for his amiability. That many contributed is no secret, and precise data on the subject may be gleaned by examining the advertising in any one of the myriad of special editions of *Town Topics*, running through some three decades, particularly the Wall Street Editions, of which there were as many as the traffic would bear. Other information on the subject may be found in a perusal of the Colonel's master-work in book form, by title "Fads and Fancies." Try to locate a copy today on some Park avenue library table! In a spirit of philanthropy the Colonel once offered one to the New York Public Library, and was considerably annoyed when the librarian ignored even his second tender. That he took "Fads and Fancies" seriously is shown by the fact that he planned to place a copy in the British Museum and another in the Congressional Library at Washington.

For a copy of that silly work, which, so the Colonel's bag-holders boasted to prospective immortals, required an entire hide for the binding of each volume, some climbers parted with as much as six months' rent of a duplex apartment with private elevators. But do not gather from this that the subscribers were all on the fringe of society. In truth, the index of the volume reads like a list of guests at one of the lamented Mrs. William Astor's state dinners, when she used the gold plate, or of the rector's committee assignments at St. Bartholomew's Church. Mrs. Collis P. Huntington paid several times the subscription rate (which the Colonel made more or less elastic) because she believed that her late spouse, who symbolized the pioneer spirit of the West, was entitled to more space in so valuable a record than people who had made theirs running the blockade during the Civil War or manufacturing railroad spikes. "*Town Topics*," he wrote in his own eminent journal, "stands sponsor for 'Fads and Fancies.' This work is designed to be absolutely flawless in every department of book manufacture, and an exquisite example of the highest attainment in the art at the beginning of the century—a souvenir and an heirloom combined. . . . I have always supposed that men of wealth had the unquestioned right to buy such innocent luxuries as they desired, whether these be yachts, automobiles, tapestries, examples of the old masters or editions de

luxe, and to pay for them what they pleased." The Colonel himself admitted a net profit of $90,000 on the edition, which cost, he said, $60,000. One of the men engaged in soliciting subscriptions received $50,000 in commissions.

All in all, it was a long list of complaisant angels who made it possible for the Colonel to maintain an elaborate private residence at Seventy-second street and the Drive, to keep up "Saunterer's Rest" on an island in Lake George (where finally, under the new constitution of the State of New York, he became a mere squatter), to make periodical excursions to Europe, and at different points of the compass to enjoy his favorite dinner dish of three English mutton chops festooned with baked yams and a lettuce-tomato-cucumber salad, washed down with not less than two bottles of vintage champagne. This Gargantuan appetite was the envy of the whole Lotus Club. When the Colonel appeared there he had the entire dining-room staff searching for sauces, Maggi's seasoning, paprika and the devil knows what. The mountain of hot biscuits in front of him was ordered in advance by telephone. And heaven help the waiter who served in the first instance less than a dozen blocks of butter! When the Colonel lined up for the start of this feast all conversation was barred, and no sound was heard save the munching of his jaws and his frequent Woof! Woof! This famous grunt, whether eating, reading proof, watching a saddle class at the Horse Show, or observing the ballet at the Metropolitan, was the Colonel's signal that all was well. He got what he wanted when he wanted it, whether it was something to eat for himself or a Saturday check from Wall Street which permitted his staff to eat, too. Incidentally the club rules against tipping never bothered him. In scattering largess he was as liberal as Clarence Mackay.

The Lotus stood at the peak of the Colonel's own little social world, and in his columns he boosted and glorified it to such an extent that outlanders probably imagined it ranked next among metropolitan clubs to the Knickerbocker, the Union and the Brook. True, he belonged also to the Manhattan, as a some-time Congressman-elect in Oscar Underwood's State well might. As the first candidate of the Democratic party for Congress from the Mobile district under Reconstruction, he received a large majority of the votes, but was counted out by the carpet-bag managers of the Reconstruction State government. Just how much the nation suffered by this calamity is conjecture. Certainly the Colonel possessed the lung-power and the nerve to out-roar any House lion in the history of Congress.

II

But although the bars may have been up against him in certain other clubs of New York, he found his consolation in the fact that he could boast membership in the Old Guard of New York, the Society of the Army of the Potomac, the Grand Army of the Republic (George Washington Post, New York City), the Army and Navy Clubs of New York and Washington, the Transportation, the Democratic and the Press Clubs, the Ohio Society, the Southern Society of New York, and the great military order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. He wore constantly the insignia of the Legion, and so long as his dogs permitted him on parade he loved to doll himself up in the uniform of the Old Guard. Woof! Woof!

No one could take the Colonel's war record away from him. At the outbreak of the war he entered the service as a captain in the First Regiment of Michigan Volunteer Cavalry. The next year he organized at Detroit the First Mounted Rifles, which became a unit in the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, and Daniel's Horse Battery. Subsequently, at the request of Michigan's war Governor, he organized the Seventh Michigan Cavalry and Guenther's Horse Battery. These troops, with others from the State, became what in the Army of the Potomac was known as the Mich-

igan Cavalry Brigade. Tall, tough, raw-boned and natural horsemen, swinging a sabre as they wielded an axe in the northern pine woods, and handling a carbine with all the skill of squirrel-hunters, they made quite a reputation under Sheridan. They were to the Northern cavalry what the Louisiana Tigers were to the Southern infantry. Following the battle of Chancellorsville, the Pennsylvania campaign found the Colonel at the head of the Seventh Michigan.

For two months Stuart's Confederate cavalry had out-smarted the Federal forces, dashing rough-shod up and down the Valley of Virginia into Maryland, and finally crossing the Mason-Dixon Line without getting into action. But to protect Lee's flank, Stuart at Gettysburg was obliged to fight one of the bloodiest cavalry encounters of the whole war, and the Colonel, riding side by side with George Armstrong Custer (later of Indian fame), Russell A. Alger (afterwards Secretary of War), and other gallant Michigan horsemen, emerged from the fray with what amounted to citations from Kilpatrick, Gregg and other superior officers.

All this, in all probability, saved the Colonel from the hoosegaw years later, when Martin Littleton, in a $75,000 oration before a jury, caused tears to trickle down the cheeks of the twelve men good and true as he recited the Colonel's distinguished service to his country and spoke of the enduring monument that should be his. Much to the dismay of the prosecutor, William Travers Jerome, the jury decided that the Colonel was not guilty. This was in the famous perjury suit which followed the libel affair against Norman Hapgood, Peter F. Collier *et al.*, when *Collier's Weekly* said editorially that the Colonel was "worse than a second-story man or a horse thief," and also made severe strictures upon Judge Joseph M. Deuel for his connection with *Town Topics*. Both Mann and Deuel brought libel suits, separately, but inasmuch as the suit of Deuel was tried first and its unfavorable result became known to the whole world, that of the Colonel never got an airing.

In this Deuel suit, the Colonel, who was forever accepting poor advice from third-rate lawyers, foolishly took the witness-stand. He was partly tricked into it by the district attorney, but his own lifelong idea that he could bluff his way through anything was largely responsible. Naturally, with the ammunition at hand, Mr. Jerome made him most uncomfortable. In the course of the Colonel's testimony he denied that he had placed his "O.K., W.D.M." to a certain document. Others testified that the chirography was his, and this was the basis of the ensuing trial for perjury. When it began to appear that the Colonel was in danger of losing his bountiful crop of white whiskers under the scissors of a barber at Ossining-on-Hudson, he did the only smart thing to his credit since the beginning of the first messy trial. That is, he retained a lawyer of parts—Mr. Littleton. The result was perhaps the greatest moral victory that Mr. Littleton had scored since he emerged as a boy from Roane county, Tenn.

The libel suit against Mr. Collier was the supreme mistake of the Colonel's life. Here was a harmless and kindly old gentleman whom he had repeatedly prodded with the published taunt that he had ridden into society behind a pack of hounds. By instituting the suit the Colonel automatically became a member of the Order of Dumbbells, since he was no fit subject to enter the limelight, least of all in connection with a libel suit against another, he who had libeled an entire community. The Colonel, perhaps, had a vision of the rich Mr. Collier making a settlement. But Pat's Irish blood had been thoroughly aroused by years of goading references to the good old days when he peddled Catholic Bibles through the Catskills from a pack, by facetious remarks about the Leather Stocking Tales setsgiven as prizes for subscriptions to the *Weekly*, by excursions into the private affairs of Collier and his son, and by allusions to

the days when Collier occupied a Newport cottage and left the simple Mrs. Pat at home to serve tea to the visiting priests. If Mrs. Collier did not care for life in the One Hundred and Fifty within the Four Hundred, that was her business, and not the Colonel's. So Collier came to the legal contest well charged with bile, and it was the Colonel himself who was wiped up on the courthouse floor.

The Collier editorial denouncing the Colonel was hung on a rather amusing peg, especially in the light of present day events, when the cocktail-shaker makes the most important music heard in blooded society and few women hesitate to smoke openly. It concerned the first visit to Newport of the erstwhile Alice Roosevelt, doubly important because it marked the first appearance in that exclusive set of a member of this branch of the house of Roosevelt. As the guest of Mrs. Ogden Mills and her daughters, the celebrated Mills twins, the now Mrs. Longworth was placed in the center of all of the festivities of the day. No one ever accused her of not having a mind of her own, and when the Colonel's columns hinted that she believed in doing in Rome as the Romans did, *Collier's Weekly* got after the Colonel on the theory that as the visitor was the daughter of the President of the United States the paragraph was in intolerably poor taste.

It was the brilliant mind of Magistrate Deuel, then serving in the dual rôle of city magistrate and counsel for *Town Topics* and the Colonel, who advised bringing the libel suits. Judge Deuel was vice-president and a director of the publishing company, owning a small slice of stock. He was present in the editorial sanctum weekly to read proof sheets, and was sorely jolted by Editor Hapgood's tart remarks. The Judge was an exceedingly vain man who regarded his work in the Children's Court as the equal if not the superior of that of Judge Ben B. Lindsey in Denver. He frequently brought in paragraphs praising his own scholarly mind and his unparalleled devotion to duty. Also, the Judge had some social aspirations of his own, and tried to make it appear that he had more than a passing acquaintance with Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, the old Gerry Society having been an instigator of the Children's Court. Again, a friend of a friend of the Judge's chanced to be Mrs. Phil Lydig, so scarcely a month passed in which the Judge did not contribute a paragraph mentioning Rita's great beauty and charm, or some pleasing remark about there always having been a beautiful Mrs. Lydig in New York society.

III

While in the army, the Colonel, who had been educated in the rudiments of engineering, devised some valuable accoutrements for troops, for which he received letters patent, and which were adopted by the Austrian and United States armies. These returned to him a modest fortune in royalties. Later he devised a sleeping-car, patented in 1872, and spent ten years in introducing it in Europe. In 1883 he established in this country the Mann Boudoir Car Company. George M. Pullman bought out his plant and patents, but the Colonel always claimed that Pullman's lawyer gave him the worst of the deal, and until Pullman's death he never failed to grill the old fellow, and thereafter all the members of his family.

His other inventions were the Mann refrigerator-car; the vestibule for railway-cars, patented in 1878, and first applied in England to a train sent to Russia; an improved system of ventilation for sleeping-cars, and many sleeping-car accessories, most of which he sold to the Wagner and Pullman interests. One of his first vestibuled sleeping-cars, the feature of which was the division of the car by transverse partitions, was made for Leopold II of Belgium, and to the day of that ruler's demise the Colonel pestered him for a decoration. These requests not only were addressed to the King himself, but to successive Belgian ministers at Washington

and consular officers in New York. Had old Leopold been alive during the World War, the Colonel no doubt would have rejoiced in the rape of Belgium. Another distinction sought by the Colonel was the thrill of making one of the annual Memorial Day orations from the rostrum of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, an honor often bestowed upon the President of the United States. As Secretary of War, General Alger, beseeched to give the Colonel this and that, compromised by naming him a member of the board of visitors to the Military Academy at West Point in 1899.

At the close of the Civil War the Colonel located himself at Mobile, where he was received into the Athelstan Club and occupied in various industrial enterprises. He was a pioneer in the manufacture of cottonseed oil, erecting for that purpose the largest mill and refinery then existing. He was also identified with the promotion of a railroad which it was claimed would make Mobile the greatest of the Gulf ports. He purchased the Mobile *Daily Register and Advertiser*, the *Daily News* and the *Evening News*, combining them as the *Register*. He directed the policy of the latter, serving as editor-in-chief until 1872, and to the day of his death he insisted that under his régime the *Register* was the leading newspaper of the South. As he was Democratic and a Kluxer there was no taint of carpetbagging about his residence down there. He afterward got an interest in one of General Alger's Southern lumber companies—the Alger-Sullivan Lumber Company, operating in Alabama, South Georgia and Florida, and made the most of this connection, financially and otherwise. Its stock, when it could be purchased, sold up to 300, and through the years when the cutting was good in that section the dividends were enormous.

Even after he transferred his journalistic connections to New York the Colonel never failed to shower bouquets at the South, but for a long period of years he was obliged to eschew personal visits to certain sections, inasmuch as *Town Topics* was reciting the intimate affairs of the social lions of the Southern cities. The élite of New York had long since learned the art of enduring personal journalism, but not so Richmond, Charleston and Atlanta, where it meant fight. The ensuing grudges began to pile up in a manner alarming. Many vented their wrath in signed letters; hundreds more threatened anonymously.

The Colonel was not a Southerner by birth, but his life in Alabama had imbued him with many traits which poets associate with the men of the South, including a certain chivalry in his contacts with women. And he doubtless acquired more or less of his bluster down there, as well as his habit of toting a gun. Sandusky may claim the doubtful honor of being his home town. His father, who was of Puritan stock, strangely enough, had migrated to the southwestern shore of Lake Erie from Pennsylvania, after performing some service in the War of 1812. His mother's name was Lizzie Ford, a fact which need not prejudice people against him.

It was in 1891 that the Colonel acquired *Town Topics* from his brother, a soldier of fortune who lacked that unfailing optimism that carried the Colonel victoriously through many a trying situation. In the beginning the paper, which made its first appearance about 1879, was a hard-looking little sheet, set in fine type, and devoted entirely to accounts of dinners, receptions and other more or less fashionable functions. It was little more than a list of names, and it possessed neither thrilling fascination nor literary charm. It struggled along for a time under the guidance of James B. Townsend and George Wotherspoon, who had founded it upon the débris left by the explosion of a quaint and curious publication known as *Andrew's American Queen*, the Andrew of which had one day disappeared and left his creditors desolate. It was then taken in hand and conducted with varying fortunes by a succession of brilliant gentlemen who thought in French and wrote in English.

Then came the Colonel and his Vision. Under his personal direction the paper became famous, even notorious. No scandal was too salacious for him to handle, no joke too risqué for him to print. He gathered about him some of the most brilliant writers in the metropolis, and the paper made the reputation of some of them, notably Francis S. Saltus, the poet. In those days people bought the *Independent* or *Leslie's Weekly* because *Town Topics* could be conveniently slid inside of one or the other. It was read, even by Anthony Comstock, but one never saw anyone reading it.

As seen through the Colonel's eyes, however, it was an organ of great dignity. Scandal? Woof! Woof! Nothing of the sort! Everything suggestive of scandal was avoided *except* where it was necessary to point a moral! What was the best written weekly paper in the English language? *Town Topics*, of course! It was written by gentle folk, for gentle folk, on topics of interest to gentle folk! He was sedulously maintaining a high literary standard, and his journal was a recognized authority on all matters which it touched, a fair and active reflex of the society it represented. To be sure it was sometimes frivolous, sometimes cynical, but then it gossiped charmingly, displaying its foundation of solid knowledge and information modestly! All this and more the Colonel would have you believe that he himself believed. He once made a suggestion to his managing editor that as a model of diction *Town Topics* should be brought to the attention of English teachers everywhere with a view to having it adopted as a text in schools and colleges.

IV

In his earlier days in New York the Colonel practically lived at Delmonico's, after that restaurant had moved from Union Square to Twenty-sixth street. He had with him his powerful appetite, and it was his unusual breakfast combinations, with Scotch and soda, that marked him there. His love for horses led to his acquaintance with Frank Work, who resided around the corner in Madison Square North, and also frequented Delmonico's, but the grandfather of the Roche twins never permitted the Colonel to become too friendly. For that matter the Colonel had comparatively few male intimates. He preferred to center his sparkling blue-gray eyes on the opposite sex, and in fair weather or in foul he never failed to gather about him a collection of many different kinds of women. All day long they trooped into and out of his office.

And sandwiched between the white folk came ladies of color, ranging in age from eight to eighty. The Colonel embraced and kissed them all, white and black, and to each of the latter he never failed to hand out as she left a new one-dollar bill, of which he kept a desk drawer filled. The Colonel, indeed, was a promiscuous kisser. Upon his arrival at his office each morning he began the day's duties by kissing the office cat, a huge neuter who sat awaiting the arrival of the master at the outer door, cleaning itself for the occasion. He next bestowed a respectful buss upon the telephone operator, then one upon his secretary, and finally one upon the dusky charwoman of sixty, embracing each in turn. None, least of all the cat, objected to this highly refined and decorous proceeding, although the whiskers must have been annoying. In a pocket of his frock coat was a mingled collection of catnip, chopped meat, and pieces of sugar. The Colonel always had time on the street to slip a piece of sugar to a truck horse.

Once at his desk and down to business, he was nobody's fool. True, in a dizzy moment on the witness-stand he said that he had "a safe full of scandal," but perhaps that was only a bit of adroit advertising. When the safe door was open, all one could see was Scotch and rye, wines and liqueurs, and boxes of the choicest dollar cigars. To be sure the "best stories" never appeared save in galley proof, but the Colonel required no steel safe in which

to preserve the gist of them. They were carefully filed away, annotated and indexed, under his snowy locks and that bald spot in front that never lost its lustre.

The Colonel's immune list was as long as the younger James Gordon Bennett's blacklist on the *Herald*, but whereas Bennett decreed that the names of certain people should never be mentioned in the *Herald*, whatever the connection, the more sympathetic Colonel, sensitive about inflicting pain, permitted his favorites to appear in print only provided the paragraph about them was chaste, refined and absolutely innocuous. The reason he always gave for killing all other matter about them was that he did not believe what had been written. Of course, everybody around the Colonel knew that when he did not believe a thing it could not be true. His mind, in truth, really was made up on every known social, moral, political, or economic subject, and he was always certain that he was right, and not always sorry for those who disagreed with him. His benevolent paternalism regarding his immunes was often pathetic. He maintained a close watch over a wide constituency, and frequently when it came to his ears that one of them was suspected of moral turpitude there went forth from Fifth avenue and Fortieth street a telephone invitation to drop in and see him. It was seldom necessary to censure anyone for contempt of that court.

He was at all times resourceful. In the early days of Palm Beach, when everybody there knew everybody else, it was exceedingly difficult for him to secure, at any price, items concerning the doings of the smart visitors. He knew in a general way that the lid was off; that at Bradley's Beach Club there was no limit on roulette, hazard and the bank; that certain Racquet and Tennis Club members lived in one wing of their hotel with their families, while Broadway favorites were ensconced in another wing; that Frederick Townsend Martin had assumed the onerous burden of advancing Mrs. Henry M. Flagler (the second wife of the Father of the East Coast) into the social ranks, and that the democracy of our American Riviera was such that Colonel Jack Astor invited to his Lake Worth yachting parties about everybody from the Philadelphia Sullivans to the daughters of agricultural implement manufacturers from the Wabash. It grieved the Colonel to hear that his people were thus running wild, and he unable to check up on them. Finally, with the unwitting assistance of one of the great American multi-millionaires of the day, he was enabled to establish at Palm Beach a system of espionage that left nothing of importance unrecorded. Mr. Flagler also kindly came to his rescue by placing large advertising contracts for his railroad and hotel system.

He was strong in his likes and dislikes of public men, and omitted no opportunity to tell the world about it. Any picture of Mr. Roosevelt waving his hat and showing his teeth annoyed the Colonel to the utmost. He never forgot that one of the things that hurt him most in the "Fads and Fancies" exposé was Roosevelt's denial that he had authorized the use of either his photograph or a "complimentary biography" of himself in the work—the only person to be thus honored. When this information was given out at the White House, the Colonel moaned, groaned, gnashed his teeth, and ripped out a patch of his whiskers. For more than one reason, including the protection of a most valuable contributor to his journal, he was not in a position to enter into a newspaper controversy with the President, but he exhibited to everybody he knew a letter from Washington, signed by the widow of a distinguished Confederate cavalry officer, stating that she had just come from the White House, had got the President's consent to the proposition, and was enclosing his autographed photograph. And that's that. Just why the Colonel wanted Roosevelt in this exclusive work might have been a mystery had it not been known around his office that he hoped to have

Theodore endorse his great civic project of having the new New York post-office built partially on lots owned by the Colonel between Eighth and Ninth avenues in the vicinity of Thirty-eighth street. The Colonel, in fact, had a lifelong yen for the high honors and emoluments of the realtor. He was constantly buying, selling and mortgaging, chiefly the latter. He could ask for a third mortgage without blinking.

The Colonel had intended to build on the lots mentioned a plant to house his several journals as well as some printing concerns, including his own printer, to whom he was usually in debt. He had got as far as digging for the foundation when the postoffice matter came up. Thereafter, through a succession of years, he wrote solicitous letters to almost everybody in Washington, including the President, the Postmaster-General, the New York Senators, and various members of the House.

Because all the New York daily newspapers cribbed his leading stories (when they were printable) without giving him credit, and furthermore because they religiously abstained from mentioning him personally save when a libel suit was brought against him, he early formed a violent dislike for their owners, particularly James Gordon Bennett. For years the Colonel pounded away at the *Herald's* celebrated personal column. His hatred of Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*, was so violent that he almost overlooked Mr. Hearst, who was making such inroads on the *World*. His frequent burlesques of "Joey" and life under the gilt dome, the feature of which was Mr. Pulitzer's repeated demand to "redooze selleries," were often really amusing, especially to newspaper folk. However, when Mr. Pulitzer's son married into the Vanderbilt family, the Colonel, appreciating the social importance of the event, detailed a member of his staff to Dr. Seward Webb's Vermont country seat for the wedding.

The Colonel frequently had his managing editor write for cards for such events. No such credentials were required for church weddings in town, the society writers on all the newspapers being known to the sextons of the leading churches, but not all large and important weddings are church affairs. Sometimes a card was sent and sometimes the request was ignored. Apparently without any hesitancy Mrs. Charles B. Alexander replied favorably when asked for a card for the reception following the wedding of her niece and young Teddy Roosevelt. The Whelens of Philadelphia likewise responded when a daughter of the house (the sister of Mrs. Craig Biddle) became the bride of Robert Goelet.

V

Certainly the Colonel had plenty of inside information. The first Mrs. John Jacob Astor's divorce decree, secured in chambers in Westchester county, remained a secret so far as the daily newspapers were concerned until given in detail by the Colonel's weekly. He scooped the dailies right and left in announcing engagements between the best known young people in society. And no sense of modesty ever prevented him from noting a prospective increase in his flock. Much of this information was provided by some otherwise very excellent people who perhaps through no immediate fault of their own were concealing a skeleton here and there. Others were not so excellent. As can be imagined, thousands of contributors had axes to grind. If there was a dinner dance at "Marble House" or "The Breakers," or any other of the million-dollar palaces along the Newport cliffs, on a Monday night, anything spicy in the line of gossip discussed there was in the hands of a representative of the Colonel by the next afternoon. The most prolific gossipers belonged usually to a class who never quite made the grade themselves; they merely had hopes, and wished to be kept occasionally in the public eye.

While the Colonel himself did not know the source of much of this information, and made no effort to find out unless some

complaint was lodged, he did know by the very nature of the material that it must have originated in fairly high places. This added to his exalted opinion of the mission of his paper. Occasionally, he went outside of his chosen circle of the *noblesse*. Tom Lawson, in his most affluent days, had given him much advertising, and when the wedding of one of Mr. Lawson's daughters took place during this period he detailed a member of his staff to the circus. Upon a similar occasion he thus flattered C. K. G. Billings. But the Colonel knew how to separate the sheep from the goats, and he never really mushed over those he did not think of as belonging to his flock. His idea of the standing and importance of his Court Circular may be gleaned from the fact that he sent a staff representative to cover the Quebec Tercentennial. As British officialdom did not know *Town Topics* there was no difficulty in boarding the *Renown* for the reception given by the Sailor Prince, now England's King. The Colonel got a thrill out of the report, which could not have been of much interest to his constituency.

He was never bothered much by religious scruples, but in his later years he embraced to an extent the teachings of Christian Science, and even mingled in the politics of the First Church, New York. He got some advertising for his newspaper out of the Stetson controversy as to whom Mary Baker Eddy had intended should succeed herself. He believed that he was going to live to be ninety—perhaps to become a centenarian. He refused to consider making a will until he was seventy-six. His affairs were always in a tangle because he believed that many years remained for him to straighten them out. He lived to be eighty-one.

In his private office the Colonel made a unique picture. Always close at hand, standing in a tall waste-basket beside his desk, was a heavy walking stick of Scotch fir with an enormous knot on the handle—a weapon that might have floored a mule. None doubted the stories to the effect that he frequently had occasion to flourish it. When in town he usually spent about six hours a day at the office, and while no office hour of his was exactly prosaic it was on Tuesday night, when he mounted the throne in the editorial room, that he ruled the roost most melodramatically. On this night the paper was made up, and the Colonel laid aside for the nonce that assumed air of gentleness with which he was wont to treat his staff and gave himself wholly to the stern and imperative demands of duty. He never bothered with the make-up (though he usually criticised it), but he did read every line of every proofsheet, and signed them all. New members of the staff were always warned in advance about these Tuesday night sessions, and cautioned that there was no necessity for jumping out of the window when the Colonel started on his rampage.

Scarcely had he reached the middle of the first proof when his famous snort, a sort of imitation of an angry stallion, resounded through the office, and he demanded to know "What damn fool wrote that?" At this, Judge Deuel would readjust his spectacles, peer over the Colonel's shoulder, read the offending paragraph, and laconically remark, "That Smith item," as both he and the Colonel turned enquiringly to the managing editor. "That's Mr. Blank's," the latter would say. Whereat the Colonel would address a few whoops and let out a few roars for Blank's edification, usually winding up with a long and somewhat doubtful tale to the effect that inasmuch as he had met Smith's great-aunt at Biarritz in 1882 he didn't believe the Smiths were that kind of people. A few minutes later he would wheel his chair in the direction of his proofreader and demand to know how many years he had been in his service. "Then how in the devil," he roared, "can you permit Herman B. Duryea's name to be spelled with two *e*'s, even though these dumb copy readers of mine do let it go down [to the printer] that way? Blankety-

blank-blank-blim!" After he had finished, he was usually told that the error had already been corrected, and was really the fault of the printer. "Certainly, blame everything on the printer," said the Colonel. And then, "My Lord, woman, why don't you take a punctuation course in night-school? Don't you ever use anything but dashes? Nothing but dashes and then more dashes! Don't let me see any more dashes in your articles for six months!" This to a fashion writer. While to his managing editor, "Who furnished this alleged joke? Edgar? [Edgar was the Negro officeboy.] Don't tell me you paid money for this! Judge, do you see anything funny in this [reading the joke in a tone denoting great sarcasm]? I'll be blanked if I do! Guess I'm losing my sense of humor!" And then, "Can't that Boston woman write anything without sticking Back Bay into it? Does everybody live in the Back Bay? My God [counting], here's Back Bay repeated seven times in two paragraphs! Back Bay be damned!"

VI

When the Colonel died he apparently left an estate which reached a million dollars, but against it stood an enormous amount in loans from banks made in the period 1915–20, when things were not going well with him. The banks, of course, cashed in at one hundred cents on the dollar, as banks have a way of doing, but the small fry creditors took less. Where did he get it? Certainly not from *Town Topics*, whose circulation was always small, and whose advertising was comparatively negligible. A property he owned in West Fortieth street became the present home of the *Herald-Tribune*, and doubtless he picked up some thousands here and there on other realty transactions. His lumber holdings had deteriorated in value to such an extent that his executor was fortunate in getting 120 for his stock. Therefore it seems likely that the Colonel maintained throughout the years the financial policy he admitted on the witness stand in 1906. I quote from the *Literary Digest's* report of the evidence in the Deuel trial:

> Q. Did you ever borrow any money from W. C. Whitney, Colonel? A. Yes.
>
> Q. How much? A. Ten thousand dollars.
>
> Q. Ever paid it back? A. Probably not.
>
> Q. When did you borrow it? A. Years ago.
>
> Q. Did you ever give him any security? A. No.
>
> Q. Did you ever have any financial transactions with J. R. Keene? A. Yes; I borrowed $90,000.
>
> Q. Any with John W. Gates? A. I sold him twenty shares of *Town Topics* stock.
>
> And you got $20,000 for it, didn't you?
>
> The Colonel grunted affirmatively, and admitted that dividends were few.
>
> Ever get any money from Collis P. Huntington?
>
> Yes, I got $5,000. That was fifteen years ago. I paid it back in cash.
>
> How about William K. Vanderbilt?
>
> Yes, I got some money from him, said the Colonel. I can't remember how much.

The Colonel also mentioned among his creditors, past and present, Thomas F. Ryan, George J. Gould, Howard Gould, and J. Pierpont Morgan. The sum of the borrowings came to nearly $200,000.

THE CALIFORNIA LITERATI

BY GEORGE P. WEST

For many years now the cultivation of the arts has been one of California's major industries. Every school-child in the State learns that it is speedily to become what Greece and Italy might have been if their people hadn't been brachycephalic and hence addicted to immorality. Elsewhere art and its practitioners—the art-artists, as the late Mayor Hylan called them—have a tough time bucking the American current, but in California they have seats at the captain's table. Realty syndicates employ poets to write their advertising, and there is a general accord between business and culture. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce published recently a proclamation officially conferring on the latter a status second only to that of real estate and manufacturing, and pledging its ceaseless efforts for Bigger and Better Art. Little theaters, pageants and open-air bowl concerts are epidemic. If you look for Doc Kennicott of an evening you are likely to find him carrying a torch in "Sister Beatrice," and Mr. Babbitt is telling lunch-clubs that culture pays when he is not too busy rehearsing as Falstaff for a little theater revival.

Up San Francisco way they take their culture a little more quietly, but its place is just as firmly fixed. A practising poet is secretary of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce, and in San Francisco itself every rising young business man tries for membership in the club where Kipling and Stevenson loafed and art has always been enthroned. A professor in the University of California gives popular lectures on "California: A New Voice in World Literature." Short-story courses, poetry clubs, and writers' leagues flourish by the dozen, and the local postal receipts are swollen by the flood of eastbound manuscripts. So it becomes pertinent to ask what all the shooting is about and to examine the trophies of this mass assault upon the Muses. What bellows pumped up the divine afflatus, and what has it produced?

The triumph of art in California had to be won. The present-day boosters talk as if the air and soil of the State had always bred a love of the beautiful as naturally as they breed fleas and realtors. But it is not so. Two conceptions had first to be implanted in the Californian mind by all the devices of the advertising art. These were, first, that California is physically another Greece and destined to nourish the perfect race, and, second, that its Spanish background and romantic past constitute a rich and stimulating tradition, adequate for the inspiration of all who take pen or brush in hand. Neither notion had any standing in the early days. Bret Harte vented a positive dislike of the California climate and scenery in waspish verses now buried deep in the old files. Mark Twain worked in San Francisco as a reporter from 1864 to 1866 and spent a Winter in a cabin on the Mother Lode. It was a California newspaper that sent him to Honolulu, and it was a San Francisco audience that acclaimed him on his return and so placed him on the road to fortune as a popular lecturer. Yet he disliked the State and never revisited it. His friends of the "Jumping Frog" days knew him no more after that first sensational success.

The truth is that the Forty-niners and their successors were desperately home-

sick when they were not digging or carousing. Their California consisted of San Francisco, today a picturesque and charming city but then only a sand-hill swept by winds and fogs; Sacramento and the other valley towns where they outfitted, and the lower foot-hills of the Sierra. The inland towns lay in a monotonous flat valley. And the lower foot-hills had few of the charms that are associated with the Sierra. They are hot in Summer, their pines grow above bare sandy soil, and their roads are dusty for six months in the year.

As for the famed Spanish background, the "old Spanish families" were not even Spanish in those days. They were merely treacherous Mexicans, lazy and no-account. Frémont set the fashion for those that followed him when, at San Rafael, he ordered Kit Carson to shoot two estimable and unoffending young *caballeros* out of their saddles in cold blood. It was the Mexicans who taught the Americans all they knew of placer mining and even provided the word itself, yet a favorite sport of the Argonauts was to round up all the Mexicans at the diggings, and herd them into a corral after shooting those who protested. One of the first laws passed by the Legislature of the new State in 1850 excluded aliens from the mines. Californians began early at the 100% business! A native son of the best covered-wagon tradition, the late Josiah Royce, has told the story and excoriated his fellow-Californians in a style that would satisfy Oswald Garrison Villard.

It was a rough and rowdy crowd that swarmed in to dig for gold and trim the suckers. They obscured and all but obliterated a life charming enough, the life of the ranchos and missions along the Coast and in the valleys of the Coast range. A sprinkling of Yankees, Englishmen and Irishmen had settled and intermarried with the Spanish. They led an easy-going life of grace and dignity. The gold-rush pushed it into corners, and what followed did worse. The best of the Argonauts returned to their homes after liquidating the California adventure. They returned and fought the Civil War and then settled down to the chores that followed it. The others remained. Disappointed men from the mines found their way into all the old settlements and the loveliest valleys, and there squatted on the lands of the Spaniards and cheated or bullied them out of their titles with the aid of the new Yankee courts. The process was hardly favorable to the nourishing of a romantic Spanish tradition. For their peace of minds the Yankee squatters needed to believe that the Spanish were a low lot, and it remained for later generations to rescue the genuine values of that old Homeric society.

But the neglect has long since been assuaged. Later generations have done the job with the utmost thoroughness, especially in Southern California. The older American communities in Central California,—San Francisco, Stockton, Sacramento—still rest on the Argonaut legend. But south of San Francisco Bay Bret Harte long since gave way to Helen Hunt Jackson, and the influential classic became, not "The Luck of Roaring Camp," but "Ramona." Mrs. Jackson died in San Francisco a year after its appearance, in 1884. But John Stephen McGroarty arrived in time. There is a triumph of the pen! McGroarty still flourishes, although his life and deeds are already historic. A gentle and lovable man, he has spent most of his working life as a minstrel for the Los Angeles *Times* and its following. The ferocious General Harrison Gray Otis discovered him in the eighties, and for forty years he has been filling the scrapbooks of Southern California with verses celebrating the padres and the dons and singing of the new Greece that is to arise there under a Christian sky. He is romantic and sentimental yet forward-looking, and his reverence for the padres is matched by his reverence for the empire-builders of today, who wear Rotary badges and lay out subdivisions. His *magnum opus* is the mission play performed for weeks on end each year during the tourist season at San Gabriel,

and he directs also an annual pageant got up by a big tourist hotel to please its septuagenarian jobbers, bankers and shopkeepers from the Mississippi Valley. If Los Angeles does not put up an heroic statue of McGroarty when at last he leaves us, it will be gross ingratitude. Next to the palm-tree, that ugly exotic which symbolizes all the ineffable delights of this earthly paradise for the retired mid-Western farmer, McGroarty has done more than all the roaring boosters and realtors to sell Southern California to the old ladies who fill its bungalows and its hotels. He is a fine old chap at that, simple and genuine about his dithyrambs. Meanwhile Mrs. Jackson's Indians have gone progressively to ruin, pushed back to worthless land and abandoned to disease and starvation by a State that boasts of its riches.

II

It was, after all, inevitable that California should set pens and typewriters to work. For it abounds in the exotic and the picturesque, and these are the things above all others that suggest art to the American mind. They suggest art just as the sight of a woman smoking until recently suggested prostitution. It is virtuosity in life and nature that moves us to expression. For obviously art has nothing to do with sane, normal, every-day living. So every person with an itch to write uses his first leisure hour in California to begin a manuscript. The proportion so afflicted is probably no greater than in Illinois; it is merely that a larger proportion have there achieved that leisure to write which is the dream of three Americans out of four. "If I ever get time I'd like to do a little writing myself. I've always figured I might be pretty good at it."

The Spanish phase was a gold-mine. But there were richer diggings near by. Cattle ranching still survives in California and the adjoining States of Arizona and Nevada. Even before the movies came, California was filling up with drug-store cowboys from Chicago and Cleveland who pounded from their typewriters a prodigious output of fiction celebrating the shooting sheriff, the bad man and the heroic cow-puncher with a Yale degree hidden in his past. The market for this trash was enormous, and no other branch of the California writing industry can boast so many operatives. They are mainly scribblers from Eastern cities with little first-hand knowledge. Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright are the stars of this school. Some of their followers are decent chaps, taking this way to escape the city rooms of newspapers, or fighting tuberculosis, or both. They go to their typewriters in the morning with groans. But most of them take their dreadful stuff quite seriously. They form writers' clubs and penwomen's leagues by the dozen, and zealously scan the trade journals recording the needs of the magazines that print such shoddy.

In California but not wholly of it are the script-writers of Hollywood. Such ideas as the movies have must come through them. They work in a medium in which standards exist and comparisons are possible. You can forgive a rough-neck director. You can respect the camera-men and the lighting experts. Art directors such as Cedric Gibbons do honest and even beautiful work. But for the script-writers the only charitable thought I can evolve is that most of them are, like the makers of Western fiction, pathetic refugees from the copy-desk, the re-write grind and the press-rooms of police stations and divorce courts. The movies grew over-night from a dung-heap, financed on a shoe-string by men who had come to them from honky-tonks or gents' furnishing stores in mean streets. The first writing fell to the hands of newspaper men of a mentality too low for the city room—the sort of reporter, graduated from copy-boy, who gets fired and turns up as press-agent for a tent-show. Los Angeles' journalistic detritus drifted thus into the movies, and when everything turned to gold they shared the glamor with the rest. Thus they stayed on, and

their ideas remain in vogue to this day.

But no writer with anything to say and the talent for saying will stay long in the movies. His work is respected by none of the swaggering illiterates who manhandle it into the finished product. Directors and producer-stars like Chaplin and Fairbanks have done creditable things, but scarcely a writer has left Hollywood who was not poorer in reputation in proportion as he was richer in purse. The only exception that occurs to me is Laurence Stallings, whose one screen story fell by rare luck into the hands of a competent director. But Hollywood will tell you, characteristically, that to King Vidor and not to Stallings belongs almost the entire credit for the success of "The Big Parade." If a picture flops, the writer is good for the blame, but if it succeeds, it always appears that his story had to be discarded in toto, and that only the director's genius saved it from failure.

There is another conspicuous group that also lies outside the range of distinctively Californian writings. Its members are the heavily-upholstered employés of George Horace Lorimer and his competitors. They take up residence in California to wear plus fours and play golf with their fellow-plutocrats while they fight high blood pressure and expanding waist-lines and the other stigmata of prosperity. Peter B. Kyne, Rupert Hughes, Montague Glass, Samuel G. Blythe, Harry Leon Wilson, Gerald Beaumont, Hugh Wiley,—the list could be extended to tedium. H. M. Rideout, Kathleen Norris and Peter Kyne are native Californians, and Wilson and Stewart Edward White know their West and use it intelligently. The rest are there just as retired Chicago bankers are there. Two or three are sound and even brilliant craftsmen, but as a group they merely seduce the young and fix the place of writers in the popular mind as somewhere between that of investment bankers and that of movie actors. They stimulate production and must be taken into account in any explanation of California's enormous output of manuscripts. But they are not Californians. Neither is Upton Sinclair, who established his residence in Pasadena some ten years ago to the horror of that pious community. In a bungalow on the edge of town he writes his pamphlets, and leads a sinless life, and receives an occasional pilgrim, while hordes of Iowans, Indianians and Kansans, stopping in Southern California on their way to heaven, watch in vain for confirmation of their theory that Socialism goes with free love and dissolute living. There has been injustice in the world for a long time, but Sinclair discovered it only yesterday. After thirty years, he still boils with moral indignation. But he carries on his crusades with gusto, and he is a refreshing and salutary force.

III

I have left to the last the only group of genuinely Californian writers worth mentioning. San Francisco claims most of them, and in them it has something to show for a physical setting and a cosmopolitan population that have always promised special stimulus to the artist. When you have set up names like those of Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, Frank Norris, and George Sterling, you at least have something to shoot at. Bierce, a veteran of the Civil War, came to California with his bent fixed and his talent developed. He can hardly be numbered among the State's products. With his negative answers he was a death-man, a denier of life, of a genuine but slight talent, and hence the last writer in the world to inspire others.

Not so Frank Norris. In "McTeague," "Blix," "Vandover and the Brute," and "The Octopus," he lifted California fiction to its highest level. He got the essence of San Francisco into those books, and they remain distinguished performances. Yet a rereading of the best of them, "McTeague," will disclose its weaknesses. Norris was a gifted and honest man fighting the genteel Pollyanna tradition and infatuated with Zolaesque realism. He loved ugly details

for their shock value. In "McTeague" he is the literary slummer, never getting very far inside his characters, always standing a little to one side as the genteel guide, and reveling a little too frankly in the literary values of squalor. His death prevented a development about which we may speculate in vain. His brother Charles alone follows him, an honest, pedestrian novelist with solid virtues but lacking Frank's brilliance.

Jack London's memory is yet green. He had an enormous influence and following among the promising young men in the California of his time. Then the he-man complex, the raw-meat, rough-neck afflatus, seized his mind like a dementia. He bought acreage and stallions, became a Nietzsche for bar-tenders and ranch-hands, and wrote drivel for the Hearst magazines. His personal tragedy was no greater than the demoralizing influence of that débâcle on the youngsters who followed him. If Jack had come to that, of what use for them to breast the current?

Sterling remains by far the most engaging living personality in California letters. The beautiful work that he has done was already archaic in form and spirit when he began writing it. Indeed, it is his loyalty to the old conception of poetry as otherworldly glamor that endears him to us. But sensitive youngsters are sensitive, among other things, to the æsthetic fashions of their times, and the more promising of them esteem Sterling without trying to follow him.

San Francisco has beside a vast number of able journalists and journeymen fictioneers to its credit. Until the Sunday magazine supplements edited in New York blighted an indigenous effort, its Sunday morning newspapers and the old *Bulletin* under Fremont Older were excellent training-schools and they turned out any number of competent men of the school of Will and Wallace Irwin and John O'Hara Cosgrave. Today the canned feature from New York and the new floor-walker editorial policy, with its intolerance of any pungency or saltiness whatever, have destroyed journalism as a training-school for writers, in San Francisco as elsewhere, and bright young men from the colleges now knock at the doors of advertising agencies and bond-houses where once they courted city editors.

San Francisco has had its men and its moments. But the sum total is disappointing. Here is a city in many respects more civilized than any other American town,—a city always free of Puritan taboos and free too of the notion that a man must enter business if he is to be worthy of respect. Within recent years I have known Theodore Dreiser and Edgar Lee Masters to surrender to some quality they got in the air of the place and yield themselves to uncritical eulogy. I have seen one of the most bilious of New York editors give way against his will to the same spell. Yet almost nothing happens. There isn't a respectable monthly magazine or weekly journal published in the place. Instead there is a succession of still-births,—amateurish sheets with neither money nor brains behind them that print drivel for a few issues and then die. The rather large minority of intelligent people are strangers, one small group to another. No restaurant, club nor journal pulls them together and makes them effective. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton started a local chapter of the P. E. N. two years ago, with Charles Caldwell Dobie, the short-story writer, as secretary. But its dinners quickly degenerated into assemblies of obscure ladies, each clinging to some forgotten one-book success. Mrs. Atherton herself has done her generous share in contributing to the degradation of California letters. With genuine gifts as a story-teller, and with a vitality and gusto that carried her free of the genteel taboos, she has become our contemporary American equivalent of the Victorian Englishwomen who delighted servant girls with their titillating fictions,—almost but not quite an American Elinor Glyn. Elinor herself, by the way, has become an all but permanent resident of Hollywood, where

she adorns the intellectual circle presided over by Marion Davies.

When an honest and distinguished piece of California writing does appear, it has to look for its appreciation in the East. Clarkson Crane succeeded in winning only abuse or neglect from the literati of San Francisco Bay when he published "The Western Shore," a starkly objective picture of life at the University of California which struck some of us as being the first successful attempt to depict college life without the juvenile romanticism of every other writer from Owen Wister to Scott Fitzgerald. It dealt with the rough-necks who go through college on a shoe-string, eating over greasy counters at midnight and hanging around billiard-rooms in dirty corduroys. Yet about all the California critics could see in the book was Crane's violation of the proprieties in including among his characters the tragic figure of a young instructor of homosexual bent whom they thought they could recognize.

And when Robinson Jeffers burst into print for the first time with a full volume of remarkable verse, he made scarcely a ripple in the State's literary pool. Here was poetry of undeniable freshness and power, poetry with the tang and smell of the Monterey Peninsula and the coast below Carmel. The New York critics went to extremes in uncritical praise, but in California persons with literary pretensions have either never heard of Jeffers or speak of him with indifference or sneers. The always-generous George Sterling and a few others must of course be excepted.

Meanwhile first-rate people keep coming to California. You find them tucked away here and there and stumble on them where you expect them least. I recently found a whole nest of them on one of the stupidest of Southern California's suburban newspapers. Some day they will find one another, orient themselves as a group, and take possession. After all, the boosters are right. California is in fact a noble land, fit for the breeding of a noble race. It becomes necessary to assert this quite soberly, for the State has become so identified with the yapping of boosters and their bullying of helpless minorities that those without personal knowledge are inclined to believe nothing good of it. It suffers because the very large number of intelligent people living within its boundaries are detached and unorganized and often indifferent. Many have come to the State with the deliberate intention of living their own lives and letting the heathen rage. Robinson Jeffers in one of his verses reflects on the short-comings of the human race and then consoles himself with a final line: "This world's well made, though." In many parts of California it is, indeed. It is exceptionally well made.

The fact has been put forward as being in itself a preventive of fine letters, on the theory that one is fulfilled by the beauty of one's surroundings, and left without need to escape through writing or other forms of creative effort. Others have suggested that Californians play too much to leave time for the hard discipline of the arts. There is truth in both theories. But they are not satisfying. They are no more satisfying than life in California even at its best is satisfying to men with active minds. For every respectable writer living in California there are six who have gone there, loved the land, tried to remain, and after months of unproductive agony fled to the brick and coal smoke of Eastern cities. I can think off-hand of six—Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Robert Herrick, Sinclair Lewis, Frederick O'Brien, and Van Wyck Brooks. My theory is that they were simply lonely, and that they were lonely because the intelligence of California remains unorganized, voiceless and ineffectual amid the clamor of its realtors and its heresy-hunters.

One able and aggressive journal that would print only good stuff and damn the rest would, I believe, make over the mental life of the Coast in a few short years. As they say in football, the material is there. What is needed is a good coach, one who knows how to swear.

EDITORIAL

Ah, at evening, to be drinking from the glassy pond, to have—oh, better than all marrow-bones!—the fresh illusion of lapping up the stars!

I TAKE the thought from Patou, the forward-looking houn'-dog in Rostand's "Chantecler." Let him stand as a symbol of the whole melancholy company of crib-haltered but aspiring men, their hands doomed to go-getting but their hearts leaping into interstellar space. Patou, lifted to his hind legs and outfitted with pantaloons, would have made a capital Rotarian. Condemned by destiny to a kennel in a barnyard, he yet had that soaring, humorless Vision which is the essence of Rotary, and the secret, no doubt, of its firm hold upon otherwise unpoetical men. For even in the paradise of Babbitt, Babbitt is vaguely uneasy and unhappy. He needs something more, he finds, than is to be found in bulging order-books, in innumerable caravans of prospects, and in belching chimneys and laden trains. He needs something more than is to be got out of blowing spitballs and playing golf. So he searches for that something in the realms of the fancy, where the husks of things fall off and their inner sap is revealed. He reads the dithyrambs of Edgar Albert Guest and Dr. Frank Crane. He listens to the exhortations of itinerant rhetoricians, gifted and eloquent men, specialists in what it is all about. He intones "Sweet Adeline," and is not ashamed of the tear that babbles down his nose. Thus Babbitt, too, is tantalized by a Grail: he seeks it up and down the gorgeous corridors of his Statler Hotel, past the cigarstand and the lair of the hat-check gal, and on to the perfumed catacombs of the lovely manicurist and the white-robed chirotonsor. *Non in solo pane vivit homo.* Man cannot live by bread alone. He must hope also. He must dream. He must yearn.

The fact explains the Rotarian and his humble brother, the Kiwanian; more, it strips them of not a little of their superficial obnoxiousness. They are fools, but they are not quite damned. If their quest is carried on in motley, they at least trail after better men. And so do all their brethern of Service, great and small—the Americanizers, the Law Enforcers, the boosters and boomers, and the endless others after their kind. At first glance, one sees in these visionaries only noisy and preposterous fellows, disturbing the peace of their betters. But a closer examination is more favorable to them. They are tortured, in their odd, clumsy fashion, by the same ringing in the ears that maddened Ludwig van Beethoven. They suffer from the same optical delusions, painful and not due to sin, that set the prophets of antiquity to howling: they look at Coolidge and see a Man. What lures them to their bizarre cavortings—and it is surely not to be sniffed at *per se*—is a dim and disturbing mirage of a world more lovely and serene than the one the Lord God has doomed them to live in. What they lack in common, thus diverging from the prophets, is a rational conception of what it ought to be, and might be.

II

It is somewhat astonishing that 100% Americans should wander so helplessly in this wilderness. For there is a well-paved road across the whole waste, and it issues, at its place of beginning, from the tombs of the Fathers, and their sacred and immemorial dust. Straight as a pistol shot it runs, until at the other end it sweeps up a glittering slope to a shrine upon a high

hill. This shrine may be seen on fair days for many leagues, and presents a magnificent spectacle. Its base is confected of the bones of Revolutionary heroes, and out of them rises an heroic effigy of George Washington, in alabaster. Surrounding this effigy, and on a slightly smaller scale, are graven images of Jefferson, Franklin, Nathan Hale, old Sam Adams, John Hancock and Paul Revere, each with a Bible under his arm and the Stars and Stripes fluttering over his shoulder. A bit to the rear, and without the Bible, is a statue of Thomas Paine. Over the whole structure stretch great bands of the tricolor, in silk, satin and other precious fabrics. Red and white stripes run up and down the legs of Washington, and his waistcoat is spattered with stars. The effect is the grandiose one of a Democratic national convention. At night, in the American manner, spotlights play upon the shrine. Hot dogs are on sale nearby, that pilgrims may not hunger, and there is a free park for Fords, with running water and booths for the sale of spare parts. It is the shrine of Liberty!

But where are the pilgrims? One observes the immense parking space and the huge pyramids of hot dogs, and one looks for great hordes of worshippers, fighting their way to the altar-steps. But they are *non est*. Now and then a honeymoon couple wanders in from the rural South or Middle West, to gape at the splendors hand in hand, and now and then a schoolma'm arrives with a flock of her pupils, and lectures them solemnly out of a book. More often, perhaps, a foreign visitor is to be seen, with a *couronne* of tin bay-leaves under his arm. He deposits the *couronne* at the foot of Washington, crosses himself lugubriously, and retires to the nearest hot dog stand. But where are the Americanos? Where are the he-men, heirs to the heroes whose gilded skulls here wait the Judgment Day? Where are the Americanizers? Where are the boosters and boomers? Where are the sturdy Coolidge men? The Dawes men? The Mellon men? Where are the Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions? Where are the authors of newspaper editorials? The visionaries of Chautauqua? The keepers of the national idealism?

Go search for them, if you don't trust the first report of your eyes! Go search for honest men in Congress! They are simply not present. For among all the visions that now inflame forward-looking and up-and-coming men in this great Republic, there is no sign any more of the one that is older than all the rest, and that is the vision of Liberty. The Fathers saw it, and the devotion they gave to it went far beyond three cheers a week. It survived into Jackson's time, and its glow was renewed in Lincoln's. But now it is no more.

III

The phenomenon is curious, and deserves far more study by eminent psychologists than it has got. I may undertake that study as an amateur in a work reserved for my senility; at the moment I can only point to the fact. Liberty, today, not only lacks its old hot partisans and romantic fanatics in America; it has grown so disreputable that even to mention it becomes a sort of indecorum. I know of but one national organization that so much as alludes to it politely, and that organization, a few months ago, was rewarded with a violent denunciation on the floor of the House of Representatives: only the lone Socialist, once in jail himself for the same offense, made bold to defend it. From the chosen elders of the nation, legislative, executive and judicial, one hears only that speaking for it is an incitement to treason. It is the first duty of the free citizen, it appears, to make a willing sacrifice of the Bill of Rights. He must leap to the business gladly, and with no mental reservations. If he pauses, then he is a Bolshevik.

I venture to argue that this doctrine is evil, and that renouncing it would yield a sweeter usufruct to the American people than all the varieties of Service that now prevail. Of what use is it for Kiwanis to buy wooden legs for one-legged boys if

they must grow up as slaves to the Anti-Saloon League? What is the net gain to a boomed and boosted town if its people, coincidentally, lose their right to trial by jury and their inviolability of domicile? Who gives a damn for the Coolidge idealism if its chief agent and executor, even above the Cabinet, is the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, *i.e.*, a gang of snooty ecclesiastics, committed unanimously to the doctrines that Christ should have been jailed for the business at Cana, that God sent she-bears to "tare" forty-two little children because they had made fun of Elisha's bald head, and that Jonah swallowed the whale? Imagine an immigrant studying the new science of Americanism, and coming to the eighteen Amendments to the Constitution. What will he make of the discovery that only the Eighteenth embodies a categorical imperative—that all the others must yield to it when they conflict with it—that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth are not binding upon the Prohibitionists of the South and that the First, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth are not binding upon Prohibitionists anywhere?

I preach reaction. Back to Bach! I can't find the word Service in the Constitution, but what is there is sounder and nobler than anything ever heard of where Regular Fellows meet to slap backs and blow spitballs—or, at all events, it *was* there before January 16, 1920. The Fathers, too, had a Vision. They were, in their way, forward-lookers; they were even go-getters. What they dreamed of and fought for was a civilization based upon a body of simple, equitable and reasonable laws—a code designed to break the chains of lingering medievalism, and set the individual free. The thing they imagined was a commonwealth of free men, all equal before the law. Some of them had grave doubts about it, but in the end the optimists won over the doubters, and they all made the venture together. I am myself no partisan of their scheme. It seems to me that there were fundamental defects in it—that some of their primary assumptions were false. But in their intention, at least, there was something exhilarating, and in it there was also something sound. That something was the premiss that the first aim of civilized government is to augment and safeguard the dignity of man—that it is worth nothing to be a citizen of a state which holds the humblest citizen cheaply, and uses him ill.

This is what we have lost, and not all the whooping and yelling of new messiahs can cover the fact. The government becomes the common enemy of all well-disposed and decent men. It commandeers and wastes their money, it assaults and insults them with outrageous and extravagant laws, and it turns loose upon them a horde of professional blackguards, bent only upon destroying their liberties. The individual, facing this pestilence of tyranny and corruption, finds himself quite helpless. If he goes to the agents of the government itself with his protest, he gets only stupid reviling. If he turns to his fellow victims for support, he is lucky to escape jail. Worse, he is lucky to escape lynching. For the thing has gone so far that the great majority of dull and unimaginative men have begun to take it as a matter of course—almost as the order of nature. The Bill of Rights becomes a mere series of romantic dithyrambs, without solid substance or meaning—say, like the Sermon on the Mount. The school-books of the next generation will omit it. The few fanatics who remember it will keep it on the top shelf, along with the Family Doctor Book, the scientific works of Dr. Marie Scopes, and "Only a Boy."

Against all this I protest, feebly and too late. The land swarms with Men of Vision, all pining for Service. What I propose is that they forget their brummagem Grails for one week, and concentrate their pep upon a chase that really leads uphill. Let us have a Bill of Rights Week. Let us have a Common Decency Week.

H. L. M.

ARKANSAS

BY CLAY FULKS

Woods and Templed Hills

WHAT the third President really wanted when he acquired for his country the vast Louisiana Territory, if he knew his business as well as I think he did, was Arkansas. With one stroke of the pen he and the Little Corporal made mere microbes of all succeeding realtors, for Arkansas alone was worth many times the money paid for the whole domain. Her 53,000 square miles embrace a greater extent of navigable rivers and a greater variety of natural resources than perhaps any other State in the Union can boast. Her fifty-odd varieties of oak, her many other hardwoods, and her yellow pines, to say nothing of the incalculable wealth lying in her lush alluvial soil, were worth enough to pay the price of the whole Territory over and over again. Arkansas could have paid the price in marble, in coal, in petroleum, in aluminum ore, or in diamonds and pearls. Her wasted water-power could buy it today, with interest to date. She could even pay it in the proverbial chips and whetstones, for the products of her novaculite quarries are known wherever edged-tools are used. Thus every good Arkansan knows that, when he bought the Louisiana Territory, Jefferson had his eye on Arkansas.

She has the highest mountains between the Rockies and the Appalachians—mountains having all the beauty without either the grandeur or the waste places of the mountains of Colorado. The steepest slopes of Arkansas might be terraced, and festooned with fruitful orchards and vineyards. She has rich river plains without the torrid, muggy climate and the miasmatic ooze and slime of alligator land. In her wildwoods her scenery, at times, is magnificent in its loveliness. Many a time in youth and since have I strolled along the mossy banks of her crystal streams, beneath towering cliffs of gray granite, by golden sand bars fringed with weeping willows, and by meadows carpeted with flowers, listening to the murmur of the sparkling water and the music of the humming birds hidden among the sweet-scented honeysuckles. Along the Cadron and Cove creeks and the upper waters of the Washita, White, Caddo, and Little Red rivers are scenes that are certainly as beautiful as any this earth affords. Arkansas still has a wealth of such scenes. Their attraction for me is constant and strong.

But now, slowly, one by one, they are being rudely violated as the State struggles to put on the rattling harness of "progress."

II

The Arkansaw Traveler

Tradition, legend, tune, and song preserve the ridiculous caricature of the early native encountered by the Arkansaw Traveler. Their famous dialogue is recorded anew in Cox's recently published "Folk Songs of the South."

The care-free barbarian sat, grasshopper-like, in the open doorway of his half-roofed cabin chirping on his old fiddle when the Traveler hallooed.

"Hello yerself! If you wanta go to hell, go by yerself," returned the native as he continued sawing on the battered violin.

"Is the river fordable?" inquired the Traveler.

"I guess so," replied the native, "my ducks been a-fordin' it ever' day."

"Old man, what makes your corn so yellow?" asked the Traveler with thinly-veiled scorn.

"You fool, you, I *planted* yaller corn," retorted the native.

"Where does this road go?" queried the Traveler.

"Taint never gone nowhar yit—it stays right thar all the time," chuckled the Arkansawyer, still playing his fiddle.

"Old man, why don't you cover the other side of your house?" the Traveler wanted to know.

"Why, when it's rainin' I caint," explained the native, "an' when it aint a-rainin' it's as dry as yourn or anybody else's."

The native kept sawing the same measure over and over.

"Why don't you play the other part of that tune?" inquired the Traveler.

"Didn't know it had another part," the native admitted. Then, when the Traveler took the fiddle and played the other part, the impudence of the Arkansawyer was instantly changed to garrulous hospitality and the Traveler was offered the best of the old man's bed and board.

The part of the tune played by the native and the "other part" played by the Traveler make up the favorite in every old fiddlers' contest. If the unknown Traveler could come back today, and had the fare, he could crisscross the State on fast trains, or in swift, luxurious motor-busses named "The Arkansaw Traveler" and manned by silent, humorless chauffeurs as dignified as headwaiters. He could travel over thousands of miles of asphalt and gravel highway, crossing the river fordable by the ducks on massive bridges of solid masonry and steel. He could pass broad fields of waving corn, not yellow from lack of cultivation, and modern dwellings roofed on all sides. He could spend the night in marble-lined hostelries, going to sleep to music made by exotic virtuosi able to play both parts of the tune.

For, despite the persistence of the assumption in the minds of the uninformed of other States that the Arkansas found by the legendary Traveler is the Arkansas of today, the Commonwealth has undergone, and is still undergoing, great changes. It is true that these changes relate in large part to the physical aspects of its civilization—to the development of its natural resources, and the establishment of sustaining industries, transportation systems, and comfortable habitations. They relate more to the visible environment, to styles in cookery and dress, to tools and methods of travel, than to habits of thought. The changes have occurred in kitchens, barns, and forests rather than in libraries: in material possessions rather than in heads.

But this, it seems, could not have been otherwise. Permanent civilizations must be rooted in the soil and built from the ground up. Pioneers of the forests do not readily resolve themselves into artistic or scientific societies. The generation that found Arkansas a howling wilderness has hardly yet passed out. Only the ruder sort of folk, as a rule, are willing to forego the society of their fellows, the advantages of established institutions, and the comparative ease of settled communities to face the dangers, the terrible loneliness and emptiness, and the innumerable hardships of the frontier. It is no wonder, then, that Arkansas' attempts at civilization, as yet, are crude, simian, bungling, and hesitating. It would be strange if they were otherwise.

III

Contrasts

The Missouri Pacific, the principal railroad of the State, crossing it diagonally from the northeastern corner to the southwestern, roughly divides Arkansas into two nearly equal areas. They are almost as different from each other, in all essentials, as Mississippi and Western Missouri.

The southeastern lowland section, in the realm of King Cotton, is farmed almost exclusively under a modified feudal arrangement familiarly known as the plantation system. In this, the wealthier portion of the State, prosperity is based largely on the labor of the ignorant blacks and the State's 110,000 tenant families. Here a namesake of Robert E. Lee is monarch of forty thousand black acres, and president of a railroad; he owns a town of two thousand population so absolutely that it doesn't even have a municipal government. In this section are hundreds of lesser lords who loom large in Arkansas' Who's Who. They dominate the local flora and fauna absolutely, and there is not the remotest prospect that this age will see their sovereignty challenged. Their reign is thought to be as inevitable as the weather, even almost as necessary. Here the ghosts of the Confederacy still stalk abroad; here the memories and traditions of the Old South are embalmed and cherished with many sacred rites; here remain the necessary conditions, the psychological raw materials, for a feudal society. Here, too, the political heretic is a criminal, and the scratching of the Democratic ticket a form of blasphemy. And the gods of Christendom are politely worshiped in fashionable churches by men and women who regard themselves and one another as little lower than the seraphim.

The northwestern highland portion of the State is owned by the small but independent farmers who cultivate it. In that section fruits, grain, poultry, livestock, and Republicans are produced. There live the men who supported Arkansas' carpetbag administration after the Civil War—the régime that established the University of Arkansas, locating it 1700 feet above sea level and 170 miles above the down-South section. It is due to this fact, perhaps, that so few of the delta magnates send their sons and daughters to the university. In the highland part class distinctions are not important, and radicalism is furtively countenanced. While the wealthy planter believes that his is the best of all possible civilizations, the best-known citizen of the highland region proposes to build a pyramid to preserve for a distant posterity certain sibylline books, some of which he has written himself, explaining why this civilization must fall.

But the two sections have this in common: both are bristling bulwarks of Fundamentalism.

IV

Homogeneity

Arkansas has few foreigners, but plenty of prejudice against them. The latter fact is doubtless due in part to simple ignorance, but provincialism, the war propaganda, and the Noble Knights of the Nightgown have fostered and fomented the congenital suspicions of the yokelry. The population is overwhelmingly of native American stock and rural habit. But town folk and country folk are lately becoming less sharply differentiated, due chiefly to the automobile. The country cousin used to curry the cockle-burrs out of his whiskers, mount his mule, descend upon his town kin, and incur their open contempt. Now he shaves, invades Main Street in his Ford, and gets his meals at a catfish restaurant. He does this very often and has thus achieved a self-assurance he never felt in town before. It is true that he still shies at a book or a bathtub—but so does the villager. Only in the few cities and large towns are class distinctions noticeable and even there they are based almost wholly on differences in wealth. Distinctions based on intellect or culture are necessarily rare.

Arkansas has a few Jukeses, many Kallikaks, and melancholy expanses of dull mediocrity relieved here and there by strange individuals who sometimes give great offense to the general by thinking for themselves. The dullest group the State has, considering its opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge, is that composed of the school-teachers—the dullest and the most cowardly. The intellectual condition

of these public servants is pathetic indeed. With about one-sixtieth of the population of the country, Arkansas contributes only about one two-hundred-and-twenty-sixth of the names in the current volume of "Who's Who in America." Allowance must be made, of course, for her lingering pioneer condition. But her prospects for a renaissance are far from reassuring.

Of the 111 names furnished by Arkansas to "Who's Who," about three-fourths fall within the arbitrary classifications: officials of State and church who would be included though their intelligence were even lower than it is. The names included by reason of real achievements are painfully few: Charles J. Finger, a native of England and perhaps the only Arkansas writer known in Europe; Mrs. Bernie Babcock, author of some half a dozen books; Inez N. McFee, author of professional books for teachers and booklets for school children; Tom P. Morgan, humorist; "Coin" Harvey, eccentric commentator on our national monetary system; and Fay Hempstead, poet. That is about all. Save for a few doctors of medicine, not a scientific name is contributed by Arkansas to the fat volume; and with the exceptions noted, not a name representative of the fine arts. The State's public and professional men, with exceptions equally rare, try with amazing success to keep themselves on the intellectual level of the peasantry. This is obviously due to the assumption, all too true, that the disclosure of exceptional intelligence would throw so much of their trade to mountebanks as to imperil their professional lives.

The herd instinct, expressed officially in the motto on the great seal of the State and practically in the stolid tyranny of the majority, predominates with a vengeance. To achieve popularity an Arkansan must conform—that is to say, he must use barbarous English, swallow about all the superstitions known to the white race, maintain a strict intellectual idleness, and agree with every imbecile on every corner about everything. To be different is still dangerous, and those who have sense enough to be different understand the virtues of discretion. No issues of pith and moment ever divide the State into hostile camps. Its people frequently get het up, but it is invariably over something evanescent and inconsequential. Their interest in politics is never more than a sporting interest. They have an unerring faculty for fixing their minds on non-essentials. No scientist impresses them like the quack; no artist like the faker. Their ideas of human liberty are naïve and somewhat strange. The government may encroach on their fundamental liberties all it pleases, but it had better not kick their dogs around. Their strongest candidates for public preferment are those who can raise the most trivial issues and are the most adept in slinging bunk. Their interest in religion is terrible, and woe unto him who has the wrong kind or none at all. Their capacity for reaching, and their courage in maintaining, independent conclusions are alike negligible. When they move, they move in herds. They are truly a homogeneous people.

V

Regnant Populi

The great seal of the State bears the democratic motto, *Regnant Populi*, and the indigenous democrats, unused to drawing fine distinctions, construe this slogan of popular sovereignty very broadly. The majority in Arkansas would have its hands full in trying to cope only with what is concededly within its province. But not content with making a mess of such matters, it insists on a mass of fool laws concerning things it knows nothing about, and things which by no stretch of an intelligent imagination are any of its business. The Methodists and Baptists of the State are now girding their loins with the intent of having enacted an anti-evolution law at the next session of the General Assembly. It will be astonishing if the bill does not pass; astonishing, too, if a

single professor cheeps a word of protest against it.

Mayor Charles E. Moyer, of Little Rock, estimates the intelligence of the majority pretty accurately. Recently, aided and abetted by a former imperial cyclops of the women's Ku Klux Klan, he drew up an ordinance to protect Holy Things from the profane wit of the iconoclast and infidel. The local stage was to be prohibited from poking fun at religion, Prohibition, patriotism, marriage, and the government. Nor were the gals' legs overlooked. Moreover, newspapers and other periodicals carrying jokes or criticisms which, in the opinion of the board of censors, tended to bring the aforesaid Holy Things into contempt, were to be banned and barred from sale in the city. Unfortunately, the idotic measure has been adopted by the city council, though in a modified form.

Happily, the official law-makers of Arkansas get their heads together infrequently, their powers are limited by constitutional checks, and they must work under the eyes of the whole State. But the unofficial law-makers are in session perpetually, their assumed jurisdiction is comprehensive in the extreme, and much of their work is done in comparative secrecy. From the konklaves of the Klan, the congregations of the godly, and the cracker-boxes of the village store, come forth the decrees of the democracy, with fumes of brimstone. Here, as elsewhere in the Bible Belt, the hairs on the heads of heretics are numbered, and the intelligent minority has no rights which the majority is bound to respect.

VI

A Stone-Age Survival

Notwithstanding that the Fundamentalist is not peculiar to Arkansas, the most cursory survey of the present state of her civilization should include a note upon that primitive survival. Scientifically considered, I suppose, the true Fundamentalist is a person whose mental development has been arrested. His average mental age is perhaps as high as thirteen years. He can weigh a sack of cotton, count money, and read the clock. Generally speaking, he is a farmer, workingman, or tradesman, who renders some more or less useful service to society and, to that extent, is a help rather than a handicap to civilization. But his contribution to *Kultur* is utterly and incontestably nothing. On the contrary he adds immeasurable difficulties to the work of enlightenment and lowers the general average of intelligence appallingly. To the social scientist he is a baffling problem.

But the lay Fundamentalist would remain a quiet, harmless nitwit, a producer of raw material or a useful artisan, were it not for the pragmatical parsons infesting the Arkansas region. These busybodies, nocturnal in their habits and preying preferably on chickens and women, incite him continuously against intelligence wherever it shows its head. Let a man in any way dependent on the favor of the public express a rational opinion regarding Fundamentalism and its hideous consequences, and promptly these parsons and their accomplices begin to plot his ruin. In view of this practice, the timid intelligentsia of the State is so effectually intimidated that a *post-mortem* is necessary to determine whether Professor Pinhead, for example, was a cheerful idiot or merely an arrant coward. These parsons and their devotees suppress all sprouting ideas so successfully that we Arkansans, I fear, appear to be quite unanimous in our imbecility.

Under the leadership of such men, every community in the State, annually or oftener, reverts to the rites of *Pithecanthropus erectus*, and holds a revival. Then the Fundamentalist preacher is in his heyday. Then every civilizing process, if any, going on in the community is blocked. In rural districts brush arbors built in the edge of a forest are the favorite places of meeting. Sessions are held twice daily, the second frequently lasting till midnight. When the incantations get well under way, lugubrious howls and moans assault the air. A

climax is always reached at night when the lights are dim and red, fantastic shadows lurk about, and the last feeble restraints of civilization can be thrown aside. The revival often continues for weeks and many precious souls are saved, but the community is left in a state of nervous exhaustion. Not every one, to be sure, who attends these meetings participates in the orgy. Many attend for private, ulterior reasons connected with business. Of these, I hope, some are amused.

For it is true that Arkansas has a civilized minority. But it is a disheartened minority. It is scattered, isolated, inarticulate, and leaderless. No man with anything worthwhile to say ever comes among us. We have to listen to scheming politicians and pulpit morons or stay at home. No great writer has arisen among us to voice our hopes and fears, our mirths and indignations. But almost every community has its lone wit, made cynical and bitter by the welter of arrant nonsense surrounding him.

I know the people of Arkansas and I do not libel them. I know they have many noble qualities. There is not a spot in the State where any respectable-looking stranger cannot find shelter and friendship free. Taken in the mass, they are humorous, sympathetic, honest, generous, and patient, and their hands are quick to relieve distress. They are shrewd and industrious, and have the native capacity for far more learning than they have ever aspired to. But they won't think. They just feel. The loud cackle of merriment is heard on every hand, but an idea tossed among them scatters them like a bomb.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

MELLOW words of the able editor of the Baldwin *Times:*

A SOURCE OF GREAT COMFORT

We've had in mind writing a little word of commendation of the Hedge and Fleming undertaking company for quite a while. First one thing and then another has delayed it.

It should be a source of considerable comfort to the people of this county to know that they have available such a fine organization as this one is, to handle the sad and oftimes sorely trying duty of properly laying away our departed ones. No town anywhere, regardless of size, has any better qualified or more sympathetic morticians than are the persons making up this organization. They are well informed on their business, as their advertisements, which appear weekly in the *Times*, disclose.

Another point which we would touch in passing is the need of properly cleaning up and disinfecting the quarters in which some contagious disease was treated, as often arises in their business. Hedge and Fleming understand fully all the laws of sanitation and their record is a most enviable one. The care which they bestow on those who pass away, and the thoughtfulness they show the survivors, are matters of great importance to the bereaved and are ones in which they excel.

ARIZONA

THE lighter moments of a sage of the desert, as reported by the high-tone New York *Evening Post:*

Dr. C. H. Marvin, president of the University of Arizona at Tucson, camouflaged as a bewhiskered white wing, will help State American Legion Commander Dougherty sweep a Phoenix thoroughfare because Phoenix defeated Tucson in a Legion membership campaign.

ARKANSAS

PROGRESS of the New Jurisprudence in Little Rock, as brought to light by a United Press dispatch:

Proposals to change the city's censorship ordinances which have been submitted to the city council by Mayor C. E. Moyer, include:

No ridicule of the Volstead Act.

No display of unadorned feminine beauty over five inches above the knee.

No suggestive matter in sight or song.

No remarks about unfaithfulness to marriage vows.

No ridicule of any religion.

No bedroom scenes.

No talk of white slavery.

No long, passionate love scenes.

No ridicule of American traditions.

CALIFORNIA

CONTRIBUTION to the same science from California:

Children attending schools in California cannot be asked to write essays on the subject of communism, Attorney General U. S. Webb has ruled. Webb holds that the writing of such essays would necessitate a study of a subject which is taboo in this country.

COMPLAINT filed with Chief of Police R. Lee Heath, of Los Angeles, by Mrs. Angeleno Inforacto, of 435 East Forty-sixth street:

I wish to report that Officer Rader some time ago choked my dog so bad that he scared my child so bad that he immediately infantiled paralysised and was quarantined for two weeks. If this officer had not scared my child he would never had the infantile paralysis. This child saw the officer choke the dog and it scared him so badly that he immediately became sick. The expense for this child being sick were 50 cents for the doctor, $30 for Mr. Inforacto being quarantined away from house and having to pay board. I would also like to get $1,000 damages on account of having my family disturbed when the dog was choked.

I would like to have him put under $1,000 peace bond to see that he does not choke my dog again. This makes a total of $2,030.50 which I would like to have the officer pay for choking my valuable collie dog. This dog's name is Roddy and I value the dog at $100, and in case this officer should sneak up on this dog and choke him after dark, I would like to get a judgment of $100 against him as I am afraid that my boy would die with infantile paralysis if this officer ever chokes the dog again.

I would like to get another $1,000 judgment against this officer in case my son dies from this fright caused by the officer choking my dog. This makes a total of $3,030.50, which I believe is all the damages I should receive for the present.

COLORADO

Doing God's work in the American Himalayas, as described by the Englewood *Messenger:*

> This double rôle is not a dual rôle in the accepted understanding of that term, but is exactly the opposite, for this dual rôle is assumed by a former minister, who has turned chiropractor, and his aim in both instances, his big, guiding inspiration has been and is Service, and that spells good—big things desired and willingness to work to deliver good—which preamble refers to Dr. D. S. Alexander, a new chiropractor with offices in the Beitenman Building, who has recently come to Englewood to reside and identify himself with her interests. Dr. Alexander was a Presbyterian minister in the Middle West for many years, and coming to a point in his career where he felt to progress, he needed change, and the health of his family necessitating a climatic change, he came to Colorado to live. Before coming, however, he took up the chiropractic work, and making good in it naturally he has established himself here in that line. As to the dual rôle referred to, he is still a member of the Presbyterian synod, and last Sunday made a trip in answer to a call to Hill City, Kan., to preach in both morning and evening services.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Humorous note extracted from Price List No. 64, tenth edition, issued by the Government Printing Office:

> The greatest art of all, that of maintaining and spreading free government, is strenuously carried on by President, Cabinet, Senators, Representatives, Army, and Navy.

High, gloating words of the Hon. Thomas Lewis Rubey, A. B., A. M., of Lebanon, Laclede county, Missouri, in the House of Representatives:

> It is indeed one of the greatest honors that can be conferred upon an American citizen to elect him to represent his district in the House of Representatives. It is the greatest legislative body in all the world, because it is the law-making body of the greatest Government on this earth, and not only that, but it is the greatest Government that has ever been established since the beginning of time.

The Hon. Thomas Lindsay Blanton, of Texas, in the House:

> I want to tell you, standing here on the floor of the House, that from the bottom of my heart I believe Judge Elbert H. Gary a good man and a benefactor of humanity and of mankind.

FLORIDA

Circular letter sent to visitors to Jacksonville by he-Christians of the town:

> If *you* are a spineless—"molly-coddled"—long-faced—pious geezer that would give anybody the "doldrums" and Sunday morning "Blues"—then this warm-blooded-heart-throbbing-sincere-"with-a-ring-of-cordiality"-message—wasn't intended for *you.*
>
> But if *you* are the real honest-to-goodness-red-blooded-virile "he-man" sort of fellow, that we think *you* are—*you* are the one and only particular person—that we want this urgent-cogent-effulgent—and 100 per cent sincere and cordial invitation to reach.
>
> *Listen*—Last Sunday *three hundred and forty-one* of the happiest—jolliest—finest—peppiest—worth-whilest—regular fellows—that ever rubbed shoulders with each other in Florida's Metropolis—had the most informal—joy-bringing—soul-stirring—mind-illuminating—inspiring good time—at the Big Brotherhood Men's Class of the Riverside Presbyterian Church—of which that human-dynamo—that wonderful "go-getter"—remarkable personality—"Bob" McCaslin is teacher.
>
> We want *you* to come out and "mix-it" for an hour with *Five Hundred* other real men *next* Sunday morning at 9.30. Come and be *our guest*—Come and *sing* with us—Come and hear "Bob" give his never-to-be-forgotten talk "The Face at the Window." Come and visit a *real live-wire* men's class.
>
> Yes—you are *right*—"There's a reason." We are having a *red-hot* attendance contest between the Boosters led by Milton E. Bacon—and the Crusaders—led by *us*—us *winners.* The losers are to furnish *us* a Big Free Feed next week. We want *you* there too—Now Listen—"snap-out-of-it" *early* next Sunday—put a *Crusaders Tag* in your "button hole" and come out and help us make next Sunday a *real Red Letter Day*—for the Crusaders—for "Bob"—and for yourself.
>
> *Expecting you* and all *your* Pals—neighbors and relatives—we are,
>
> Crusadingly yours,
> Marcus C. Fagg, *Major.*
> Frank Stewart, *Captain.*

GEORGIA

The rise of scientific business methods among Athens evangelists:

> A novel method of checking up on collections has been developed by the Rev. Charles E. Neighbour, evangelist, who is conducting a series of religious services at a local church. Evangelist Neighbour has instructed all ushers who pass around the collection plate to whistle when anyone puts a greenback into the plate. The ushers have complied to the letter of the instructions and each night as the collection plate goes its rounds at the church where the revival is in progress a whistle is emitted by the usher when a greenback is espied.

From the eminent Atlanta *Journal*, organ of 100% Americanism:

> In the year 1819, two babies were born whose lives were destined to have a far-reaching influence. One was born in a stern castle of Old England, the other in a humble farmhouse in New England.
>
> Queen Victoria, through her wisdom and kindliness during a long and prosperous reign has become enthroned in the hearts of the British people. Lydia E. Pinkham, through the merit of her Vegetable Compound, has made her name a household word in thousands of American homes.

ILLINOIS

Romantic dictum of the Right Rev. Edwin H. Hughes, A. B., A. M., D.D., LL.D., bishop of the Chicago Methodists:

> The Prohibition law is the biggest success of any law that ever came down the road.

Heart-breaking plea of a humanitarian in the Chicago *Tribune:*

> Why must we boil the poor lobsters alive? Do you realize what an unimaginable agony is thus inflicted upon these poor dumb animals, which are absolutely innocent of any wrong, but who nevertheless give up their very lives to satisfy your palate? If you must kill them, then would it not be infinitely more humane, and just as easy, to first kill them by a quick, sharp blow upon the head with a hammer immediately before boiling them and before they could possibly have time to spoil? Why not?

Beginnings of a new nuisance in Springfield, former home of Abraham Lincoln:

> Preliminary to a national campaign against profanity, the Clean Language League of America has obtained a State charter here. T. H. Russell, head of the organization, said: "If we can't stop loose language by education, we'll do it by legislation."

KANSAS

Advertisement in the *News and Times*, "The Official City Paper," published at Downs:

> Every criminal, every gambler, every thug, every libertine, every girl-ruiner, every home-wrecker, every wife-beater, every dope-peddler, every moonshiner, every crooked politician, every pagan papist priest, every shyster lawyer, every K. of C., every white slaver, every brothel madam, every Roman-controlled newspaper, every hyphenated American, every lawless alien —is fighting the Klan. Think it over. Which side are you on?—*Adv.*

Prohibition news in the *Kansas State News:*

> Colored corn is worth $2.50 a pint, according to rumor.
>
> Uncolored corn, distilled this month, is worth about $1.50 a pint, in Crawford county saloons, according to the dope.
>
> Joplin alcohol, 188 proof, drained off the university animal specimens, will sell for $25 per gallon. This represents a raise, but the demand has increased greatly due to the flavor of this high-proof grain alcohol.
>
> White wine is worth 75 cents per quart. This is light wine sure enough. Red wine sells for what it will bring, not being greatly in demand because of the slow alcoholic effect.
>
> Brown sugar whiskey is selling readily at $6 per quart, being considered safe and free from fusel oil. It is a little hard to get because of the expenses in manufacture.
>
> Kansas City imported stuff, labeled in Kansas City, and made in the hills of Missouri and Arkansas, brings $10 per quart the first time, but there are no second customers.

KENTUCKY

The progress of medical science in the Blue Grass, as described by the Mayfield *Messenger:*

> NOTICE—There is a man in the county jail who has successfully treated Cancer for the past twenty years. If you are afflicted with Cancer or any external growth it will pay you to drop in and see him at once, as he will be here only about sixty days. Come to the County jail and call for Dr. Douglas.

The society editor of the distinguished Charlotteville *Chronicle* runs wild:

> The bride is a woman of wondrous fascination and a remarkable attractiveness, for with manner as enchanting as the wand of a siren and a disposition as sweet as the odor of flowers, and spirit as joyous as the caroling of birds and mind as brilliant as those glittering tresses that adorn the brow of Winter and with heart as pure as dewdrops trembling in a coronet of violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment like the lovely home of her girlhood where the heaven-toned harp of marriage, with its chords of love and devotion and fond endearments sent forth the sweetest strains of felicity that ever thrilled the senses with the rhythmic pulsing of ecstatic rapture.

LOUISIANA

Want ad in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune:*

> ROOM and board desired, in a Catholic family preferably. Room must be quiet. Acoustics such that noise is not easily heard. A bed without a spring, a writing table with chair to fit absolutely compulsory. Room must not be situated next to men or next to married couple. Upper story room in the rear preferable. Parties must be absolutely re-

spectable. Meals must be good. A lock and key on the door or doors absolutely essential. Room should not be on or near car track. Situated in vicinity of Loyola University. References required. State price. No white shades and no white chairs and table or white painted walls. Green window shade on window. If these requirements cannot be fulfilled please do not answer. P-372. T.-P.

MAINE

Associated Press dispatch from Biddeford:

While local friends were starting a movement to secure a hero medal for Joseph Labbe, the coast guardsman who walked twelve hours barefooted in a blizzard to save the crew of the wrecked *C-126* off Narragansett Pier, he was being arraigned before the police court here on a charge of bootlegging. The bootlegging charge was made last Fall as the result of a spotter's work. Labbe was then out of work, and turned to that trade to earn an honest dollar.

MASSACHUSETTS

Cultural note from Boston:

Miniature gum slot-machines have been installed in the Boston Elevated street cars on the Allston-Brighton line, and passengers may now secure their day's supply of gum by reaching above the seat, inserting their pennies in the slot and pushing the lever.

Advertisement in the Lynn *Item:*

JOHN F. MORIARTY
Real Estate and Insurance
1 Pearl Street
Lynn, Mass.

SPIRITUAL FOOD VALUES

Offered by the Irish A. B. C.

Martin H. Glynn said: "Study the Bible; It Is a University of Knowledge."

Questions asked of the Irish A. B. C.

Is it necessary to go and confess our sins to a clergyman, and do penance today in order to obtain salvation?

Not at all: 3000 persons, on the day of Pentecost, desired to obtain salvation, and they "said unto Saint Peter and the rest of the apostles: Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Here is the answer that Saint Peter gave them, and this answer is also addressed to all those who seek salvation:

Jesus Christ said: *"Search the Scriptures."*

Here they are.

See Acts, 2d chapter. The disciples received the Holy Ghost. Peter's sermon to the people. *The piety of the first converts.*

1—And when the days of the Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in one place.

2—And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting.

3—And there appeared to them parted tongues, as it were, of fire, and it sat upon every one of them.

John F. Moriarty, Grandson of Myles McSweeney and Founder of the Irish-American Bible Companions, 1 Pearl Street, Lynn, Mass. To Christians and *Bible* Christians or anyone else, pamphlets are sent free of charge for the asking.

MORIARTY WRITES EVERY DESCRIPTION OF INSURANCE

No one can quote you lower rates or better companies or give you more dependable service. Weekly payment plan if desired at cash prices.

Real Estate Justice of the Peace

Money for first, second and third mortgages.

JOHN F. MORIARTY
Home and Confidence Builder
1 Pearl Street Lynn

MICHIGAN

Literary obiter dicta by four judges of the Circuit Court of Detroit:

Codd, J.: Eddie Guest's writings and personality simply radiate helpfulness. A fine, lovable character, exemplifying his own works.

Murphy, J.: What a mission and what a power to bring daily to millions of folk a song of solace, a lyric of laughter, a canticle of inspiration. It is meet that he, the humble, be exalted.

Hunt, J.: In "Just Folks" Eddie Guest interprets to themselves the plain people, whom Lincoln said God must love since He made so many of them.

Webster, J.: Eddie Guest's poems strike a responsive chord in the heart of the average person because they deal with the ordinary incidents of actual life.

Concurring opinion by the Hon. James Couzens, Senator from Michigan:

In such a materialistic period as we now live in, it is most refreshing to have such a soul as Mr. Guest possesses. It shakes off the shackles of materialism.

Circular sent to the members of the class of 1916, School of Law, University of Michigan:

Headquarters
1916 Laws
TENTH REUNION COMMITTEE
1603 Ford Building
Detroit, Mich.

Get in on the

MOST EFFICIENT FATHER CONTEST

Prizes for the Winner and Runner-Up to be Awarded by the Reunion Committee at The Road House Party.

What was the date of your marriage?.....
How many children have you?.....
What were their birthdays?.....

Signature

Please answer the above questions on this sheet, sign your name and mail to 1603 Ford Building, Detroit.

Tenth Reunion Committee,

W. E. Essery — Wm. McKay Skillman
Chester J. Morse — T. Hawley Tapping
Clarence B. Zewadski — Leroy J. Scanlon
F. F. McKinney

MINNESOTA

Law Enforcement note from the eminent Winona *Republican-Herald:*

A striking testimonial to the power of prayer was given by Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, national vice-president of the W. C. T. U., in speaking at the afternoon session of the State Institute here Wednesday. Mrs. Smith said that while attending the trial of fifteen bootleggers at Des Moines she prayed constantly, saying, "Please, Lord; please, Lord," whenever a vital ruling concerning the admission of testimony for the State was to be made by the Judge. "The Judge made his rulings in favor of the prosecution," she announced, "and the bootleggers were all found guilty and sent to prison."

MISSOURI

Ecclesiastical notice from the Osborne *Enterprise:*

They paid off a church debt down at North Greenfield Church, near Springfield, the other night with a hugging social. Eight hundred people attended, and $75 was raised. The rates:

Girls under 15, for a two-minute hug 15 cents.
Girls 15 to 20, same for 25 cents.
Girls 20 to 25, same for 50 cents.
Other men's wives, same for 75 cents.
Old maids, three cents and no time limit.

NEBRASKA

News from Winside:

Albert Strate, a farmer living near here, recently got religion and to show his faith took a big dose of strychnine, boasting that the Lord would not let it hurt him. The coroner's jury pronounced it suicide.

NEW JERSEY

Long Branch item in the papers supplied by the eminent United Press:

Alma Cook and Harry Hayden are the envy of their Sunday-school classmates, having won the prizes offered by the Loyal Temperance Legion of the Asbury M. E. Church for the children who would collect the greatest number of cigarette butts from the streets in a given time.

NEW YORK

From the report of a Brooklyn divorce action in the eminent New York *Sun:*

Mrs. Kimball's affidavit charges cruel and inhuman treatment. They were happy until 1918, she said, when her husband took up the study of Christian Science.

"He wanted to try this new belief on me," she asserted. "This caused most of our trouble. On Columbus Day, 1923, I was cooking bacon and eggs when my husband said to me: 'If you have proper faith nothing can hurt you.' He took a spoonful of hot bacon grease from the pan and poured it on the back of my hand. I had a severe burn on my hand for several weeks.

"He had a habit of stepping with his full weight on my feet. Once he threw a chair at me. Another habit of his was to go into the hall where we lived and pray for me in a loud voice. He would ask forgiveness for me and ask that I be delivered from error."

News item in the distinguished *Daily Mirror:*

Already tattooed over most of his body with Biblical scenes and other religious and patriotic pictures, Jack Redcloud had the head of Christ tattooed on his bald spot in a Bowery arcade.

Legal news in the eminent *World:*

The Grand Jury was not in session today because of the Jewish holiday.

NORTH DAKOTA

Christian work on the rolling prairie:

EVERYBODY invited to help pay for a Bible, unusual in size and wonderfully constructed to present to the War Risk Insurance Company. Any man who donates, his name will be printed in the Bible. Let's all get together on this. All checks are to be mailed to

GERRIT ZAAGSMA.
Ypsilanti, N. Dak.

OHIO

The majesty of the law in Cleveland, as revealed by the *Plain Dealer:*

Safety Director Edwin D. Barry, learning that the man arrested gave his address as the University Club, 3813 Euclid avenue, investigated the arrest. Barry said he wanted to determine whether any injustice had been done in arresting a man of some prominence.

Benign suggestion of the esteemed Willshire *Herald:*

Prohibition Director Andrews has asked Congress for thirty millions of dollars as a necessary adjunct toward enforcement of the national Prohibition law. Better take that thirty

millions of dollars to buy ammunition for the regular army, with orders from the commander-in-chief to shoot to kill every violator of the Prohibition laws, be he or she a bootlegger or the patron of a bootlegger, be they rich or poor, of high or low station, so-called.

REASSURING news from a well-informed 100% American of Ohio, as reported by the Cleveland *Press:*

The old flag should never touch the ground, but there is no law against it touching water. That's the word from Adjutant John Saslovsky of the American Legion, Department of Ohio, who has been asked about flag laundering. Hundreds of flags used in Cleveland are soiled and have remained so under the impression, it is said, that there is a law or rule against washing flags.

OKLAHOMA

CONTRIBUTION to pathology by the eminent Woodward *Press:*

Mrs. J. F. Gettig received a letter Wednesday stating that Miss Beulah Coad, district health nurse who is in the University hospital at Oklahoma City, is suffering from *metabolism,* which is a complication of diseases, the direct cause of which has not as yet been ascertained.

OREGON

THE Hon. George O. Fallis, addressing the Salem Rotarians, refines upon a classic dictum:

Jesus Christ was the first and *the only perfect* Rotarian.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE Rev. Dr. Barker, pastor of the Point Breeze Presbyterian Church, as reported by the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times:*

The man who violates the Eighteenth Amendment is a traitor as vicious as was Benedict Arnold.

RHODE ISLAND

How race suicide in the town of Jamestown is being combatted, as revealed by a public notice in the *Town Crier:*

NOTICE TO WOMEN

Price for Maternity Case, 2 wks., $50 one baby; for twins, $25.00; for triplets, WE PAY THE PATIENT A BONUS.

DR. BATE'S SANITORIUM

TENNESSEE

PROGRESS of Christian sentiment in Knoxville:

J. H. Diggs, Knoxville, barber, thinks bobbing of women's hair is contrary to the Scriptures, and has closed his shop to female customers.

RELIC unearthed by the Bristol *News-Bulletin and Herald-Courier:*

A letter, purporting to have been written by Jesus Christ, and handed down through the generations by various families, has been given to the *News-Bulletin and Herald-Courier* for publication. It was sent to the office of the *Bulletin and Courier,* by Pink Asburn, of East State street, who received the copy from his daughter, Mrs. Rosie Hilton.

The history which goes with the letter is that it was written by Jesus after His crucifixion and signed by the archangel Gabriel.

For centuries the letter lay under a stone, supposedly in the Holy Land, and on the stone were these words, "Blessed is he who shall turn me over." It is not stated whether or not these words were in English.

No one had any curiosity about the stone, until it was finally overturned by a little girl, who found the letter underneath. She gave it to one, the story runs, who was converted to Christianity, and who handed it down to the next generation. It finally came into the hands of a Thompson family in Virginia.

The letter was first published, it is said, in the Dallas, Ga., *Tribune* in 1889, and as an instance of the potent effect of the letter, a woman who clipped it and failed to have it published is said to have been overcome by misfortune, the exact nature not stated. And the same thing happened to Mrs. Ruby Crutchfield, of Thessaven, Tenn.

The letter urges strict observance of the Sabbath and also threatens dire consequence for anyone who has a copy and fails to give it publicity. It states that a reward is promised to those who have a copy of the letter and keep it in their houses, but that those who do not believe its contents will have "the plagues upon them and be consumed with their children, goods, cattle and all other worldly enjoyment that I have given them."

TEXAS

EXTRACT from a public bull by the Hon. Ma Ferguson, announcing her candidacy for reëlection as Governor of this great State, as reported by the San Antonio *Express:*

My experience with the Governor's office has learned me that filling the office is a little too big for one man or one woman. It takes the Ma and Pa both to get over the rough places. If a man Governor does not have a good sensible wife and if a woman Governor does not have a good sensible husband, then there comes many times when things will look mighty blue and lonesome and the people will not get what they are entitled to.

THE DISMAL SAUGER

BY JAMES STEVENS

"THAT was the dismalest animal I ever heard howl," said the bull-bucker.

"What animal?" asked the new timekeeper.

"The hodag."

Old Larrity, the bull cook, looked up at that.

"The sauger was a dismaler one," he disagreed.

"You're a mile wrong," argued the bull-bucker. He winked in a satisfied way at the new timekeeper, who had been brought to the bunkhouse on the chance that old Larrity might be in the humor to tell of the ancient timber beasts; and then he went on coaxing the bull cook. "The hodag, Larrity, was dismaler by that howl of his."

"You've never heard of the sauger's drip, that I can plainly see. Never heard of the dismal drip—drip—drip of scummy swamp water from the sauger's cypress hair. Why, man!" exclaimed old Larrity, "the hodag was a fine jolly critter in the first place. It was the sauger himself who made him into a dismal one!"

"Well, I want to know," said the bull-bucker.

"Both of us," said the new timekeeper.

"You want to hear how the great hodag met up with the sauger of the big swamp, hey?" said old Larrity. "It's a terrible tale for a young body to hear."

"I like terrible tales," said the young timekeeper.

"And I'm used to 'em," boasted the bull-bucker.

"I'll have to figger." Old Larrity frowned hard and for some time. "I'll have to recollect just exactly how it was."

The three were in a corner of the logging camp bunkhouse. The bull cook was sitting on his bunk, and the bull-bucker and the timekeeper were on the bunk which faced him. In the center of the big room an upright pot-bellied heater snapped sparks from its red sides. Some old loggers in their sock feet were playing rummy over a table. Some young loggers, with felt slippers over their socks, were reading on their bunks. Old Larrity was in his sock feet and he was chewing snoose. The bull-bucker was dressed-up in a blue serge suit, as a foreman should be. The timekeeper was dressed in a new corduroy suit and knee-high laced boots. Old Larrity frowned down at those boots. He frowned on, recollecting and figuring. A wind boomed down the mountain side and shook the boughs of the big firs around the bunkhouse. The heater smoked. The windows rattled and the walls of the bunkhouse creaked.

"It'll be a weird night yet," said old Larrity at last. "But never again will there be one so weird as the night the sauger of the big swamp came out for his annual conk hunt and met the hodag, and the dismal drip—drip—drip of scummy swamp water from his cypress hair sounded for the last time along the sun-baked shore."

Old Larrity thumped his knee with a red, knotted fist.

"No, sir! It'll be a long time before such a weird night as that one is seen again. It warn't the eery darkness of that night which made it seem so weird; and it warn't the mournful wind screeches in the second-growth timber around the big

swamp; and it warn't the mutter of thunder and the wicked flare of lightning in the cloudy black sky which made the night seem so weird, neither. There was just something in the air; some infernal thing which made the night seem eery, wild and witch-ways, in and out and all over.

"What was in the air, of course, was that every living, breathing thing in the timber country around the big swamp knowed it was the night for the cypress-haired sauger to come out of the scummy water, and that his coming would be dismaler than ever it was. For the sauger of the big swamp was all alone now. A pore, mournful, dismal, lonely critter in the vasty waters of the big swamp was the cypress-haired sauger, and the conks and everything else in the timber country knowed it. And they knowed that the drip—drip—drip from the sauger's hair would sound dismaler than ever it had. And the night would get weird. It couldn't help it.

"Well, if they'd knowed what actually was coming, they'd have died of solemncholy before what was to happen ever did. For on the sundown of this day the great hodag was merrily howling his way toward the swamp country and the second-growth timber there.

II

"The hodags had never knowed any greater timber beasts than they were, as they had lived on the second-growth pine along the rivers up to now and had never met up with any saugers of the swamps. All their days they had lived so easy and free that their howls always sounded jolly as they tore down and et up the second-growth pine. But now this timber was gone, and their great hodag was leading them into the swamp country. Soon he was miles and miles ahead of the pack, and the common hodags had only his trail to follow.

"The great hodag was powerful hungry, but at sundown he was loping gaily enough through a black stump country. There were no trees anywhere but old dead snags; no second-growth pine or anything else alive in the land at all, for the hodags had et it all off years before. And there was only burnt-black ridges of stump land in sight of the great hodag; but every once in a while, anyway, he would hist his nose and howl a jolly howl, for he was sure and certain that after he'd crossed a few more ridges he'd find second-growth timber which was good eating. The sky was low and heavy with stormy clouds, and the sun didn't show when it went down, and the twilight was mighty short and dim; but the great hodag's eyes shone like bright lamps in the dark; a soft, friendly shine, like that of the bunkhouse windows when you're tramping in, wet and tired, after a miserable, weary day.

"The great hodag loped on. Each lope carried him over three or more black stumps, and his calked paws hit the dead earth with a solid sound. He was a great gray streak in the fading twilight. His shaggy tail streamed out straight behind him. He loped with his mouth open, and his saw teeth sort of sparkled now and then, even in the deep dark. And so did the great hodag's horns, for their prongs was like ax bits. Every once in a while he would let out his jolly howl. The great hodag was happy. He felt he had a perfect right to be, for the smell of second-growth timber got stronger and stronger.

"At sundown the sauger of the big swamp made his first move to go ashore. The sauger made his first move and then waited for a deeper dark to come. Twilight was soon gone. The wind got stormier among the young trees. The mutter in the black sky broke suddenly into a tremendous cracking rumble, there was a mighty splatter of lightning all over the sky, and then a wild rush of rain soaked the trees and threshed the waters of the big swamp. The sauger lifted his round head above the water; he opened his wide, flapping mouth like he was yawning, and a croak rolled from his belly, through his throat,

and up like an answer to the booming thunder; and he lifted his flat tail and fetched the water a lick that sounded like lightning striking a dozen trees at once. But the croak sounded dismaler than thunder, and the noise his tail made on the water was mournfuler than the sound of striking lightning to hear.

"Then the sauger of the big swamp lay quiet in the water near the shore for a good while, thinking lonesome, solemncholy thoughts. He had a right to, for saugers had always naturally been sad critters, and now life wasn't anything at all for them like it had used to be. In the good old times swamps had been many, with miles of hemlock thick around every one, and there had been many saugers in every swamp. They were the bosses of the swamps and all the woods around. Every Summer day the saugers would pull out of the water and go eat their fill of conks, which strewed the timber in plenty then. Every Summer night they would squat on the sun-baked shores of the swamps and croak contented songs until the moon went down. They would drowse the Winters away, each sauger resting his fat chin on a monster log somewhere, keeping his swimmy green eyes shut and dreaming of next Summer's conk eating.

"The Winters were warm in them early times, and the saugers were all big, fat and sassy from fine and easy living. But the tribe didn't do so well after the climate changed and the Winters begun to get cold; it wasn't that they couldn't stand freezing water; but they would get colds in their chests, and nothing would kill a sauger quicker than that. For the saugers had such tremendous chests that you'd think one's body was *all* chest, just to look at it; and a sauger could never cough without it shaking the living daylights out of him. It was simply the sauger's bad luck to be made that way.

"The lung power in the sauger's big chest was a fine thing for him in the Summertime. Then he'd curl his floppy mouth around until it was like a bellows, and he'd catch a carp, for instance, and he'd blow the pore fish out of the water and bounce him up and down in the air by working this bellows mouth of his until the pore carp would be half-dead for water. Again, he'd turn his mouth into a funnel and suck one of the little timber beasts right into it whenever one of these critters got curious and meandered too close to the swamp. The saugers were known to catch low-flying birds this way. And that was how they caught conks when they went ashore.

"But when the cold Winters begun there was many and many a sauger caught cold in his big chest and coughed himself to death. Still, the tough ones got by, and the sauger tribe kept up fairly well until the first loggers came. Then they nearly starved to death; for you know well enough who the boss of the first loggers was; and by the time old Paul had broke the necks of three of the biggest saugers and scattered them in little pieces over the swamps the rest of the tribe had sense enough to lay low. When the loggers had gone and the saugers dared to go out conk hunting again, there was only one left for each of the swamps.

"And now, on this dark and stormy night, if the sauger of the big swamp had only knowed it, the great hodag was coming to explore the swamp country for his pack; and once the hodags got through there would be just black stumps and dead land left; and what would the saugers do then?

III

"But the sauger of the big swamp didn't know the great hodag was on his way, loping over stumps and snags, his saw teeth and his ax-prong horns shining whenever the lightning flashed, his calked paws holding him solid whenever he lit. The sauger of the big swamp didn't know this, and his croak wasn't any sadder than common as he made his second move to go ashore. His move was to waddle out on the sun-baked shore, where he sat up on

his broad, flat tail and blinked into the stormy darkness of the woods. In a flicker of lightning the conks saw his front flipper feet wave. A long roll of thunder boomed overhead, and they shivered. It lightened again, and they saw the sauger's front feet coming down to the earth of the shore. They heard the first note of the sauger's hunting growl, and the conks and all the other wet and shivering timber beasts held their breaths and listened for the dismalest sound that ever was.

"At last, above the splash of rain and rush of wind in the tree leaves, it sounded —that dismal drip—drip—drip of scummy swamp water from the sauger's cypress hair. The sauger croaked out another hunting growl, but the timber beasts didn't hear it. There was only one sound for them, that dismal drip—drip—drip, which got dismaler and dismaler as the bulky sauger moved heavily through the wet, roaring trees.

"Yea, lads, the trees roared in the wind and the rain, and up in the sky the thunder mumbled and growled; the trees groaned and shook around the little timber beasts, and rain blowed and water oozed into their nests and holes; but what made them so shivery and solemncholy there was the dismalest sound ever heard of. Drip—drip —drip. Drip—drip—drip. The little timber beasts soon could hear nothing but the dripping of swamp water from the sauger's hair, and they were ready to die. That was the way it always was when the sauger of the big swamp hunted in the second-growth timber along his shore.

"Drip—drip—drip, over his first conk nest; and the conks were so sad by now that they were glad to be put out of their misery. The sauger smacked his floppy lips and moved on to another nest. But he stopped when he heard what he thought was a strange peal of thunder. The sound was no louder than thunder usually was, but it had such a joyful ring, like the thunder was singing, that it made the sauger lift his droopy ears and stare into the darkness. And now he heard trees crashing on the slope above the swamp, and it seemed to the sauger that he saw lightning. Two red balls of fire were dancing up among the second-growth timber on the slope. The sauger saw two lightning balls dancing to the sound of crashing trees, he heard thunder singing, and then he heard a tremendous chomp—chomp—chomp above the roar of the storm.

"The sauger was not a curious critter naturally, but at last what curiosity he had was stirred up. He lumbered a ways toward that dancing lightning and singing thunder, and then he stopped to stare and listen, the dismal drip—drip—drip of scummy swamp water from his cypress hair sounding louder and mournfuler every minute he waited.

"Up there was the great hodag, of course, getting his first hearty feed of second-growth timber in months. Hungry as he was, he stopped eating as soon as he heard that dismal drip—drip—drip on the slope below; and he hadn't listened for a minute before the shine of his eyes was dimmed considerably, and he felt a sad whimper rising in his long throat. Drip—drip—drip, on the moldy matted leaves and mushy sod of the timber land. The great hodag felt a shiver run over his shaggy hide. He chewed half-heartedly on the second-growth hemlock in his mouth and swallowed it heavily. He felt himself going under the spell of that dismal drip—drip—drip, just as the littler timber beasts always did; the feeling was a miserable one, and he tried to howl it away.

"That was the first dismal howl a hodag had ever made; but, no matter what anybody says, it warn't near so dismal as the drip—drip—drip of scummy swamp water from the sauger's cypress hair. But it was wildly mournful enough to surprise the great hodag himself, and the sauger of the big swamp as well.

"The sauger was a thick-skinned critter, and never before had he got a sense of solemncholy just from the dark and stormy

woods. But he got it now. And when the great hodag howled mournfully again, the sauger of the big swamp bowed his head on his tremendous chest, rolled up his flat tail, and stood shivering dismally. His cypress hair still dripped; the great hodag listened in spite of himself and howled harder and oftener as time crawled on. And the sauger got dismaler every minute, too. Finally he lifted his round head, opened his great floppy mouth, and begun to croak.

"Then it was that the night got to be really weird. 'Woo! Woo! Woo!' howled the great hodag. 'Gr-r-r-uck! Gr-r-r-uck! Gr-r-r-uck!' croaked the sauger of the big swamp. But louder and dismaler than the howls and croaks was the drip—drip—drip of scummy swamp water from the sauger's cypress hair. The little timber beasts shivered and moaned in the weird night, and it seemed a 'tarnal time to them before the storm broke and something happened to ease their misery. The wind turned from the North and drove the storm clouds apart. As they chased along they let the moon shine now and then on the dull water of the big swamp. The great hodag got a good sight of it, and of the sauger, too.

"The great hodag was so sick at heart now that he had a mind to let an end come to it all. He started creeping toward the sauger of the big swamp, and his howl sank to a whimper as he crawled along. The sauger watched his coming mournfully at first, then he felt the hunger in his innards, and a greedy, sleepy look came into his eyes as he watched the great hodag crawl sadly down the slope. He stopped his croaking when the great hodag drawed close, and begun to smack his floppy lips. The mighty timber beast seemed to be completely under his dismal spell.

"Then something happened, and the spell was broke. For the hodag pack had reached the ridge above the big swamp by this time; and there they heard the dismal drip—drip—drip of the sauger's hair, and they all histed their noses and howled as mournfully as the great hodag had done. The sauger might have thought that here was more good eating, but if he did he made a bad mistake. For, while the great hodag felt too sad to live himself, he remembered that he was leader of the pack, and he rose up in his pride.

"He rose up in his pride, the great hodag did; he rose up and reared back on his hind legs, and then he lunged up in a high, mighty spring. He came down on the sauger's round head. His saw teeth made shreds of the sauger's droopy ears in a second, and with his ax-prong horns he hit the sauger between the eyes. The swamp critter staggered and then the great hodag sprung down and attacked him from behind. It appeared like a one-sided battle then, for the sauger was slow on his flipper feet, and he couldn't turn fast enough to use his lung power on the lively timber beast. He did manage to knock the great hodag down with smacks of his tail a couple of times; but it only made the timber beast go after this tail with his ax-prong horns. It was a stubborn sauger, and he fought stubbornly on, in spite of the aches and stings in his hacked tail.

IV

"For a solid two hours the battle lasted, and all the while there sounded the dismal drip—drip—drip from the sauger's hair. The littler timber beasts would have liked to have come out and seen the tremendous battle; but even about the blows and groans of the fight, even above the booming of the North wind, the dismal drip sounded to make the little critters shiver sadly and keep to their nests and holes. But finally the dismal sound suddenly stopped, and the timber shook as a dull roar boomed up from its earth. Then all the littler timber beasts rushed out to look.

"The great hodag, feeling himself about overcome again by the dismalness of the sauger, had made one last desperate lunge, one final tremendous swing of his ax-prong horns, which shattered them into

bits. But the sauger's tail went limp from the hard blow; he dropped thunderously to the earth and rolled with pain.

"It was the great hodag's grand chance. On the rolling sauger he leaped, and begun to burl him with his calked paws. The sauger fought hard to stop his rolling then, but 'twarn't no use. The great hodag was too good a burler for that. The pore sauger was rolling like thunder down the slope; and now the great hodag lifted a joyful howl to call the pack.

"It was his last one, for he made it as he leaped from the rolling sauger to the swamp shore. The sauger had his mouth funnel-ways as he struck the muddy bottom; he grunted and then inhaled hard; and the great hodag, weak from fighting, was caught in the suction and dragged into the swamp. A black cloud scudded overhead, then, in a flash of moonlight, the littler timber beasts saw the swamp was all a-foam. When the next cloud had passed over, the swamp was still. And the night was still, too, except for the roar of the cold North wind.

"When the sauger of the big swamp came to himself the next morning he found that this cold North wind had been blowing into his open mouth all night. And when he started to make a croak of triumph over the dead body of the great hodag, the croak turned into a cough so tremendous that it seemed his ribs would crack. He felt a ripping pain in his right side, and he knowed he was done for. No sauger had ever got over a cold in the chest like that. For a week his coughs sounded over the swamp country, growing hoarser and weaker every day; and then they were heard no more. The sauger of the big swamp lay in peace by the side of the great hodag.

"A roving band of half-starved hodags ventured to come that Winter into the second-growth timber along the big swamp. They saw the shivered horns of their dead leader, and they run, howling dismally and snatching mouthfuls of trees as they run. The hodags never got their old jolly ways again. Sometimes hunger would drive a brave one of the pack down to fight a sauger of a small swamp, but he would never come back. At last only the timidest, dismalest hodags were left. The last sauger passed out; the swamps were dangerous no more; but still these timid hodags would not go down, no matter how hungry they were.

"Nowadays the swamps are all quiet and still, but there is men who've heard a hodag's dismal howl in the black stump lands. There's men who've heard it and know how dismal is its sound in them black lands on a weird night; but they're venturing too much when they say the hodag is the dismalest animal that ever was.

"It's agin history, that's what it is," said old Larrity, the bull cook. "For according to history there was never nothing more dismal and more mournful than the drip—drip—drip of scummy swamp water from a sauger's cypress hair."

THE LUTHERANS

BY ELDOR PAUL SCHULZE

The Lutheran Church in the United States, along with the Catholic and Episcopalian, is commonly looked upon as somewhat foreign, not thoroughly Christian, and not quite 100% American. Wasn't it no less a patriot than the Rev. Dr. William Sunday who said that it was composed of "beer-soaked Germans"? Nevertheless, it is the fourth largest Christian denomination among us, and only the Catholic, the Baptist, and the Methodist Churches exceed it in numbers. It boasts of over 2,500,000 communicants, of whom about two-thirds, perhaps, are of German extraction. The rest are principally Scandinavians, plus a few thousand Icelanders, Finns, and Slavs. The Church is split up into fourteen bodies, differing on points of doctrine, practise, or language, or on some combination of the three. By far the largest organizations are the Synodical Conference and the United Lutheran Church, each with about 800,000 members. Of the others, the largest is the Norwegian Lutheran Church, which has almost 300,000. Next is the Swedish Augustana Synod, with about 200,000. None of the rest has over 30,000, except the Ohio Synod, which has 150,000 and the Iowa Synod, with 135,000.

The history of the various organizations is voluminous and complicated. It is characterized by frequent disputes about the purity of doctrines and practises. These wrangles have often led to the withdrawal of synods or groups from previous affiliations, but have quite as often made for the coalition of parties and synods into larger groups. Lines have been drawn sharper and sharper with each succeeding conflict. Complete harmony on every point is still sought, but the day when it will come appears rather remote.

The American Lutheran Church has always had to face a language problem. When the immigration of Lutherans was running strong it was only natural that their services were conducted in their native tongues. Generally, the children of these immigrants were able and content to worship in the same tongues. But except where, as in Pennsylvania, the Lutherans have remained clannish, and without much intercourse with the outside world, and have thus continued to speak the language of their forefathers, the second American born generation has had need of English services. It is at some time during the rise of this generation, determined by many variables, that the Church becomes bilingual. These variables may be further immigration, the maintaining of church schools in which the old language is taught, the Americanizing influence of great manufacturing centers, or mere public intolerance. The third American born generation usually cannot understand the ancestral language, and, unless further immigration warrants its continuance, the congregation abandons it. The only large Lutheran organization that has outgrown its language troubles is the General Synod, now amalgamated with the United Lutheran Church. This body is an outgrowth of the very oldest American synods. Its communicants can no longer speak the language of their ancestors, and its churches are frequently called English Lutheran.

The German part of the Church had its

special troubles during the late war. Suspicion was directed against these Lutherans as pro-Germans. In some localities it was hard to convince the native majority that the use of German in the church services and the teaching of it in the parochial schools was not hostile to the nation. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, shortly before the United States entered the war, complained to his friend Roosevelt, about "a man from the Lutheran theological seminary in St. Louis, named Bente," who had an accent "so strong that you could tumble over it," and who yet "proceeded to lecture us [the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate] on Americanism, patriotism, what true Americanism was, and what the opinions of George Washington were." He added that "the wrath of the members of the committee, Democrats and Republicans, was pleasing to witness." It is unquestionably true that many Lutherans of German extraction were highly impolitic in their defense of the Fatherland and thus helped to raise hostility to the Church. But after the Spring of 1917 most of them reconciled themselves to at least passive conformity. In the main the war served as a catalyst for the English language. The desire of the younger members to abandon German was strongly stimulated. The largest individual synod, that of "Missouri, Ohio, and Other States," dropped the word *German* from its official title in the Summer of 1917. Four days after the Armistice three large bodies comprising forty-three of the sixty-five American synods completed a coalition, the official name of which is the United Lutheran Church in America, and to which at that time many of its members referred with obvious emphasis as the *American* Lutheran Church.

Lutheranism appears to have had no great success among Anglo-Americans. One reason for this is that they would not feel at home in a "foreign" Church. Another, applying principally to earlier times, is that most of the English immigrants cherished powerful religious convictions of their own—convictions strong enough to have brought them from their native habitat over 3,000 miles of sea. A third reason is that Lutheran pastors, partly because of their unfamiliarity with the American language, confine their proselyting activities to the former inhabitants of their homelands, and especially to such as were once Lutherans at home. The last reason, and this is a big one, is that the Lutheran Church has no apparent talent for emotionalism and hence no taste for revivals.

II

Lutheran immigration began very early in the history of colonization. A few immigrants came to New Netherlands with the Reformed Dutch in 1624. The Thirty Years' War induced the first large exodus from Germany to the Dutch colonies on the Hudson. In 1638 the Swedes made several Lutheran settlements on the Delaware. In 1734 the Lutheran Salzburgers, driven from their homes by the French, formed a colony in Georgia. The Lutheran colonization of Pennsylvania began in 1709 and by the middle of the Eighteenth Century there were about 30,000 there. This was two-thirds of the German and one-third of the entire population of the State. In addition to these there were also a few thousand Lutheran Swedes.

In 1839, because of the then Kaiser's consolidation of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, another Lutheran immigration took place under the leadership of one Stephan, an influential preacher. There were less than a thousand people in the whole outfit, but this exodus was of great importance to the American Lutheran Church. The newcomers landed at New Orleans and from there went by boat to the backwoods of Perry county, Missouri, a hundred miles south of the frontier town of St. Louis. A few preferred that metropolis and established themselves there. In Perry county a congregation was founded, and a college whose faculty consisted of four graduates in theology of the Uni-

versity of Leipzig. The college was a one-room log-cabin. The curriculum, as announced in a Western German newspaper, comprised "beside the ordinary branches, all gymnasium sciences (*Gymnasial-wissenschaften*) necessary to a Christian and scientific education, as: religion, the Latin, Greek and Hebrew, German, French, and English languages, history, geography, mathematics, physics, natural history, elementary philosophy, music, drawing." The early history of this colony is copiously extant and often amusing. Stephan had himself made bishop on the way up the Mississippi. The common treasury, practically all the money the immigrants had, was in his charge. In Perry county he insisted on directing all the activities of his flock, so, instead of building log-cabins and planting corn, they housed themselves and their goods in camps and set about making roads and building bridges. The bishop spent large sums out of the common treasury for his own comfort, and passed much of his time in designing his episcopal robes and palace. Very soon, the disillusioned congregation deemed it fit to confiscate his goods and to transport him into exile across the Mississippi, where he lived the rest of his life with a concubine and a small congregation. Beside having maladministered the funds, he had been convicted of adultery with two young women of the congregation. He afterward entered suit for $3,000, but was awarded damages only for the loss of his personal belongings.

A few years later, though the efforts of one Dr. Walther, the man who had unmasked the bishop, the Lutherans of Perry county, St. Louis, and Fort Wayne, Indiana, with a few others added, united formally into one body, which was called the Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and Other States, and is commonly known today as the Missouri Synod. The Missouri Synod was then, as it is now, very keen on orthodoxy. Dr. Walther, for many years its president and also president of its theological seminary, though repudiating the episcopal idea in furious terms, had the organization firmly in his grip. The stability of his opinions led to a crystallization of doctrine which made union with such Lutherans as were otherwise minded an impossibility. A man of morbid sensitiveness of conscience, he insisted vehemently, among other things, on his own brand of predestination, on the wrongfulness of charging interest for money lent, and on the iniquity of insurance of any kind. The second of these principles has been discarded since his death in 1887, but to this day the Missouri Synod does not insure its buildings: it builds them fireproof. Otherwise, there was not much slackening of the traces after Walther's death. And indeed there has not been up to the present day. Aside from throwing off the more bizarre and medieval of the learned doctor's opinions, Missouri Lutheranism is today the same as it was then. Rationalization of doctrine and laxity of practice have always been violently opposed by its leaders.

The Synodical Conference, organized in 1873, of which the Missouri Synod is by far the largest element and the guiding spirit, is the most bellicose of the Lutheran organizations today. It will have no fellowship with its great rival, the United Lutheran Church, mainly because the latter tolerates lodge membership and in some cases joins with other Christian denominations in public worship. This, the Synodical Conference holds, is out of accord with St. Paul's principle, "Come out from among them and be ye separate." The United Lutherans hold this position theoretically, but not in practise. About two-thirds of all American Lutherans are in either the Synodical Conference or the United Lutheran Church. Of the dozen independent bodies remaining, some keep themselves separate only because of the language barrier. Others will not tolerate, or will not be tolerated by, one or the other of the larger groups. The Synodical Conference has a coveting eye on the Ohio Synod, but Walther's predestination re-

mains an obstacle. There are loud cries of synergist on the one hand and of Calvinist on the other. Meanwhile, Ohio remains too straight-laced to unite with the U. L. C. The Iowa Synod finds itself alone because of its insistence on a number of "open questions" as to doctrine, and neither of its big brothers wants to have such a naughty little boy sitting on its lap. Another sizeable independent body is the Swedish Augustana Synod, which approaches Methodism in its evangelical libido. It won't play with the United Lutherans, but the Synodical Conference charges that it has been flirting with Bishop Söderblom, a Swedish Lutheran liberal.

III

Constantly, in the more liberal regions, there are loud shouts for the union of all American Lutherans. But in answer to such challenges the more orthodox brethren always quote, "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." There is, in fact, little outspoken Modernism in the Church, and few open Modernists, save Dr. Heyl-Delk, of Philadelphia, a man of the Fosdick-Brown-Cadman type and a vigorous defender of the new theology. When, in May of last year, it was reported by the press that the heretical Dr. Fosdick had addressed the students of Wittenberg College (United Lutheran Church) and the Dayton (Ohio) congregations of the United Lutherans, the rest of the Church "voiced its alarm and registered its protest." The *Northwestern Lutheran* quoted with approval the *Lutheran Standard*, which contended that such a scandal was a matter which concerned all Lutherans. The *Standard* said: "We are looking forward to, and hoping for, greater unity, but such breaks can only postpone the hoped-for day and they well nigh render any present coöperation impossible." This was the prevailing comment. Wittenberg College professed its regret for its part in the lamentable affair, and the rest of the guilty observed a discreet silence.

The Lutherans believe officially that there is no opposition between science and religion. But they are fond of quoting St. Paul's statement about the "vain babblings and oppositions of science falsely so-called." They hold, of course, to the miracles recorded in the Bible. The Trinity is regarded as something beyond the comprehension of the finite mind of man. They have their own theories about the origin and authenticity of the Bible and uphold them through external evidence wherever it can be found, at the same time maintaining that the testimony of the canonical books themselves is all that a Christian needs. Evolution has been attacked in at least three Lutheran volumes. One is a so-called scientific argument by a professor of theology. Another is a collection of mild essays. The third is a compilation of the statements of scientists on the subject. The Lutheran periodicals are full of articles on it. Only a few theologians have the temerity to raise their voices in favor of Evolution, and they are pounced upon and told to shut up. The almost universal Lutheran opinion can be summed up in the words of Prof. Leander S. Keyser in the *Lutheran Quarterly:*

> If intelligent Fundamentalists are the friends of science, why the present outcry? Simply and solely this: They are not convinced that the theory of man's descent, or ascent, from an animal stock has been brought to that stage of demonstration where it is entitled to be called by the honorable and sacred name of science. They distinguish between real science and the hypothesis of evolution.

Nowhere more than in sound Lutheran circles are loud voices lifted against the new social service gospel and the commingling of Church and state. The orthodox Lutheran moral attitude, stated in the sixteenth article of the Augsburg Confession, is exemplified by a remark of Prof. Dau in the *Theological Monthly*, apropos of the objection raised to putting Lord Byron into Westminster Abbey: "Of course Byron does not deserve to be commemorated in a Christian church, but he belongs in the Abbey with some of his compeers, *for he*

was a great Briton in spite of the fact that he was a great pig."

There is a sensible pronouncement against the uplift, given out in 1925 by the American Lutheran Publicity Bureau, which declared:

> We deplore the activity, so openly displayed, of a large part of American Protestantism in secular and political affairs and hold that such activity is not only a diversion of force from the exclusively spiritual mission of the Christian Church, but that it is likewise a violation of that basic principle of our American Constitution, the separation of Church and state.

But this publicity bureau can actually speak only for the Synodical Conference. Other Lutheran bodies do not take so enlightened a view. The Swedish Augustana Synod is a flagrant instance. It has gone in for Service to the extent of furnishing the Anti-Saloon League with at least three State vice-presidents (among them a president and a vice-president of the synod) and at least four other officials. Similarly, the former General Synod, now part of the United Lutheran Church, which contains a large part of those churches which style themselves *English* Lutheran, has, during its long existence in America, become afflicted with Methodistic boils. As early as the sixties of the past century it put through a "temperance" resolution, and many of its pastors now flirt with Prohibition.

But there is probably a larger percentage of wets in the Lutheran Church than in any other Protestant communion in America. The *Lutheran Witness* and the *Theological Monthly* (both of the Missouri Synod) have been consistent opponents of Volsteadism. The February, 1923, issue of the former carried a vehement editorial against Prohibition. In it Prof. Graebner declared that,

> while solidly ranked on the side of law enforcement, our Church is out of sympathy with the methods used by religious bodies on behalf of the Prohibition Act and with the entire type of legislation which it represents. We hold that everything not forbidden in Scripture is permitted. The Churches which have put over Prohibition through their political organization, the Anti-Saloon League, hold that nothing is permitted unless specially authorized in the Bible. These churches, furthermore, look upon the state as the secular arm of the Church, which shall enforce obedience to church regulations by the policeman's billy and handcuffs.

He goes on to argue that Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Wesley not only approved the drinking of liquor but drank it themselves. Through the Associated Press this article received much newspaper publicity and called forth much comment from Protestant clergy, Lutheran and others. Dr. Knubel, president of the United Lutheran Church, said that any public statements which by their emphasis encouraged disrespect for law were "unchristian, unmoral and inartistic," and that he believed Prohibition to be a desirable law. Other Lutheran pastors seem to agree with him. But not many laymen.

Those who are in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment generally hold that the matter is not a religious, nor a moral question, but one of social efficiency and expediency, to be solved by education rather than by legislation, and that they must view the question not as Lutherans but as citizens. This, obviously, is a distinction without much difference. The *Luther League Review* has this to say:

> The Lutheran Church works by education rather than by law. She has long been placing emphasis on temperance. Here she may redouble her efforts. It is a question whether she has always been as emphatic on obedience to law. Here she should speak in no uncertain terms. The Luther Leaguers are on the defensive. As for the Church young folks, by example and by word *they should battle for law observance* on the part of youth. For youth is being charged in many unthinking quarters as being the worst offending group. It is not so.

Jazz and the new dances are also condemned, the former for æsthetic reasons. Here is what the *Lutheran Witness* has to say about dancing:

> . . . the contention here is that dancing in itself is unclean and indecent in the moral sense. . . . Can that be called chaste and decent behavior, when, for example, a young girl in the course of an evening comes so near heart to heart with one man after another?

Shortly before this article appeared four Lutheran theological students were suspended for one year for dancing in a public

tea-room. The suspension was ordered by the faculty that edits the periodical just quoted.

Petting, necking, rolled stockings, feminine smoking, and kindred evils of the times are berated and belabored by a redoubtable professor of Hebrew exegesis in the *Walther League Messenger*. This paper is designed to furnish moral reading for the young, and so dispose of *Hot Dog* and *True Confessions*. The titles of some of its articles are, "Shooting Peas at Gibraltar" (an onslaught on the higher criticism), "The Evolutionary Theory—Unscientific and Godless," "In Jerusalem During Holy Week," "Cambodia, Yesterday and Today," "Favorite Hymns and Their Writers," "Stepmuvver" (a serial), "Why I Left the DeMolays," "What About the Volstead Act?" (pro), "Betty's Bob" (the moral of which is, "Don't bob your hair, girls"), and "Fritz Kreisler Speaks on Music and Its Future" (an interview obtained by an enterprising Lutheran layman). It is illustrated, presumably to furnish something in place of the pictures in the "art" magazines which an æsthetically inclined younger generation finds so edifying. At the head of one article is a picture of a group of bathing beauties. But there is a rectangular white space from the knees up to the breasts, in which is printed the title of the article:

OUR PERPETUAL BEAUTY (?) SHOW

and the following sentiments:

> The annual pageant of pulchritude held at Atlantic City is but a sign and symptom of a nation-wide chasing after distorted ideals and erroneous opinions as to what constitutes womanly charm. Christian girls, of course, strive after comeliness and attractive appearance, but they must do this for other reasons and with other means than those characteristic of the present day pursuit of beauty. "Handsome is who handsome does"—this adage presents a higher type of beauty than the skin deep physical charm.

That everything is wrong with the younger generation appears to be the view of Pastor Oscar Benson, of Montclair, N. J. He is thus reported by the well-known *Luther League Review:*

> . . . His subject was "On Edge" (or, as he expressed it, the results of a jazz life). His speech descended to the vernacular in describing the conduct of the young people of today. In his remarks he discussed very frankly and pointedly the wickedness of the young people and the inevitable results that follow from their loose living.

IV

The dogmatics of the Church are highly complicated and remind one strongly of medieval scholasticism. Some of the theological professors seem to take a delight in terms of technical and abstruse sound. Here are several specimens, culled from a questionnaire indicating what, among other things, a student in the beginners' class in Dogmatics at one seminary is expected to remember:

> Distinguish *materiale* and *formale* of a moral action. Explain *reatus culpae* and *reatus poenae*. State the meaning of *anhypostatos* and *anthypostatos*. What is a *necessitas consequentis* and a *necessitas consequentiae*? What is *causa virtualiter causans* in God?

The predestination view held by the majority of Lutherans is this: Those who are saved have been predestined and enter heaven without any merit of theirs solely by the grace of God (*sola gratia*) which is offered to all men (*gratia universalis*). Those who are damned are lost through their own fault, because faith is an *opus* of the Holy Spirit which man has the power to reject. But those who are lost have not been predestined. Not long ago a professor at a Lutheran theological seminary stated that heaven is open also to those who are not predestined (*"Ihnen ſteht der Himmel auch offen"*). When a member of the class interposed, "But they can't get in," the professor smilingly assented, "No, they can't get in." "A mystery," was the solution offered by a classmate of the student when the matter was brought up later. It always boils down to that.

Pedobaptism is the universal rule. At the age of thirteen or fourteen a child is confirmed, after a period of instruction, and is then admitted to the sacrament, which is commonly celebrated about once in a month, *sub utraque specie*, which is to

say, both the bread and the wine are given to all who commune. But not every Lutheran attends this ceremony as often as it takes place, nor does the average come up to Luther's minimum of four times a year. The Lord's Supper is not regarded simply as a memorial of Christ, but as a rite through which those who believe are strengthened in their faith and receive remission of sins. The Lutheran view of the Eucharist is that of consubstantiation; it was promulgated by Martin Luther against the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. That is, the Lutheran believes that he receives the body and blood of Christ "*in, with, and under* the bread and wine," whatever that may mean.

The right of private interpretation is not recognized, but instead *scriptura scripturam interpretatur*. Nevertheless, the Church has its confessional writings. These are the Augsburg Confession, the Formula of Concord, the Apology of the Augsburg Confession, the Smalcald Articles, and Luther's Large Catechism. All these comprise the Book of Concord, which has recently been edited into a quarto volume (small type) of 1200 pages, in German, English and Latin. All Lutherans subscribe to the Augsburg Confession and thus implicitly to the other symbols, which are regarded as exegesis of it. The Synodical Conference requires of its clergy explicit assent to all the symbolical writings. These are held to be thoroughly in accord with the Word of God, except as regards a few misapplications of Scripture verses and other errors, such as the teaching that when the poles of a magnet are smeared with garlic juice the magnet is depolarized (Formula of Concord). The opinion prevails that the deponent may take refuge in mental reservations when he collides with such hard ones. Nevertheless, the clergy subscribe to the symbols, not *quatenus* but *quia* they are God's Word.

As to polity, Lutheran churches are autonomous. They subscribe to the confessions and to the constitution of their general body, but are not bound by any universal rule or action. If they are refractory they may be deprived of representation without losing their membership. The congregational call to pastors is looked upon as a *sine qua non* and as superior to ordination. A congregation may dismiss a pastor whenever it gets tired of him, and is entitled to call any other man of its choice.

The sermon is the pivotal point of the Lutheran service. It is, as a rule, deeply scriptural, though seldom technically so. It lasts, on the average, about twenty-five minutes. Pericopal texts are the rule, but a few of the clergy prefer free texts. The majority are strong for the Gospel and some preach it almost exclusively, but whether a congregation will hear much of it or more of the law or an equal division of both depends on the temperament of the pastor and on his appraisal of the needs and endurance of his congregation. In some churches the parishioners resent it very keenly when he preaches the law to them oftener than about once in a month. The Lutheran pastors, save a few English Lutherans, wear gowns in church and preach from pulpits. This formality tends them to keep their preaching on a dignified level. No room is found in Lutheran pulpits for Fire Prevention Sunday, Mothers' Day, Anti-Tuberculosis Sunday and other such substitutes for Rogate, Quasimodogeniti, Misericordias Domine, and the other Sundays of the church year.

Educational standards among the Lutheran clergy are relatively high, and the pastor who has not had at least a high-school education plus a three years' theological course is rare. Nevertheless, few of the clergy have the D.D., an honorary title, and still fewer have the B.D. (Bachelor of Divinity) or the S.T.M. (Master of Sacred Theology). At Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, which is the second largest Protestant American seminary, the B.D. and S.T.M. have only recently been made available, and the scholastic prerequisites are so high that only a few are entitled, at

the end of the course, to take the long series of examinations which must be passed and to prepare the thesis which must be written before the degrees are bestowed.

There are in the Lutheran Church one university, twenty-eight theological seminaries, forty-one colleges, fifty-four academies, and ten women's colleges. The university is Valparaiso, in Indiana, acquired for the Church in 1925 by a group of laymen. It is now being endowed, and a St. Louis professor of theology (Dau) has accepted the call to be its president. There are about seven hundred students on the roll. The present enrollment of Lutheran theological students in America is between 1400 and 1500. The college enrollment is about 15,000, and there are about 5000 in the academies. That Lutheran students are not always meek and mild has been proved of late by the student body of Concordia Lutheran College, at Fort Wayne, Ind. Practically all the students there, over three hundred, are preparing for the ministry, and when in February last they went on strike the college got a great deal of free and embarassing publicity. The row started because the faculty had expelled a star basketball player for staying out after eleven o'clock in the evening, and in the riot that followed the students wrecked windows, doors, lights, bulletin-boards, clocks, and, last but not least, the faculty room. A year or two ago the newspapers reported a similar fracas at Hartwick Lutheran Seminary, near Cooperstown, N. Y.

The Lutheran synodical periodicals are, on the whole, well edited. Chief among the English ones are the *Lutheran* (United Lutheran Church) and the *Lutheran Witness* (Missouri Synod). These are both intended for the laity and represent the opinions of the greater part of the Lutheran Church. There are also several reviews intended primarily for the rev. clergy. The *Theological Monthly* and the *Lutheran Quarterly* take the lead. Both are scholarly, and the former, like its lay brother, the *Lutheran Witness*, has in its recent editorship been also witty. There are a multitude of district, State, and special periodicals. Foreign language papers are also plentiful; many of them are stagnant and out of touch with American affairs. The *Lehre und Wehre* and the *Magazin der Evangelisch Lutherischen Homiletik* are two German publications with a wide circulation among the clergy. The *Lutheraner* is an official organ, popular with the German Missourians. The total of all Lutheran papers is nearly three hundred. Most of them subsist without carrying much advertising matter, perhaps because Lutheran pastors, or many of them, are excellent subscription agents. It is evident that some of the minor periodicals are insufficiently supplied with news, and this often leads them to print pious platitudes and pietistic anecdotes as space fillers.

V

The process of Americanization has brought about a number of peculiarities in Lutheran terminology. A divine is seldom addressed as Mr., except in parts of the South and, perhaps, of Pennsylvania, and it is only there that he occasionally styles himself a *parson*. Otherwise he is always *pastor* or *reverend*, and, if not, he is likely to want to know why not. I take the following from the "Notes and News" column of the *Lutheran Witness:*

> In the *Lutheran Standard* some one complains that "we are by virtue of our office entitled to be called Reverends; but how often the pastor is simply Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones!" The writer does not seem to realize that the best form in American society, at least in the East and South, fully approves the simple title Mr. for clergymen. When intentionally, for the purpose of showing disrespect, a parishioner calls his pastor Mister, he, of course, reveals a very mean disposition.

Reverend is frequently corrupted to *revener* and, though it sounds almost incredible, to *revenue*. A person confirmed or in process of instruction for confirmation is often a *confirmand* (*Konfirmande*). *Announce for communion* is the term employed by German Lutherans as a translation for *sich anmelden*.

To melt on is known to have been used as an *oversetting* of this. *Register for communion* now has its ardent supporters and is gaining ground. Sometimes the *Kirchenrat* (vestry) becomes, in direct translation, the *church council*. The *Agende* (book of forms) becomes *Agenda* (with a soft *g*). *Missionsfest* is, in American, *mission festival*. On Lutheran cornerstones one sometimes sees the initials *U. A. C.* These originally stood for *Ungeänderte Augsburgische Confession* and now may be taken to represent an English translation of that: *Unaltered Augsburg Confession*.

The Church is now reviving from the deplorable artistic slump of the Victorian or Bismarckian age. Strong efforts are being made to bring into general use the historic Lutheran liturgy, adopted officially by several large bodies many years ago. On account of their practical autonomy very few churches have the same order of service, a hardship on transient worshipers and visiting preachers. A general reawakening of interest in architecture and its subsidiary arts is apparent, and the Missouri Synod now has an architectural board which is ready to furnish church plans in keeping with the best traditions. Sound artists such as Ralph Adams Cram have been called upon to inform clergy and laity in these matters and commendable progress is reported.

The Lutherans used to be notoriously tight in money matters, but of late it seems to be increasingly easy to get the wherewithal out of them. Greater prosperity among the laity is partly responsible for this, but it is also due in large measure to the abandonment of the old haphazard methods of collection and the introduction of go-getting ways and means; specifically, envelope systems and modern publicity methods. Since the merger in 1918 the United Lutheran Church has endowed many of its institutions of learning, and the Missouri Synod, in the past few years, has raised $4,000,000 for new buildings in its educational system. The relatively small Ohio Synod has contributed $800,000 to Capital University at Columbus, Ohio. Most of the other bodies have similarly induced their members to disgorge. But the salaries paid to the pastors remain appallingly low. The only synod which has published statistics reports that it paid, in 1921, about $1200 a year, with free parsonage. (A few ministers reported an average of $150 more, without the free parsonage). There were then in this synod 2500 pastors, serving 3200 congregations. There was an average salary increase of $400 over the figure for 1918. One wonders how, during the war, a Lutheran pastor kept alive.

Although the Lutheran Church is not wealthy and has few members of any genuine distinction, it makes quite a respectable showing in "Who's Who in America." It has furnished several Governors, perhaps a dozen or more, to the North Central cow States. In the early days of Pennsylvania the Lutherans were very active in State affairs and many held high office. Their rôle in the Revolution was not entirely negligible. The latest boast of the Church is that it possesses among its communicants the managers of both of the last year's World Series baseball teams. There are some in the Church who would have Lutherans first in everything, even at the cost of veracity. Both the *Lutheran* and the *Lutheran Witness* have protested against this, and an editor of the latter recently viewed with alarm the possibility that an effort would be made by patriotic members of the Church to investigate the religious affiliations of the recently declared champion sausage eater of Germany, for the purpose of claiming him, if possible, for a place in their long list of "Lutherans First."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Architecture

THE BUNGALOW

By Oscar Lewis

America has made two contributions to domestic architecture: the log-cabin and the bungalow. Both are adaptations of types originated elsewhere, but in each case so many changes have been made that new and typically American structures have resulted. In three hundred years American domestic architecture has made the journey from the log-cabin to the bungalow, and it will be worth while to examine what has been gained, or lost, in the interval.

The log-cabin, once so important, has outlived its era and passed with the passing of the pioneer age. Except where it has been revived, in artificial form, for hunting-lodges and the like, the type has become obsolete over the greater part of the country. Even on years when Presidents are elected, it is no longer mentioned in the orations of political speakers. But during the period of its usefulness it successfully met the test of fitness. It was properly adapted to its time and place. It was constructed of native materials, and had a solidity and plainness admirably suited to the needs of its owner. It has properly become a symbol of the austere simplicity and vigor of its period.

More than any other type, the bungalow has come to be the typical American dwelling of today, the modern equivalent of the vanished log-cabin. It is the only type of small residence now being built in many sections of the country. It is to be seen everywhere throughout the South and the Middle West, and it is by no means uncommon east of the Mississippi. On the Pacific Coast its popularity is so great that no other type of small residence may be said to exist. As in the case of the log-cabin, one can judge its value by applying the single test of fitness. In domestic architecture, fitness may be reasonably expected to include these points: the house must be livable, it must be adapted to the local climate, and it is desirable that it should not violate too flagrantly the laws of design and proportion. If beauty and dignity are too much to expect, fitness demands that as a type it have simplicity and restraint.

How well does the bungalow fit the requirements of the American climate? In the first place, the type is tropical, both in origin and design. Its chief characteristics, a low-pitched roof, wide projecting eaves, and rooms on a single level, obviously are proper only for climates where snow never falls, where rooms must be shaded from a brilliant sun, and where heating is never a problem. These conditions apply to not more than five per cent of the area of the United States. What of the remainder of the country? What of, say, the Middle West? To travel through this region in Winter and to pass, in village after village, solidly built rows of bungalows, their roofs piled high with snow, their floors hardly a foot above the damp earth, their wide, slanting eaves, fringed with icicles, shutting out the feeble noonday sun, is to observe architectural unfitness in its final flowering.

Even in California, where the bungalow so far outnumbers all other types of buildings that whole towns and cities have the appearance of having been flattened to the ground by blows of a giant shovel, it is totally unsuited to the conditions of the climate. By importing the bungalow from

the tropics and adapting it to a temperate climate, the almost incredible feat has been accomplished of retaining to the last one the undesirable elements and discarding the single feature—the wide, pleasant veranda—that would have been fitting and desirable.

But the matter does not end with the bungalow's basic unsuitability to the American climate; the type has undergone constant modifications at the hands of American builders until little of its original simplicity remains. During the last five years, in particular, the imagination of the designers has run riot. As a result, a bungalow today is seldom merely a bungalow; it is likely to be a five-room version of the Alhambra, a Florentine *palazzo* on a twenty-foot lot, or a medieval castle fifteen feet high, with battlements and moat and drawbridge. If these are extremes, the typical modern bungalow is only a step behind. This architectural elaboration, the imposing of lavish ornament on a type of small structure that calls above everything else for simplicity, seems likely to gain for the first quarter of the Twentieth Century the distinction of having marked the lowest point in American domestic architecture, not excepting even the jig-saw horrors of the '70's.

Such today is the home, or the aspired home, of millions of American families. In the main features of its plan, the structure has become standardized, and the public, having grown used to it, now opposes any attempt to modify its undesirable features. Take for a single example, the porch, which from the street is always its most noticeable architectural feature. By invariable custom, this is built on a style of heavy massiveness startlingly out of scale with the rest of the frail structure. Giant pillars, often six feet in circumference, rise ponderously from a 5 x 7 porch to support a 300-pound roof. Yet no one laughs; the meaningless sham has become the custom and the supports of bungalow porches will continue to be built as though intended to bear the weight of skyscrapers.

The experience of a builder in a California city is significant and revealing. One of the scores of wholesalers engaged in turning out rows of standardized bungalows, he last year allowed taste to triumph over business judgment and undertook a dangerous experiment. He argued that the public bought bungalows because it had no choice in the matter; that within the price it could afford to pay, nothing better was offered; that if someone would build small houses in good taste, conforming to accepted periods, the public would buy them, and gladly.

He had the courage to put his theory to the test. He engaged a competent architect and in six months had built a score of five- and six-room English cottages. They were admirable adaptations of this excellent type of small dwelling. To come upon them after passing miles of uniform flat bungalows with their frowning, monolithic porch columns was a relief and a delight. To find a roof at its proper pitch, casement windows, the simplicity of honest clapboard after an orgy of pink stucco, tiles, and plaster of Paris "decorations," was to have one's faith in architectural sanity restored. Greatest miracle of all, their cost was no more than that of the most commonplace stock bungalows.

The public regarded their building with curiosity. Prospective purchasers parked their cars two-deep on the street outside. The public inspected and examined; then definitely and finally it announced its verdict: the cottages were pronounced interesting freaks, but altogether too fantastic and bizarre for the tastes of conservative citizens. In vain the builder pointed out that the English cottage has traditions of a thousand years behind it; that the bungalow by comparison is an upstart unknown the day before yesterday and doomed by its own unfitness to be forgotten tomorrow. The public listened—and bought bungalows. During a period when small houses were selling as fast as they could be completed, the cottages remained unsold month after month. The builder was forced to

nake drastic cuts in their prices and man-ged finally to dispose of them, one by ne. He returned, a wiser man, to the busi-ess of supplying bungalows so completely gly that no law-abiding citizen would be shamed to acknowledge one as his home.

One has a suspicion that those who fore-ast the passing of the bungalow because f its practical and artistic shortcomings re taking too optimistic a view of the situation. Other things offensive artistically and imperfectly adapted to their use have persisted, and the history of building furnishes no conclusive evidence on which to base a theory of an architectural survival of the fittest. American domestic architecture began with the adequate soundness and simplicity of the log-cabin. It has ended with the bungalow. This is the record. It is not to point with pride.

Public Health

THE BOOTLEGGER AND HIS FORERUNNERS

By Bart Park

The Prohibitionists fill the newspapers and popular magazines with alarming warnings about the dangers of drinking the current bootleg gins and whiskeys. All such beverages, they say, are composed of crude alcohol (usually recovered from the denatured kind), coloring matters, and essential oils for flavor, with perhaps a small amount of the real stuff added. Let us admit the facts to be as they state them. But are we any worse off than we were before the Volstead era? Certainly not much.

Take gin as an example. So much has been written about synthetic gin that the two words have become almost inseparable and the adjective is always used in a disparaging sense. But was there ever any other variety of gin? Absolutely no. All gin is by its very nature synthetic, *i.e.*, compounded. No one ever made gin by fermenting and distilling juniper berries. It is made today and always has been made by first preparing a comparatively pure alcohol and then flavoring that alcohol with oil of juniper and other flavoring substances: angelica root, almond cake, calamus root, cardamoms, cassia, cinnamon, coriander, liquorice, orris root, sweet fennel, oil of lemon, oil of orange, orange flower water, etc. Each compounder, in the old days, had his own formula and tried as far as possible to make a uniform product. Undoubtedly some of them made a very good gin, but if it wasn't synthetic the dictionary doesn't know what synthetic means.

The original Geneva or Hollands had a handful of juniper berries and a little turpentine added during the last rectification of the alcohol. Plymouth gin was treated with a small amount of sulphuric acid prior to its final distillation. Gordon and Old Tom were always artificially sweetened and flavored. The product on sale today is essentially the same thing.

Does anyone imagine that the "cutting" of whiskey by the addition of alcohol and water is a recently invented practice? Was the red-eye once dispensed over shining mahogany bars an authentic product of pot-still and oaken keg? Occasionally yes, but usually no. Back in 1896 Congress appointed a joint committee to investigate the use of alcohol in the arts. The purpose of this investigation was to determine the advisability of allowing the sale of denatured alcohol tax-free. Most of the testimony before this committee was biased and conflicting, but there was at least one point on which all the distillers who testified agreed, and that was as to the use to which their cologne spirits was put. I quote, first, Henry Clementson,[1] representing the manufacturers of alcohol:

> The Chairman. To what use is cologne spirits put to which alcohol is not put?
>
> Mr. Clementson. Compounding whiskies, fortifying wines.
>
> The Chairman. These people who manufacture

[1] House Reports, Vol. I, page 445, *et seq.*; Fifty-fourth Congress.

stuff to drink, who call themselves compounders and rectifiers, use it?

MR. CLEMENTSON. They use cologne spirits.

THE CHAIRMAN. What are high wines?

MR. CLEMENTSON. They are the first product before it has been concentrated.

THE CHAIRMAN. What are high wines used for?

MR. CLEMENTSON. Our high wines are never used for any other purpose than to be turned into alcohol. The high wines that come from grain distilleries are used for compounding. They contain all the fusel oils. The system of compounding is to use a certain proportion of cologne spirits, high wines and whiskeys—a very small proportion of whiskey; as little as possible, because the whiskey costs more than anything else.

MR. MCMILLIN. That compound is devoted to what use?

MR. CLEMENTSON. It is for drinking purposes. That is, the five and ten cent whiskeys.

MR. MCMILLIN. It is called rectified whiskey?

MR. CLEMENTSON. Yes, sir; compounded whiskey.

THE CHAIRMAN. I suppose that the larger volume of drinks in this country is made in that way?

MR. CLEMENTSON. I think it would be very difficult to find a straight whiskey. What I mean by straight whiskey is a whiskey which has not been manipulated in some way before it is sold over a public bar. I think I am pretty nearly correct when I make that statement. At least, in the East we get it that way.

Next came Mr. Barker before the same committee. Mr. Barker was assistant treasurer of the American Spirits Manufacturing Company, which operated a number of distilleries (eighteen or twenty), with an output of from fifteen to twenty million proof gallons a year:

MR. EVANS. What is the principal use to which cologne spirits is put?

MR. BARKER. Cologne spirits is used for a great many different things. It is made into the lower grade of whiskeys, blended whiskeys, and is used in all sorts of ways.

MR. EVANS. In the main it is used for the purpose of blending with whiskeys?

MR. BARKER. Yes, sir.

Testimony of the president of the Atlas Distilling Company, Mr. Woolner:

MR. EVANS. You make whiskey out of your cologne spirit?

MR. WOOLNER. We do not, but the parties buying from us blend it.

Testimony of Mr. Conzelman, assistant manager of the Globe Distilling Company, which paid a tax of $7,000,000 to the government that year:

THE CHAIRMAN. For what purpose is your product now used mostly?

MR. CONZELMAN. Cologne spirits, or high proof, are particularly sold.

THE CHAIRMAN. They are used for compounding liquors?

MR. CONZELMAN. Yes, sir; for compounding by rectifiers.

THE CHAIRMAN. Wherein does your product differ from the whiskey produced by the Kentucky distilleries?

MR. CONZELMAN. There should be no comparison at all between the two whiskeys. We do not make whiskey in the full sense of the word.

Testimony of Mr. Hobart, of the Diamond Distilling Company, which used two thousand bushels of grain a day:

THE CHAIRMAN. Is your product used for blending and compounding liquors?

MR. HOBART. It is used entirely for that purpose—that is, the alcohol, with the fusel oil and other impurities taken out.

THE CHAIRMAN. That is cologne spirits?

MR. HOBART. Yes, sir.

It may be thought that all the foregoing was true only of American-made goods. But did the man who preferred Scotch or Bourbon fare better? Again looking to the government for information I find that Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, then chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, made a trip to Europe for the purpose of determining the origin and nature of the wines and liquors sent to this country. An account of his findings was given in a government pamphlet dated December 2, 1906.[2] Speaking of the practises then prevailing in England he said:

One of the most important points connected with the warehouse treatment of wines and spirits is that manipulations are allowed for export which are not permitted for home consumption. Imitation rums—that is, any mixture not rum, but simulating in some way that substance—may be mixed with other foreign spirits and then described in the accounts as "foreign spirits of various sorts mixed in bond." This provision permits the concoctions of almost any kind of mixture the merchant may desire to export.

Section 337 of the Regulations of the Board of Customs and Inland Revenue makes legal any admixture whatever that the merchant, mixer or compounder may see fit to use in preparing spirits for foreign markets. An important item in the regulation is that mixing must be done in a separate compartment of the warehouse, locked off

[2] Bulletin No. 102, Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture.

from the part where goods for home consumption are mixed. Any kind of mixed or compounded spirits may be bottled in bond for exportation. In regard to labels on bottles the British regulations give the merchant a free hand. He may use any form of label or statement he likes, except that he must not ascribe any responsibility to the inland revenue.

In his summary Dr. Wiley said:

Practically all the pure malt whiskey made in Scotland, except that for local consumption, is sold to the so-called blenders. It is mixed with varying proportions (twenty to eighty per cent) of silent spirit (*i.e.*, alcohol), colored if desired, and reduced by water to an alcoholic strength of about forty-five per cent by volume. It is generally labeled as if it were unmixed malt or Scotch whiskey.

That this sophistication of liquor continued at least until 1910 is attested by the conclusion of the Bureau of Science of the Philippine Islands,[3] after one of their analysts had examined a large number of samples. An abstract follows:

Twenty-four brands of rye whiskey were analyzed. All except four were colored with caramel, and sugar or saccharine had been added to fifteen. Two brands which had been bottled in bond proved to be genuine pot-still whiskeys.

Seven samples of Bourbon were analyzed, all of which contained caramel with the exception of one, which had no color, and all but one contained sugar. One sample only was a genuine pot-still whiskey, although not well aged.

Scotch whiskey. Thirty-seven brands were analyzed. Of them only two appeared to be genuine, well matured pot-still whiskeys.

[3] W. C. Holmes: "Distilled Liquors; Whiskey (Rye, Bourbon, Scotch) Brandy and Gin;" *Philippine Journal of Science*, January, 1910.

Brandy. Twelve samples were analyzed. All were colored with caramel and all but one contained sugar.

Gin. Thirteen brands of gin were analyzed, of which four were of Holland, five of English, and four of American origin. The author says: "It seems probable that the samples received at this laboratory were manufactured from rectified spirits and flavored with oil of juniper or some similar compound."

In conclusion, he said that "out of some eighty brands of whiskeys and brandies not more than ten were found to be genuine, matured, pot-still liquors; and of these ten, five were probably not strictly mature, one contained sugar and seven were colored in the sense of containing caramel. The term pot-still liquor has, throughout the paper, been employed in the description of liquors distilled in such a manner that the distillate contains a considerable amount of the secondary products congeneric with ethyl alcohol, which gives to the liquor what may be properly termed its natural flavor. The term straight whiskey is now in general use in qualifying a whiskey of this nature, which has been aged at least four years in wood, without the addition of caramel or sugars. Of such only three brands were encountered. The majority of the samples analyzed were taken from the retail trade, although a number were from shipments at the custom house."

Certainly enough evidence has been offered to convince even the most skeptical that the present-day bootlegger is simply following in the footsteps of his forerunners. Perhaps he goes a bit farther, but the difference is of degree not of kind.

MID-AMERICA REVISITED

BY WALDO FRANK

Cleveland

After a five years' absence, I am back in the Middle West. Lecture trips have their value at least for the lecturers. It is too easy for us New Yorkers to recline on the east edge of our world, or to use it as a spring-board for Europe. True, Mid-America, as Sherwood Anderson calls it, comes more and more to us. It may not be articulate, but its inarticulations travel. Yet even Anderson and Sandburg are not full equivalents of the prairies.

And what could express this Cleveland chill, except the town itself? There is a quiet—a lowly quiet—here. The haughty skyscrapers are liars. This city which thinks of itself as a metropolis, almost as noisy and hence almost as important as Chicago, is a vast emptiness. An emptiness that broods; an emptiness that, if you carefully watch it, you will see gradually flecked with presences. Nor are these presences the Rockefellers and mill-owners. They are not even the Babbitts. They are much less important men, humble and darkly awkward in their movements. They are of all races, including the Nordic. They are dreamers. You see them easiest, perhaps, at hours when the commercial tide of the town is at ebb, when Cleveland momentarily sinks back into its rural mood. But they are always there, even at high noon. And they are less rural than the men who builded the big buildings. They come out into the crowds, and snoop around at the foundation-stones of the high buildings. They meet at corners, two by two, and shake their heads, and mutter, and, like conspirators, peer about them.

Clearly, they are looking for something. They are conspiring only in order to find something. What can it be? They have the city and the papers and the clubs and the Chamber of Commerce. They do not appear to take great stock in these. They are very wistful and helpless. They have no inkling of the strength of their own spirit. They turn rather steadfastly to the East. There on the low horizon is a mirage of Intelligence and Culture which they call New York. Under its white towers, they believe, is Life. They take the mirage for fact and think it beautiful. They do not understand that the beauty is solely in their eyes and has no reality whatever.

They do not understand. Indeed, they may be said to understand almost nothing. Such nostalgic, dreaming children—peering, searching beneath the stony chaos of industrial Cleveland! Surely, since the buildings do not fall on them, since they are somehow fed and are on the increase, there must be a god who tempers the storm—and who takes care (having a future use for them) that they shall not perish.

II

Chicago Loop

This is just the right day for Chicago—a day of fog and smoke so thick that it is night at noon. Five years have made no difference at all. All the wise sons who have raised their voices—and their fare to the East—have made no difference. Chicago is still the spectacle of a pregnancy in a junk-pile: tenderness and Spring miraculously blooming in a foundry. There

is nothing like it in the world. The people, pushing through the Loop under the high towers, are still a peasant folk. They have come, perhaps, from Warsaw or London or Berlin. But here they are Chicago peasants. Not the trainyards, not the packing-town, not the elegance of the newly parked Lake front, can take a jot from their pristine boorish sweetness. For in Chicago, such things are peasant, also.

The day, then, is right. For it is dark as a womb. And the walls of the city sweep into a mystic dimness—into a smoke-chocked sky, to be exact. And the whistles and horns of the traffic weave like blind tremors through the town. And the crowds thresh, tide—Oh, so soft, so blood-soft, so unborn! What do you expect of Chicago? Life. Dare not be more specific. This is the proper home of lyric vagueness. This is a city which does not think, does not feel, does not even act. They have their universities, I know, and their churches and their theatres and their journals and their courts and their clubs and their forums. They believe they are thinking and feeling and behaving. They even believe they are behaving badly. (That crime-wave, for instance.) They are unjust to themselves. All that they enact is the phylogenetic rehearsal of its past by the embryon. They are getting ready, some day, to worship, to discuss, to behave, *as Chicago*. But what it is all going to be, and about what, they do not know.

Here's a symbolic action of Chicago. A rich man who has lost his son builds a theatre in his memory. (Rightly enough, it is dug, rather than built, beneath the surface of the new-made land which has been claimed for the city from the Lake.) They import a director from Russia, and an expressionist play, called "Gas," from Germany. And the performances begin. Memorial theatre—performance, not memorial at all. Performance incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial. They've literally nothing of their own to put in their gorgeous theatre! No talent, no intelligence, no articulate dramatic impulse. The theatre's a prophecy no doubt, a form to be filled in later. But the town itself is its own magnificent symbol. There is no beauty like this in all the world. The Lake is a limbo of delirious ice. The exquisite spires of Wealth waver like songs escaped, above the gravid coils of iron track and strewed shanties. The rivers sluice through the body of Chicago like black blood veins. A Dantean hell, without the paradise above it. But suppose you had known the Italy, not of Dante's zenith, but of the full Roman rotting—of the year 700? Would you have found there any poet's superstructure to the lowest cycles of Dante's Cosmos?

In this fog-stifled, iron-muted town you see America most clearly. You see America, to begin with, not as a new world at all but as an old one. America, the old world dead—broken up into fragments—thinly and unhygienically buried—obstreperously rotting. The name for this manifold death is industrial Chicago. Not a new thing in it. Architecture, newspapers, colleges, government, factories, radios, taxi-cabs—all old. Old as European civilization, old as England. And stinking dead. Dead meat. All the aged values are slaughtered and laid out in Chicago—as they lay out the carrion in the stockyards. Call this part of it hell. But look you at the green life shooting up. Cycle by cycle it comes, through the murk of the death-beleaguered city. Even if you can't see it, you feel it. It is in the soft look of these people, in their youthful folk ways. Pushing up through the junkpiles.

III

Madison and Meiklejohn

This lovely Wisconsin college town, dimpled between smooth lakes, has come to be the scene of a significant act in our American growth. See the lakes, first. They are solid ice within dark green fir trees, and the ice-boats scooting the fissures. There is a dissonance between the dismal ice, black under snow, and the iron wind, and the frail, bug-like runners of the

craft with its white-winged sails. The wind is a hand, hostilely sweeping the ice. But the boat conquers both the wind and ice—exploiting them, making them drive it where it wants to go.

Rotarians are in full song in the hotel dining-room at lunch time. I am rubbering through the glass doors, trying valorously to keep all marks of condescension from my face. A long, rather grey countenance speaks at my side.

"Won't you step in, sir?"

"But I'm no member! I'm sorry—I—I was just—"

"Please be our guest. Come right in. You're a stranger in our city?"

He gestured me to a table at which sat three brothers. Their names and trades (plumber, radio-supplies, realtor) were printed black on huge white celluloid discs appended to their lapels. The song went on. I had a vision of beefy men kneeling in a cathedral, with their swords, staves, tools, clanking on the pavement as they sang, and of the same men rounding the village green in revelry on May Day. I understood the impulse of this unlit singing in the too-lit rococo hall. Came a "college' quartette from the balcony. And then Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, formerly editor of the *Century*, arose to introduce the principal speaker of the luncheon. Now, this is the same Glenn Frank who put a stop to the weary wanderings of Alexander Meiklejohn, erstwhile of Amherst, by commandeering him for Wisconsin. And this is the same Rotarian Club which had Meiklejohn on the subsequent week for its speaker guest. I am aware that the Kiwanians and Optimists of towns less blessed do not have men like this to bewitch their eating hour. I am aware also, that at such luncheons the speakers probably sink lower than the lunchers rise up. These eating fests are, of course, arranged in order to effect the illusion of a juncture between the Intellectuals and the Captains of Industry. But we must not forget that illusion is a seed of reality. And even illusions of understanding between men like these are so rare in America that they have value, if only as a symbol.

Madison the town, with its usual quota of boosters and go-getters, Wisconsin the university, with its customary hordes of loafers and loads of academic dry-wood! Wisconsin the State—all these appear to have at least the sketch of a common understanding. There is the suggestion of a synthesis here between politics, business and education. It is young, of course. Perhaps that is why the college president is so very boyish—this youthful Glenn Frank, sleek as an ice-boat and as clever at exploiting the hostile pressures of the wind and ice for going his own swift way. Perhaps that is why Senator LaFollette is even younger. The experiment itself is young—the synthesis. And properly, the beginning of it all was an impulse common in the adolescent: hero worship for Fighting Bob the Older. Wisconsin is not inhabited by men of genius, not even by men of radical or liberal ideas. Wisconsin had the luck to *get together* in adoration of a man. He was the synthesising factor. He worked on the clods of Wisconsin as a common religion or as a common art work does on all men. Whence ensued a certain harmony of feeling, and finally an act. Government, education, literature, business, entertainment achieve a certain wholeness in Wisconsin. And before you know it, there is Glenn Frank. And before he knows it, there is Meiklejohn.

Meiklejohn is the flower of this harmony—a first flower, at least. His presence there is not an accident. They have known of him fairly well, in the East. He has never before had affiliations in the West. Last year, he was in Florida, seeking money for his own university. Mr. Bryan's daughter was enthusiastic about him, so enthusiastic, in fact, that she persuaded him to deliver the address at the opening of the University of Miami. This opening, so far as I can gather, consisted chiefly of the thud of many million dollars into the college coffers. The University of Miami

had money long before it had a faculty, a student body, or the ghost of a programme (Like the theatre in Chicago). No one in Florida thought of giving Meiklejohn the millions. All they wanted from him was a speech. So Wisconsin—with the magic of mere integration—got him. And when Meiklejohn opened his course in metaphysics the papers from all over the State sent reporters to the class. And there was not only Meiklejohn, but metaphysics in front-page headlines—right next to the Sicilian murders of Chicago! I got the impression that the chief hindrance to constructive work might be not apathy, but too much democratic interest. Journals and clubs and politicians were constantly nosing about, in a sort of furious excitement. Metaphysics classes in the headlines! What does it all mean? I can hear Meiklejohn answer with his canny smile: "Well —something."

The man looks as if he had just been dropped into a world inhabited by savages and angels—and he is not quite at home yet to tell the one group from the other. Is this America? he asks himself. Whatever it is, he will do work upon it. The mingled joy and pain in him, the spiritual sureness, the intellectual groping, the ironic humor modulating into the mood of religion, his subtle hot-and-cold of dubiety and vision—all these make him a chemical with strong catalytic powers. Meiklejohn among men and the men not changed is simply inconceivable. And he is in the West. The East has lost him.

IV

Saint Paul

Six Winters ago I arrived here as a delegate from Kansas to the annual convention of the Non-Partisan League. The town was full of dirt farmers—dreaming, plotting—from all the States of the West. The name of Arthur Townley screamed at you every morning in front-page headlines. Dark Saint Paul, which huddles like a baffled *voyageur* above the Mississippi, muttered to itself at this raw threat to its traditions. For Saint Paul is still in spirit the old French Catholic commercial town. The mellow stones, the narrow streets, the winey air have braved modernity. It was a hostile world for us. Commerce looked askance at these uncouth tillers who were presuming to make of their wheat and corn an empire for themselves. You felt this wherever you went—in the shops, in the restaurants and lobbies. The windows were not placarded for us with the usual monstrous signs of welcome.

In the large convention hall, an Idaho Mormon farmer quoted Scripture to prove that Townley was the successor of Jesus Christ and the Prophet Smith. In the caucus chamber Townley himself gave hell to his committees. He accused us all of good but stupid intentions. We were deaf, dumb, blind. He prophesied in brutal terms the defeat that was coming. Young, lean, ugly, hard, he was: standing among the sentimental dreamers, rapping out his words, snarling his figures, sneering at all the sleazy, frowzy faiths and half-baked radical notions which had come from such Red quarters as Washington and Kansas. "We're going to be thrown out," he snapped, "and by God! we deserve it. We're in power in North Dakota? Oh yes. Maybe. We've got the offices. The truth is that we haven't a damned bit of power. Not a damned bit. Because, except for myself, we haven't got a man with an idea in his head."

There is no trace whatever of that farmers' rising anywhere on the streets of Saint Paul. The dingy hotel at which we stopped, down by the trainyard, is gone. But the sumptuous hotel which houses the raucous conventions of such 100% Americans as realtors and bankers and advertising men is more gaudy and more crowded than ever. The old *voyageur* still glowers on the river, linking the waters that flow down to the Gulf with the cathedral on the height which holds silent communion with God.

V

Ann Arbor

My official task was over. I sat in a professor's house, and was being "entertained" by the members of a club. Actually, I was being quizzed and questioned by several score of youths so eager to have at me that the professor had to set up traffic rules. "What is form?" "What is the relation between religion and art?" "Is beauty timeless?" "What difference is there between the form of an atom and the form of a poem?" And other such simple questions. I confess that it was not entertainment; it was far more fun. The young professor was the kind who is proving that Meiklejohn was not beaten after all at Amherst. How could he be? He had life on his side. The members of the club were of both sexes. Nordics, Mediterraneans, and Negroes sat amicably about, drinking a luridly colored but quite stickless punch, and they were lost, one and all, in a discussion that was shamelessly philosophic.

Now, not a bit of this scene could have taken place in my college in my day. This may be because I went to a rather backward school known as Yale University. But I do not think so. I suspect that the University of Michigan was even worse, before the War. And possibly even Yale has wakened since. Fifteen years ago, the elements of this evening would have been utter fiction in our land: the young professor of English, nourished on the classics but inspired, in large part, by the contemporary American output; the dignified and unselfconscious mingling of the races; the quiz in æsthetics. There is undoubtedly a growing debit column in our schools: race-prejudice, drinking and the like. But the credit column is also on the increase. All life in America is being raised in pitch. Both the discouraging and the promising: both the world of surfaces and the world of depths.

So much blood and meat in Mid-America! So much ferment! The trouble is certainly not one of energy, but of structure. The bone is all on the outside. We're in danger, with our mechanical disciplines, of turning into lobsters. But it's time to be getting to Detroit.

THE END OF ECLECTICISM

BY MORRIS FISHBEIN

In books on medical history the term Eclecticism has two meanings. The first goes back to the Greeks. Following the collection of the Hippocratic texts before the Christian era, certain Greek physicians and scientists formed a group of Eclectics who proposed to dispense with preconceived notions and to develop a school of scientific medicine. But they passed, and from the period of Galen (200 A.D.) until that of Paracelsus (1493-1541 A.D.) medicine rested in oblivion while men gave more thought to their souls than to their bodies, to argument than to observation, to theory than to scientific fact.

Then came the second Eclecticism. The biting sarcasm of Paracelsus disturbed the calm belief in Galenic medicine, and the discoveries of Vesalius in anatomy, of Harvey as to the circulation of blood, of Jenner concerning vaccination, and particularly of Leeuwenhoek, maker of microscopes, restored accurate observation to its proper leading position in the science of medicine. But the new methods brought new enthusiasts, and a host of new systems threatened to impede all actual progress. Mesmerism, Brunonianism, phrenology, homeopathy, Rademacherism, Baunscheidtism, hydropathy, odic force and animal magnetism contended for favor, and scientific inquiry was neglected. The appeal of the bizarre is strong even to enlightened men; to a public educated to a belief in the black art, magic, alchemy, and the miracles of the saints, the unusual necessarily had an absolute fascination. Medicine in this way became inordinately complex and chaotic.

Into this maze came Christian Wilhelm Hufeland, whose whole career was a protest against the confusion. To him systems of medicine were anathema. He wanted the facts. With the founding of his *Journal of Practical Medicine* in 1795 there began a battle for the scientific study of disease that is still going on. Of him it may be said that he was truly eclectic. And after Hufeland came Canstatt, Wunderlich, Skoda, Rokitansky and all those other robust German scientists who laid the foundations of modern medicine.

But what of American Eclecticism? What relation did it have to Hufeland and his work? And what has become of it? Medical historians at home apparently take but little pride in it, and foreign historians seem to be unaware of its existence. Even the erudite Fielding H. Garrison, whose "History of Medicine" is the last word in English on the subject, astutely ignores this Eclecticism. In what is perhaps his only reference to it he waxes, for so calm a man, a little acrid. "In America, under existing legislation," he affirms, "every species of medical sect—osteopathy, chiropraxis, Christian Science, eclecticism, botanic medicine, etc.—has been permitted to flourish."

In the land of the free Eclecticism is thus something different. It is a system of medicine which treats disease by the application of single remedies to known disturbances, without reference to any scientific classification, but giving special attention to the development of plant remedies. It is the apotheosis of the old grandmother and witch-doctor systems of treatment. It arose out of the attempts of a widow to conserve her husband's income and out of

the medical practice of an old-woman herb doctor. It profited and prospered, no doubt, by that same reaction against the drastic *materia medica* of the period around the year 1800 that gave us homeopathy.

Those were days of heavy drugging. Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was equally well known, in medical circles at least, as the designer of a purgative combination of jalap and calomel so potent as to merit the title of Rush's Thunderbolt. Homeopathy owed its initial success to the fact that it prescribed small doses of remedies in vast quantities of water, and so did not interfere with the natural tendency of the body to recover. On this tendency—the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—all of the cults of history have floated their frail vessels. Eclecticism did so like the rest. It discarded most of the mineral remedies of the time and emphasized the use of the milder drugs derived from plants. It urged the use of single remedies and at most of simple combinations. Since most of the remedies it promoted have since been shown to be quite inert or utterly inadequate in the large majority of cases, the vogue of the cult must have rested on the same desire to escape over-drugging that promoted homeopathy. And it had a vogue! At the height of that vogue it graduated several hundred physicians every year from ten medical colleges. But gradually, as scientific medicine progressed, its ranks dwindled, and it fell into the hands of exploiters and promoters. Today it totters feebly in one recognized school and in several diploma mills, it finds itself involved in noisome licensure scandals, and it is likely to succumb shortly to what physicians in their consultations call an *exitus lethalis*.

II

Dr. George Andrew Viesselius, born in Holland (or Germany), emigrated to this country in 1749, settled in New Jersey, married an American girl and established a comfortable practice. When he died in 1767 there remained on his estate, in addition to his widow, a bound or hired boy named Jacob Tidd. Jacob used to help the doctor out by making up washes, salves, plasters and similar external applications according to formulæ that Viesselius had brought from abroad. The community boasted few practitioners and when Viesselius died the widow, as is not unusual with widows, decided to keep the practice going with the assistance of Jacob Tidd. Jacob came into possession, through this association, of the professional papers of Doctor Viesselius. In 1796-1800 he was in Western Pennsylvania for a time. It is not recorded whether he served as an army doctor or as a private soldier during the Whiskey Insurrection, although he did serve, but it is noted that he secured herb remedies from the Indians directly and also from a relative who had been a captive among them.

Returning from the war, Tidd set up as a doctor at Ringoes, New Jersey, and soon acquired a lucrative practice. For forty years he practiced at Amwell, in Hunterdon county, New York, apparently limiting himself largely to the external remedies that were a heritage from the old Dutch doctor. Many persons came to him to learn his methods and among them was one Wooster Beach. Beach was born in Trumbull, Connecticut, in 1794. He educated himself and his biographers relate that he pursued eagerly all the adverse criticisms on the medicine of the time that came his way. One day he heard about Jacob Tidd, and went to him in search of instruction. "Suspicious lest his means of livelihood would be wrested from him," says the biographer, "he [Tidd] flatly refused to receive Beach, as he had many others who had applied for the same privilege." Here is one of the marks of the charlatan in medicine. The true medical scientist has no secrets that he guards from other physicians; his knowledge is broadcast through the medical periodicals so that physicians everywhere may use it in alleviating the ills of mankind.

Let us see the type of energy that inspired Beach. In a letter he said: "I was obliged to return home disappointed. But the same anxiety continued, and I felt, respecting my one desire, something as the Apostle Paul is represented to have felt respecting religion, when he said, 'A dispensation of the gospel is committed unto me, and woe be unto me if I preach not the gospel'." Of such stuff are the founders of cults made; one always finds them prating in terms of theological derivation, and usually affirming their ability to commune personally with the Deity. Again and again Beach attempted to study with Jacob Tidd. Finally, he came at a time when Tidd was without an assistant. Beach took the place and remained until Tidd died at seventy-four years of age; then he succeeded to the practice. Beach was the formulator of Eclecticism—first under the name of the Reformed Practice of Medicine.

Eventually he went to New York, to treat several cases to which he was called in consultation. He settled there and is said to have become belatedly a student at a medical college, graduating in due form and becoming a member of the New York County Medical Society. In 1825 he started teaching and writing, attacking the use of blood-letting and strong remedies and urging his students to treat disease with nature's remedies—herbs and roots. In 1827 he opened an infirmary in Eldridge street, New York, and in 1837 he started the New York Medical Academy, which eventually became the Reformed Medical College of New York, the parent school of the Eclectic system.

In the meantime, the system of practice known as Thomsonism, later incorporated into Eclecticism, had been developing independently. Samuel Thomson was born in New Hampshire in 1769. When he was four years old he discovered that lobelia, or Indian tobacco (*Lobelia inflata*), an indigenous herb, if chewed, induced vomiting. He amused himself by getting his boy friends to chew it. An old woman herbalist in the vicinity told him more about roots and grasses. He tried to study medicine under a root doctor nearby, but was refused owing to his deficient education. Then he married, went to farming and began a family. One of his children fell ill of scarlet fever and when the attending physician gave up the case Thomson tried steam inhalations and lobelia with success. Then he became a traveling herb doctor and had his remedies patented in Washington. It will be remembered, perhaps, that the rise of osteopathy hinged on the death of one of the daughters of Andrew Still.

Eventually Thomson tried to settle down in Massachusetts, but he was bitterly attacked by the local medical profession as a quack. Once he was acquitted of murdering someone with too much lobelia; after the trial he found that he had earned sufficient popularity to encourage him to open an office in Boston. The Thomson system of treating disease with herbs, mostly lobelia, was taken up to some extent by others and flourished for twenty years. Thomson died in 1843 "heroically partaking of his own remedies until the very end." His "New Guide to Health," written in 1822, passed through many editions, and at last became "Thomson's Materia Medica or Botanic Family Physician." Although opposed by Wooster Beach, who was little inclined to welcome competition, Thomsonism soon became incorporated into the Eclectic system.

On May 3, 1830, the Reformed Medical Society of New York, founded to support the ideas and the school of Beach, adopted a resolution to found an additional school of Eclectic medicine in some town on the Ohio River. It was hoped that in the newly opened country better opportunity would exist for the new school to lead an untrammeled existence. The school was established at Worthington, Ohio, in 1833, as the Worthington Medical College, but it did not thrive. It suspended its sessions in 1839. In 1843 it removed to Cincinnati, which is still the fountain-head of Eclec-

ticism in this country. In 1845 it became the Eclectic Medical Institute. By 1848 it was again in difficulties and a convention was called in Cincinnati to organize a national society of Eclectic practitioners. Wooster Beach's name headed the list of organizers, and in 1855 the grand old man of Eclecticism became the president of this society.

In the meantime disciples of Eclecticism had been spreading the gospel hither and thither in our fair land. Colleges rose and fell like the flowers that bloom in the Spring. The New York Reformed Medical College, born in 1826, was extinct about 1839. The College of Medicine, Botanic, organized in New York City in 1836, died in 1846. The Eclectic Medical Institute of New York, created in 1847 as the Medical School of Fredonia, moved to Rochester in 1848, merged with the Randolph Eclectic Medical Institute and moved to Syracuse in 1849 and became the Central Medical College of New York. In 1850 it moved back to Rochester and in 1852 it had its *exitus lethalis*. The Eclectic Medical College of New York City, organized in 1866, graduated its first class in 1867 and then sent forth one every year until 1913, when it succumbed. In the early days running a medical college was usually a profitable procedure, and was thus considered an important accessory to medical practice.

So the colleges of Eclectic medicine came and went. The facts for New York were duplicated on a smaller scale in other States, but a multiplication of examples is needless. In 1860 there were four Eclectic medical colleges, and they graduated some two hundred dispensers of plant remedies. In 1870 there were five schools, in 1880 eight and in 1890 and in 1900 nine. Shortly after this time the Council on Medical Education of the American Medical Association began its investigative and publicity activities. At once the number of Eclectic schools and the number of their graduates began to decline. By 1915 there were but four Eclectic schools, and since 1920 there has remained but one, the school in Cincinnati supported by the National Eclectic Medical Association. True, the Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery has claimed to be Eclectic, but the National Eclectic Association disowns it and it finds itself of late involved in a diploma-mill scandal. In 1925 the Cincinnati school gave but thirty-eight graduates to the world. Its complete enrollment was one hundred and forty-eight students. Its average attendance during the last five years has been about one hundred.

III

During the craze for the development of botanical drugs our pharmacopeia became almost a replica of the herbals of Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Europe. The woods and the fields were combed for all varieties of roots and vines and grasses; and they were transformed into infusions, decoctions, syrups, tinctures, extracts and tablets. The mind of the poor medical student was bewildered by his attempts to learn the botanical names, the nature, and the alleged uses of these hundreds of drugs. Into this confusion the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry swept like a tempest, supported by blasts from the university laboratories which were carefully investigating, on animals and on man, the real virtues of the remedies in use. Far-seeing practitioners like William Osler were condemning the superfluity of preparations, and urging the use only of such as were actually capable of producing definite effects in definite dosages. That the plant remedies survived at all was due not so much to the efforts of the Eclectic colleges as to the manufacturers of Eclectic remedies and, above all, to the promoters of patent medicines, which were composed largely of complex mixtures of such substances—veritable vegetable soups.

A report of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry on one of these Eclectic remedies is typical of what has been done to hundreds of them. *Echinacea angustefolia*

was first introduced as the main ingredient of a remedy known as Meyer's Blood Purifier. This preparation, according to the label, was powerful as an alterative and antiseptic in all "tumorous and syphilitic indications, old chronic wounds such as fever sores, old ulcers, carbuncles, piles, eczema, wet or dry, also erysipelas and gangrene." It was also "a specific for fever," "adverted typhoid in two or three days," and cured malaria, malignant, remittent and mountain fever, diphtheria, bites "from the bee to the rattlesnake," and mad dog bites. Obviously a medical gem! The drug was promptly adopted by the medicos of the Eclectic school, and shortly afterward different proprietary concerns introduced it to the public under the names of echtisia, ecthol and echitone. Echtisia contained, in addition to the echinacea, some wild indigo, arbor vitæ and poke root; and echitone contained also pansy and blue flag. The company promoting the former asserted that wild indigo was a "destroyer of devitalizing elements in the blood" and a "vitalizer of the blood as well," that arbor vitæ was "a perfect antiseptic and a generator of vital force in disorganized tissues" and that a long list of diseases, including diphtheria, syphilitic sciatica and gonorrheal rheumatism, were "all more or less amenable to full doses" of poke root.

All of this was, of course, the veriest bosh. For the conditions mentioned scientific medicine has provided methods of treatment and remedies that attack the cause. For scarlet fever it has an antitoxin and it disregards the *rhus toxicodendron* of the Eclectic pharmacopeia; for angina pectoris it seeks sedation and attempts by intricate surgical methods to cut off the sensations of pain, discarding the "specific medicine lobelia" of the Eclectics as an unreliable and poisonous drug. The recommendation of bryonia for pain over the eye regardless of the cause, of spigelia for headache over the top of the head increasing in the morning and decreasing in the afternoon, of cactus and white hellebore and gelsemium for oppressive pain on the top of the head caused by uterine displacement —all of these recommendations, taken from the guide books of Eclectic medicine, scientific medicine greets today with laughter.

"Slowly, but surely, botanical drugs, upon which many packaged medicines rely for their therapeutic benefits and for the therapeutic claim made for them, are being dropped from the United States Pharmacopœia," says an editorial in the October, 1925, number of *Standard Remedies*, the official organ of the package medicine industry. "Seventeen such drugs were dropped from the 1920 revision of the Pharmacopœia just issued. In 1910 twenty-two were dropped. In 1900 eleven were dropped. The few remaining may be dropped in the next or some future revision." And in an article in the same issue Mr. H. C. Fuller says: "Publications of the Eclectic School still support many of the therapeutic claims that have been advanced for a large number of botanical drugs that appear in the above list. However, even here we find a tendency to conservatism and at times a repudiation of earlier opinions."

Mr. Fuller, a friend of the package medicine industry, views this situation with alarm. "It is coming to pass," he says, "that the deletion of botanical drugs from official standards and the omission of references to their therapeutic value in modern text-books, as well as definite statements discrediting the former ideas of their efficacy, will eventually bring about the situation that preparations containing these drugs will have no standing or authoritative support, and will be thrown back almost solely on testimonials, which experience has demonstrated are often of doubtful value. The preparations chiefly affected at present are the so-called Blood Remedies or Alteratives, Rheumatism Remedies, Kidney Remedies, Female Remedies, and Nerve Remedies." Here is a statement from an expert as to the present low state of botanical remedies! Mr. Fuller suggests to the manufacturers that the proper pro-

cedure would be the employment of research with a view to reëstablishing in good scientific usage the remedies which constitute the basis of their nostrums. But do not think Mr. Fuller is naïve; the available information indicates that he is prepared to promote such researches at a reasonable figure.

Thus all the signs and portents indicate that the great deluge of modern scientific chemotherapy is about to wash away the plant and vegetable débris. With that washing will go the last vestiges of Thomsonism and the Eclectic practice of Wooster Beach.

IV

As I have said, the number of medical schools in the United States began to increase rapidly after the Civil War. The creation of many of these schools was due to the self-interest of the men constituting their faculties. Money was to be made by teaching students, and prestige was to be acquired by a self-conferred title of professor. The standards of medical education in this country thus became an offence in the sight of the leaders of American medicine. With the advent of each new medical cult and of each new group of medical colleges devoted to it, the State legislatures were besought to create separate boards of examiners for the licensing of graduates.

Obviously, the medical practice laws in all the States are intended to safeguard the public against incompetent and untrained physicians. Where States have but a single board administering the act it accomplishes that purpose. Unfortunately, when new boards are created for various new types of practitioners, the medical practice acts are promptly nullified. If there is such a thing as scientific medicine, and if there are diseases such as smallpox, tuberculosis, typhoid fever and measles which produce definite changes in the human body, everyone who wants to treat human disease ought to be able to recognize the changes they bring about, to diagnose them when present and to know how to prescribe preventive measures to keep them from spreading throughout the community. Certainly everyone who wants to practice the healing art by any method of treatment should be willing to come before an examining body and give evidence of his knowledge of these fundamental things. Nevertheless the legislators in the various States have created ninety-six separate and independent boards to control medical licensure in America. In some States there are actually five or six different boards created by as many independent medical practice acts and vesting as many different standards of educational qualification.

Out of this confused mass of laws came a great licensure scandal in 1923, and in that scandal Eclectic medical boards played the most prominent part. In 1918, five years before, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* had protested against the manner in which graduates of low-grade medical colleges in Missouri were being licensed by the Eclectic boards in Arkansas and Connecticut. For the next five years, it published annually a protest and indeed insinuated definitely that neither the Arkansas State Board of Eclectic Examiners nor the Kansas City, Missouri, College of Medicine and Surgery could exist unless they were in cahoots. Connecticut, too, was warned again and again that it was harboring a menace in its Eclectic board. But in 1920 the Kansas City College and the Arkansas Eclectic Board entente was still doing business, the former graduating thirty-three men and the latter licensing all but one of them; and in 1921 the Missouri legislature removed the word "reputable," as it related to medical colleges, from its medical practice act and substituted the words, "legally chartered."

In 1922 there developed a new entente: the Connecticut board licensed seventy-one physicians, sixty-one of whom graduated from low-grade medical colleges and three from institutions in California which apparently had never been recognized as professional schools of any type. Of the sev-

enty-one medicos licensed in Connecticut, only twenty-five had actually graduated from Eclectic medical colleges, but forty-six more, who logically should have applied to the so-called regular medical board, since they had graduated from what were presumably regular medical colleges, although of extremely low standing, apparently had arranged with the Eclectic board in Connecticut to provide them with licenses. The situation, uncovered first by the St. Louis *Star*, showed clearly that graduates of the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons were being shipped to Connecticut so that the Connecticut Eclectic board might give them legal entrance into the practice of medicine. The reciprocity laws between the various States then permitted them to ooze gradually out of Connecticut and into other communities.

Following the investigation of 1923, the licenses of one hundred and sixty-seven physicians who had been certified by the Connecticut Eclectic board were revoked, but seventy-three of these physicians were allowed to continue to practice until their cases are heard by the superior courts. Anyone conversant with legal procedure may figure out how long it will be until the Supreme Court acts on these cases and confirms the revocations of licenses. But Eclecticism meanwhile is gasping out its last breaths. It was ill for a long time; now a lethal draught of scandal has finished it.

Thus the growth of cults within the science of medicine provided opportunity for evading the requirement of certain fundamental knowledge in those who proposed to deal with the ailments of humanity. In that evasion the separate State boards dealing with Eclecticism seem to have played a most prominent part. The only hope for the protection of the public against such dubious cultists lies in having but one board of medical examiners in each State, and in establishing one minimum standard of qualifications to which every one must measure who is to have the legal right to practice healing. The exemptions of cults because they limit their methods of treatment to manipulation, to mental suggestion, to plant remedies, to highly diluted remedies, or to any other quackery is merely throwing open the doors to unqualified, incompetent, mendacious, and unprincipled pretenders.

THE HOBO HITS THE HIGHROAD

BY THOMAS F. HEALY

It was time for the 12.15 East-bound to pull out. We were crouching quietly in the sheltering shadow of the yard toolhouse. Fifty yards up the line loomed the huge hulk of the engine, with its shining eye piercing the hot mid-Summer darkness about us. Suddenly a lantern waved, voices shouted abruptly, the engine gave a warning hiss, and the train began slowly to pull away. The blinding headlight came nearer; it passed us. "Now," shouted Bar-Room Bill, and together we dived through a cloud of steam. A run, a jump, a wild clutch at the handrails, and we were on.

That was seven years ago, in the Summer of 1919. After a lean period, doing Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, we were doubling back, broke and hungry, to where we could be surer of belly-fodder, the Kansas harvest fields. There we worked shocking wheat for $4 a day until the season was over, when we proceeded to the Wichita likker joints and blew in our Winter grubstakes for the best white mule the Sunflower Prohibitionists could offer. We then departed for our respective Winter-quarters, Bar-Room Bill striking for New Orleans, while I hit the blinds for the hobo's paradise of the North, New York City. Every year on the road since that time I have looked for a sign of Bar-Room Bill. But I did not see him again until last Summer. About a mile outside Lincoln, Nebraska, I came upon him sitting among the dandelions that fringed the white road with their dusty gold. He was doing the same thing as myself—begging for rides on the highway.

Bar-Room Bill is symbolic. The first real hobo with whom I buddied, he belonged to a more epic period, the classic days of hobodom that are passing. Sixty years old, a gaunt, gargantuan figure of a man, he stood six feet four in his boots, and his biceps were even yet as thick as another man's thigh. When the West was still the far frontier of high emprise, and mighty men were needed to do the deeds of mighty days, it was Bar-Room Bill and his brothers who cut down the forests, built the railroads and made the deserts bloom. But times changed, and Bar-Room Bill fell upon evil days. Big business came out to raise the topless towers to house Rotary. The West began to sprout skyscrapers. Thereafter Bar-Room Bill's disintegration was swift and tragic. He became a bindle-stiff, did casual labor, and finally followed the harvests. Today he is just a tramp on the highways.

Bill is but one of thousands. According to conservative estimates, there were last Summer more than 200,000 itinerants of every type on the highways of the country. The national passion for riding in automobiles has at last hit the substratum. The hobo now wants his speed with comfort. He has found that a single lift may bring him across several States more quickly and more conveniently than any freight or passenger train. I recall the first lap of my trip last Summer. I got my first ride on the Lincoln highway outside Newark on Monday forenoon. On Wednesday evening, with seven lifts, I reached Detroit and with four more I spent the following Friday afternoon looking over the main drag of Sault Ste. Marie, in the upper reaches of Michigan. While on the road that season I found everywhere a swarming exodus from the railroad right-of-way to the high-

ways. The klaxons were sounding down in the hobo jungles. Box-Car Pete and Brake-Beam Joe were shaking the cinders from their ears and planting firm feet on unfamiliar pathways, quite ready to barter their austere birthright for the luxury of a mohair cushion. Hereafter they will follow the plebeian scent of gasoline; and he who would write the new Iliad of their wanderings must also follow it. The hobo is hitting the highroad.

The word hobo I use here in its more general and laical sense. It is the name now given by the peasantry of the country to all the human flotsam and jetsam that floats on the outer fringes of society. In the vernacular a hobo is a vagrant, and it matters not whether he be a stiff, a yegg or a beggar. Strictly speaking, one might tabulate the hobo's professional classifications up to a score or more, but in the main there are but four classifications, viz.: the working stiff, or hobo who sometimes works for his living; the john, or tramp who begs for it; the highway yegg, who robs for it; and the auto-tramp, or gasoline gypsy, who outwardly neither works, nor begs, nor steals, but lives on society by ways and means peculiar to himself. Enough has been written of the first two types, the stiff and his more lassitudinous brother, the beggar, to make them generally well advertised. But concerning the last two, the yegg and the auto-tramp, comparatively little is known, for they are but recent phenomena on the migratory landscape, and the second has sprung into bloom only with the flivver.

II

It is true that the yegg existed before the present peak of motor-madness. But in the past his activities were rather limited. Now, with the automobile everywhere, his scene of action is everywhere. He has assumed a new significance, and is virtually a new being. He is usually a young man, from twenty-five to thirty-five years old, and often he is fairly well educated. He prefers to go it alone, though sometimes he may work with a pal or buddy, if he finds one exactly to suit him. His common road make-up consists of overalls and jumper, which disguise him as a harvest-hand or casual laborer. To him is attributed the majority of automobile thefts in every State of the Union during the tourist season. His specialty is holding up motorists, robbing them, and stealing their cars. To beguile the unwary driver he has a bagful of tricks that proclaim him, if less colorful, then no less astute than his predecessor, the highwayman of other periods.

Usually well-acquainted with the topography of the section about him, he picks out a small town or village, and there loiters around a garage or filling-station until he sees a chance to make away with an empty gasoline-can. With this he makes tracks for the open road. Out in the country, he looks for a bend or curve in the road where automobiles must slow down to take the turn. Here he stations himself and awaits events. In the distance is heard the purring of an oncoming motor-car. Instantly the yegg is on the alert. When the car gets within about a hundred feet of him he starts to wave the empty can above his head. This is the infallible sign on the open road of no-gas. The motorist, bred in the spirit of Service, stops his car. Summarily the yegg explains that he is hoofing it back for gasoline for a stalled car further down the road. Could the gentleman spare him a little to make it to the next town? Once in the car the yegg makes a quick size-up of his host. The motorist does not reach the next town that day. A simple tap on the bean, and some minutes or hours afterwards he comes to inside the bushes on the roadside. His pockets are emptied. His car is gone.

The motorist, alas, does not always come to; he often stays behind the bushes. The yegg is not above murder. If opposed, he will kill rather than have his career ruined by a term in the penitentiary. In many States I have heard tales of bodies found in the fields along the road. In most such

cases there is no clew to the assassin, who with a high-powered car can in a day put whole States between him and his victim.

This trick is coming to be known generally as the empty can trick. Another which seems to enjoy equal vogue is what is known as the possum trick. On a straight-away piece of road the yegg lies seemingly face downwards, perilously near the wheel-ruts of the passing cars. A motorist, seeing the inert form from a distance, stops his machine, and gets out to see whether the man is dead or alive. The yegg plays possum until prodded several times; then, at last, he lifts his head with effort and mumbles that he has fainted from hunger. If the motorist hesitates the yegg asks for a lift. Once again sitting on the upholstery, he plans his further tactics. By nightfall he may be miles away and his good Samaritan lying by the roadside.

The yegg also has the habit of walking on the left or wrong side of the road—that is, against the traffic. In this there is a psychology which often achieves the desired results. Soon or late a driver comes along who stops his car or slows down long enough to enlighten the boob hiker on the ethics of correct travel on motor highways—a pet hobby of many motorists. This is the yegg's chance. In a few words he puts his spiel across, and the motorist, having vent his spleen, yields to the spirit of Service. The yegg humbly crawls in the back seat, the while taking silent stock of the yokel, from the pressure on his third vest button to the possible thickness of the ivory on his bean.

Some others in his repertory of ruses: coming upon a stuck or stalled car, he will offer his aid with the expectation of getting a ride. He will even speculate and buy a can of gasoline and wait at some filling-station until a prospect drives up. Then he will ask to be driven down the road to his own stalled car, with the anticipation of getting back his investment an hundredfold in preferred stock. Walking lame, with a decided limp, is another favorite play upon the sympathy of the passer-by. When two yeggs go it together, one may often carry the other in his arms when an automobile comes near. Motorists are instinctively reluctant to pick up two men, but if one is so faint that he has to be carried it is a hardboiled man who will pass without at least stopping to see what the trouble is. To halt a car after dark, the yegg has been known to resort to the trick of placing strange and weird objects in the middle of the road, and causing the motorist to slow down when his lights fall upon them. A tourist who was slugged and robbed one night last Summer in South Dakota told me that he stopped his car when he saw "a strange, large, white-looking bird" before him. The bird proved afterward to have been a stuffed white owl. In many lonely stretches of road, one hears stories of deliberate hold-ups, when the yegg stands with a gun or two guns directly in the path of the approaching machine. The motorist has here but one chance of escape, that of crouching low and riding the man down.

In communities where the yegg has been particularly active, the local boosting bureaus, in a frenzy of fear over losing their annual moiety of tourist trade, are evolving a mass of rules and admonitions for motorists. These rules may be boiled down to three cardinal don'ts, to wit: Don't pick up anyone on deserted stretches of road; don't pick up more than one man at a time; if you do pick up anyone, don't under any condition pick up anyone after dark. But for every precaution the yegg is daily finding new antidotes. Usually quick-witted, he is mentally several jumps ahead of the ordinary motorist. The lone driver is his bait, and it matters not what type. He knows enough about everything to hold the interest of his victim. To a preacher he may talk religion, to a farmer the harvest, and to a salesman he may either talk or wisely listen, until the time is ripe to pull his *coup de grace*. His basic axiom of procedure is, first to get in the car, preferably the rear seat, and then to leave the rest to God and the stock end of his gat

III

Side by side with this grim figure rises another character on the gypsy horizon, the auto-tramp or gasoline gypsy. In brief, he is a hobo who drives his own car. This, however, is less an anomaly than it sounds. He may be John Doe of Dubuque, Iowa, in debt or in trouble with the police of the home town. Or perhaps he may have lost his job or suddenly grown tired of it. He decides to chuck the whole shooting match, forego the weekly sixpence, and go to find the moon. John is the fruit of the blessings growing from the present low prices of Fords. For $15 or $20 down he buys a Ford on the instalment plan, and then lights out, taking his family with him. If he is single, he usually takes a woman whom he calls his wife, because a feminine partner is an asset.

Frequently he finds a child or a couple of children the more concretely to corroborate his married status. With whatever money he has saved, he fills the gas-tank and steers for the open road. He has no particular destination. Always susceptible, like the rest of his migratory brethren, to the lure of boom towns, he will suddenly turn round and retrace his ruts hundreds of miles at the news of a strike at something, somewhere. It may be the discovery of an oil well in Oklahoma. At once the gasoline cavalcade closes in from all the surrounding States, traveling by day and by night, neither resting nor sleeping. Before the dust of the final stampede has lifted, John has unfurled his blankets in the inner ramparts. When the mirage vanishes he is off again.

You will see him on any road in any State of the Union—one of a battered caravan, going up and down, hither and yon, loaded down with tents, bedding, pots, pans, dogs, cats and chickens and all the household goods and domestic livestock he can possibly pile on his lizzie. It is his home, and his lares and penates must follow wherever the wheels turn. At nightfall he makes for the free tourist-ground in some small town. Here he pitches camp. That night he may decide to give the burg a chance, and so he may stay a week or a month, depending on the gullibility of the sheriff, the kindliness of the natives, and the possible affluence of the local charity agencies. He quickly spreads the news that he is broke and looking for work, with a "wife" and "children" on his hands. The inhabitants, moved by the suffering "family," support him for a while and then usually report his case to the local aid bureaus, who may then find him work, give him quarters to house his "family," and send his "children" to school.

By this time, however, he may have the urge again. He scrapes enough together for a grub-stake, folds his tent and silently steals away, leaving the "wife" and "kiddies" behind him in the solicitous guardianship of the Service agents. The while the small town journals are yet running page one stories of this new calamity foisted upon the community, he has probably accumulated another "family" and is doing his stuff in another State. Sometimes he falls into bad luck. His machine may break down or he may go hungry for days. Then he makes for the cities, where he asks the welfare agencies to give him enough money to go back to his natal diggings. If this fails, he joins the nearest post of the Salvation Army or some other society of evangelical curb-howlers and suddenly acquires religion, plus three squares a day and a flop at night.

One of my vivid remembrances is of a ride I took with an auto-tramp last Summer. For the time being he was alone, although he admitted he was on the lookout for a traveling companion, preferably a woman. He had, he said, been three years on the road, and had in that time traveled with ten women. Two of them, he told me, had been what is known as Ford-mothers—that is, they had come down in child-birth while traveling. Yet, according to his story, he had never been jailed, though the terms for his violations of the Mann Act, if applied consecutively, would

have sent him to Leavenworth for life. His lack of money caused him no alarm, because he knew the gentle art of getting by on nothing. Before I left him he had occasion definitely to demonstrate and prove this fact to me in the following manner.

In mid-afternoon we stopped at a hamlet at one end of which was the usual resting acre, where the tired tourists were inveigled to replenish themselves with food obtainable at the hardware-gasoline-grocery store nearby. At this particular moment the camp was deserted. Casting a wary eye over the immediate landscape, my friend began operations. From the welter of nondescript bric-a-brac piled high in the back of his car he brought forth a loaf of white bread and a gunny sack. Then walking to where a number of chickens were picking at the litter left by the last touring party, he began to break the bread in generous crumbs, thus making a distinct white line to the door of a small outhouse in midfield. Behind this shack he hid himself. The chickens followed the bread line into the house, and my friend went quickly after them and closed the door behind him. There was a loud cackling and in a few moments he reappeared with a bag of six chickens. Then, before the local poultry owners were aroused by the cackling, now taken up by every fowl in the village, we jumped in and we were off down the road again. Ten miles out we stopped. We killed, plucked and cleaned the fowl and packed the meat in glass jars with plenty of salt. That night, at another tourist-camp, we sat as gourmands before a regular hobo banquet: fried chicken with gravy, served with corn on the cob, plucked fresh from roadside fields that day, and all washed down with several quarts of milk stolen from a farmer's wagon. After our spread we maneuvered the Ford conveniently beside a large truck standing nearby. By means of a long hose attached to the truck gas-tank we filled our own and soon we were again rattling over the happy miles into the obliterating darkness.

IV

I might mention another migrant who is also a product of the automobile era. In the parlance of the road, he is known as a bohobo, which is a contraction for boy hobo. Other names for him are health-hiker, liver-bum and letter-carrier. He is usually a college student or a boy out of a job, and he takes to the road for the Summer only. A few are traveling for the benefit of their health, hence the name health-hiker or liver-bum. But the majority are playing at the game of hobo just for a lark. Many of them carry letters from the mayors of their respective home towns and from the local ministers and business men, couched in language convincing enough to give them sanctuary in any town of the hinterland. With these letters plus their Y. M. C. A. cards, they roam the highways and byways of the land until nostalgia comes down and they return to home and mother. Some of them never return, especially those who are unlucky enough to fall across the path of a jocker tramp. The jocker is a beggar or petty thief who is on the lookout for a young boy as a traveling companion. Given one, he will in nine cases out of ten break the boy into the arts of panhandling or begging and store burglary, after first inculcating the elemental principles of anti-social philosophy.

Such are some of the types the new-fangled American excursionist meets along the way when he sets forth into the blue Summer days. He runs through a gauntlet of hundreds of thousands of itinerants, all looking for rides and whatever else they can get without too much trouble. The hobo is there, every type and assortment of him, from the veriest tramp to the working stiff. Even Bar-Room Bill is there, that monarch of the golden age of hobodom. I can see him now, standing on the white road, his roll under his arm, and with dimming eyes gazing westward, where perhaps he sometimes sees a gleam from the vanished kingdoms of his primal glory.

DRY SUNDAY IN CONNECTICUT

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

When a car stopped outside the house on Sunday afternoon Mr. Sherman looked guilty. Mrs. Sherman said, "We just can't have anyone in today."

"I'll go out," said Mr. Sherman, and he went to the front of the house, where Doc Dennison and Charley McCann were getting out of Roy Huffman's Studebaker. "Well, how are you?" he said heartily.

"How are you?" said Doc Dennison and Charley McCann. Both men, he observed at once, were pretty well lit. Mr. Sherman tried to think of some way to keep them from coming into the house, but he was too soft-hearted. Roy, who never drank, said he was going up the road to Ericson's, and would stop for Charley and the Doc on his way back. Mr. Sherman felt better about letting the two men into the house then. He whispered to his wife that they would stay only a little while; Roy was coming for them in his car. Mrs. Sherman, thinking she would soon be rid of them, now smiled hospitably. Mr. Sherman and Charley took a lighted candle and went to the cellar to draw a little hard cider.

When the Shermans first decided to spend the Winter in an old farmhouse in Connecticut, far from a railway station, they had put a fifty-gallon barrel of cider in the cellar. "Now we are fixed for the Winter," Mr. Sherman had said. Everyone thought it would be a hard Winter, for the heads of the caterpillars were black, and that was a sure sign. Mrs. Sherman put in lots of preserves and bought staple groceries to stock up the pantry, and both Mr. and Mrs. Sherman saw themselves snowed in for the Winter and getting lots of work done. They were both doing what they considered serious writing. Mr. Sherman was now a third finished with his novel, but Mrs. Sherman had never been able to do anything but run the house and wash cider glasses so far.

Doc Dennison stopped telling Mrs. Sherman what a nice thing it was to have some place to come to when Mr. Sherman and Charley came up from the cellar with a gallon jug of cider. Mrs. Sherman got down the glasses. Everyone took a glass of cider, and Doc Dennison, who couldn't stand straight on his feet, toasted Mrs. Sherman: "Well, here's to your bonny blue eyes, my lass!" All the men drank gallantly to Mrs. Sherman's blue eyes.

"It's getting pretty good," said Mr. Sherman.

"Great," said Charley.

"It's hard all right," said Doc Dennison.

Mrs. Sherman said that they had put five pounds of raisins and some brown sugar into it to make it hard, but it really wasn't as hard as George Ferris's and he never put in a thing.

"Just the pure juice of the fruit," Mr. Sherman said. "That makes the best cider after all. Next time I'll not put a thing in mine either."

The first glass was now emptied and Mr. Sherman poured another round. Mrs. Sherman declined a second glass; she said she didn't like any cider but George Ferris's. Mr. Sherman poured a little wine for her out of a bottle that stood at the back of the table. He told Doc and Charley it was some he had made himself out of figs, black California figs, that cost 27 cents a pound at Sears-Roebuck's. Charley said it looked like good stuff. Mr. Sherman hated

to offer them any because he had very little of it, but he said at last, "Try a little, Charley." Charley refused to take the wine; he didn't want to mix drinks, he said, and maybe get sick. The Doc refused, too.

"But the best drink of all is beer," said Mr. Sherman.

"Oh, I love beer," said Mrs. Sherman.

Charley said he liked to drink beer better than anything else. He said there was nothing like a good glass of beer. Mr. Sherman said he wished he could get back to Germany, where the good beer was. "If we were in Munich today," he said, "we would be sitting in the Hofbräuhaus with a liter before us."

Doc Dennison said he didn't know Munich so well, but he knew Berlin and Vienna all right. Mrs. Sherman said she had lived one Winter in Berlin. The Doc said that before she was born or had even been thought of he had been a student there—yes, he had been a student of Krafft-Ebing. That was a long time ago. Charley whispered to Mrs. Sherman that the Doc was a brainy man. She wouldn't think it now, perhaps, but he was really one of the smartest. Mr. Sherman and the Doc were getting friendly in German. They had finished their cider and filled the glasses again and were drinking together.

"Prosit!" said Mr. Sherman. The Doc was getting sentimental about the old days, and he and Mr. Sherman went into the other room to read some of Mr. Sherman's stuff. They felt close, now that they were drinking together and speaking German, and the Doc said he would like nothing so much as to hear some of Mr. Sherman's work.

Charley told Mrs. Sherman that if they liked beer so much he could take them all over to Danbury to a *Verein* he belonged to there. Mrs. Sherman said that would be fine, and did Charley speak German too? Charley said he didn't and Mrs. Sherman said consolingly, "Oh, well, I don't speak it very well myself, not so well as Mr. Sherman. He was in Germany longer than I was. I make mistakes in grammar. I can rattle along all right, but I make mistakes. The important thing is to talk, though. You can always learn the grammar later."

Charley said he guessed that it was the same for English too and he was always wanting to learn to speak better English. "I'm not educated," he said, "and now I regret it, but I had my chance. Then I thought I wanted only to raise hell. I'm an alumni. I was sent to a school in Washington, all right, a prep school. Every year I go back there for a reunion, and if I'm not there John Brisbane says, 'Where's Charley. Where's Charley McCann?' and I have to go, see? I have to go back every year or he's asking for me. 'Where's Charley?' John says, but I guess this year I'm out, though. I mean we have a nine and a game every year, but last year I only got through the fifth inning and then I was out, and this year I guess I won't be in the game at all."

He walked over and poured himself another glass of cider, and another glass of wine for Mrs. Sherman. Mrs. Sherman said he oughtn't to talk like that; he was a young fellow yet.

II

The Doc and Mr. Sherman came back to the kitchen with their empty glasses and Mr. Sherman poured cider for everybody. "Here's to your bonny blue eyes, my lass!" said the Doc. Everybody drank, and Mr. Sherman poured another round. He and the Doc were going to drink *Brüderschaft*. Mrs. Sherman looked on, flushed and smiling and somewhat nervous. The Doc swayed toward her and said it was fine to have some place to come to and that Mr. Sherman was a genius. "You stick to him," he said, "and he'll be a genius."

Mr. Sherman said that Mrs. Sherman could write better than he could any day but the Doc kept on telling Mrs. Sherman that if she would only stick by Mr. Sherman he would turn out to be the greatest sort of genius. Charley said he wished Mr. Sherman would recite "The Shooting of

Dan McGrew," and the Doc swayed toward Mrs. Sherman and said in a low confidential tone that the way Mr. Sherman recited that piece was lovely, it was art, he could never forget—no, he himself could never recite again after hearing Mr. Sherman. Charley said yes, it sure was great the way Mr. Sherman said that piece, but the Doc was good at it, too. Mrs. Sherman turned toward the Doc and begged him to recite something, but he said no, he wasn't able to, he knew he wouldn't be able to do it, and beside, Mr. Sherman recited so much better.

Mr. Sherman poured a little more cider and everybody clinked glasses and drank, and Mrs. Sherman walked into the other room to rest a minute and stood looking out the window just as a buggy went by with Tom Feeny driving. When he waved a debonair hand at her, she knew very well that he was glory-eyed. The thought of more visitors increased her nervousness. She went out to Mr. Sherman and told him that the Feenys were coming, saying it significantly, so that he would know that Tom was well lit. And she looked at Mr. Sherman very severely and he knew very well that she thought it was getting too much, this Sunday drinking—and now, before they had got rid of Doc and Charley, here were the Feenys. Mrs. Sherman didn't wait for the Feenys to come in the house, but went upstairs and sat by the window looking out and listening to the noise downstairs, which got louder and louder as she got calmer and calmer.

She got very angry sitting there, thinking how they had come to the country for peace and to work and all they did was to drink cider and then rest up so they could do it again. It wasn't much like the New England she had heard about all her life. Nothing but the stone fences was like the books. It was worse in New England than in Paris. There you could get it at the café, but, once home, you knew you could be sober and work and nobody could touch you. Here the home was the café, you never knew when somebody would drop in on you, and the only way to do was to be firm. They were always planning to be firm and turn people away, but they never did. They always let people in for a few minutes and then couldn't get rid of them for hours. They had thought they had found a quiet spot but they were in a nest of boozers. Just a lot of lousy bums. Year by year old natives gave up the land to hardy Poles and Swedes and took to squatting on little pieces of land, drinking the Winters through.

Mrs. Sherman began to feel angrier and angrier toward the men and toward Mr. Sherman. He just encouraged them. He wanted to drink and he encouraged them. He drank in Paris, and he drank in Detroit, and now he drank in Connecticut. He was going to write a big novel about the blind-pigs in Detroit, and now he said that there was such good stuff in New England that it would make a good book, and the best came out with drinking. As Mrs. Sherman sat upstairs in the darkening room, she could hear the men downstairs, and now she could hear Mr. Sherman reciting "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." She had always thought it only a joke to hear him recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," but she had now heard it so often that it made her angry. She could hear him pounding on the floor, going through all the gestures of the elocutionists—just because that gang of good-for-nothings was watching him. She went downstairs angrily and burst into the kitchen, the door of which had been shut to keep the noise from getting upstairs. The kitchen was a regular hotbox.

"It's awful in here! Too hot," she said. "Leave the door open. I only came down for a lamp," and she took a lamp. Tom Feeny got up unsteadily and insisted on shaking hands with her. He introduced his brother, another Feeny. "Why, there are enough Feenys to bring one every Sunday for two months," Tom boasted. The other Feeny eyed Mrs. Sherman, but he was too glory-eyed to see much.

"This is my old homestead," he said.

Mrs. Sherman knew very well that it was the old Feeny place. "Yes, I know," she said, trying to be agreeable.

"I was born here," the other Feeny went on. "My mother, my old mother, used to sit at that very window."

Mrs. Sherman took the lamp and went out of the room. All of the men were flushed and happy. Roy had not come back yet. The Doc was sprawling on the couch, but as she passed he lifted his cider glass and said, "Here's to your bonny blue eyes, my lass!"

III

Mrs. Sherman went up stairs and decided to sit there until the men left. She bit at her finger-nails. It was a long time before the Feenys left. They had to borrow the lantern. Mrs. Sherman was angry at Roy for not coming for Doc and Charley, but at last she heard a car out in front and hurried down to tell the men, afraid that Roy might start up again if someone didn't go right out. The Doc was pretty far gone by this time and had to be helped into his coat. Mrs. Sherman looked at Mr. Sherman reproachfully but he gave her an innocent eye. She was a little relieved to see that he had kept pretty sober. Charley was well lit, but steady on his feet. He was telling about his little dog that had got run over last Spring.

"I tell you I cried for that dog; he was like a human; I cried about him. There he was jumping up at me, begging to go along, and so I took him with me, and that's how he came to get run over. You can feel the loss of a dog just as much as a human. Yes, more than some."

Doc was trying to get his coat on, and Mrs. Sherman lent a hand. He got hold of her hand and put it to his face.

"You are like my wife, my dear dead wife," he said. He was almost crying, holding her hand, but she let him. She was so glad to get rid of them that she was ready to stand for anything.

When the door was shut, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman sat down in chairs opposite each other and laughed until they were exhausted. Mrs. Sherman was still so much in love with her husband that she couldn't keep on being angry with him. Beside, it wasn't his fault. They said that from now on they would certainly not let people into the house and that they would work hard. Mr. Sherman said that this was really wonderful stuff for a book and that the Feenys were even funnier than Doc and Charley.

Both of them wondered where people got this brainy notion of Doc. The poor fellow might have been something once, but look at him now, and the way he thinks "Dan McGrew" good stuff! Mrs. Sherman was sure he was a dope, for one thing. Every time he leaned toward her she smelled something sickening like laudanum. Mr. Sherman said that he hated that—he hated to see the poor old goat lean toward her as if he were going to kiss her or fall on top of her. They both said it was funny, but that there was too much of this drinking stuff. It was all right for the natives, who had nothing else to do, but they wanted to get something done beside drinking.

Mr. Sherman said he would go down the road for the milk and Mrs. Sherman began to get supper. Both were happy again. Mrs. Sherman put two pork chops in a pan on the stove and set the table. She lighted the front room lamp and drew the curtains. Very few cars came along that road, and when she saw the light of one coming she was afraid, and thought perhaps it would stop—with another load of boozers. She shot the bolt in the kitchen door and crouched like a rabbit in a corner. The car stopped and then she heard voices and steps along the path and on the porch. Someone knocked, at first gently and then hard. After that, someone tried the door. If the lights weren't lighted they would go away, Mrs. Sherman thought, but she cowered. She didn't know what to do. Just then Mr. Sherman came along and he saw very well what was up. He came to the door and called to her to let him in.

She said tensely, "They just *can't* come in!"

"I'll tell them," he said, and then she heard him telling them his wife was sick and they couldn't come in. George Ferris said they hadn't planned to come in, but were going up to Peet's and would Mr. Sherman come along? Mr. Sherman said he must have his supper first, but if they would come back for him in an hour he would go with them.

Mrs. Sherman said when he came in that she thought he should have his belly full of that sort of thing by now, and what did he mean by saying he would go?

But he said, "You don't mind, do you? I'd kinda like to go, but they won't come back for me. They'll go up there and not come back."

Mrs. Sherman said, "I know them. They'll be back. Anyhow, I think they intended to come here all along, and I'll bet that going to Peet's place was just a stall. The Peets haven't any cider, you know very well. They'll be back all right."

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman had a pleasant supper, talking and laughing. They forgot the bunch who might come down on them any minute. But, sure enough, the car came back. Art and the boy with the paralyzed arm came to the door. Mr. Sherman knew they had come to get him, so he invited them to come in for a drink. Before anyone could understand just how it happened, the whole bunch out in the car was inside the house. All except old George Ferris, and he was sulking outside, saying he wouldn't come in because Mr. Sherman had said, 'Get those damned bums out of here!' one night when they had all been at the Shermans'. Mr. Sherman said he was sure he had never said such a thing, and Mrs. Sherman went out to the car to put old George in a good humor, but he said no, he wouldn't come in if he was a damned bum. Then the Shermans called Art out, for George admitted Art had been the one who had said Mr. Sherman had called them damned bums. Art was drinking cider and it was warm in the kitchen, so he just said, "Forget it, George! I guess I was drunk or something. I guess you know Mr. Sherman wouldn't say such a thing." Mrs. Sherman knew Mr. Sherman had said that very thing, but he hadn't meant it unkindly. One night, when the bunch was there, he was afraid the Doc would pass out, and all of them be on his hands until morning.

Old George said he was willing to forget, but that it had made him feel pretty bad. He didn't know what he had ever done to deserve that. Mrs. Sherman said he ought to know how much they thought of him, and he should forget it and come in, so old George came in. In a few minutes he had his coat off and his fiddle out of the case and was playing "When the Cat Came Back."

IV

Mrs. Sherman was sore again because she could see that it was almost a trick that had got the gang installed in the kitchen. They had just oozed in because old George got offended and the Shermans had been anxious not to really hurt him. Now there they all sat, and there was no getting rid of them. The fiddle played, "A Wearin' of the Green" and "The Eternal Magdalene," and then, "I'll Go With You Through the Valley," and old George said that that piece always made him think of the camp-meeting thirty years ago and of the girl who played the organ, and how he and she had gone out and sat on one of the benches in the dark, and she had put her arm around his neck and said she wanted him to be one of God's good men. Then he broke sharply into "When the Cat Comes Back" and "Little Brown Jug, How I Love Thee." Mr. and Mrs. Sherman got up and did a dance and Art said he wished Mr. Sherman would recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."

The boy with the paralyzed arm said he bet Mr. Sherman couldn't do it as well now as he did that night at Eddie's. He had done it so well then that he seemed inspired. Mr. Sherman said yes, he could

do it just as well as that. He began, "A bunch of the boys was whoopin' it up in the Malamute Saloon." But he didn't have the right ring to his voice, and tried to make up for it by shouting louder, and at the place where he thumped the floor he thumped it harder than Mrs. Sherman had ever seen him thump it, but still it was hollow. Old George said, when he had finished, that it was mighty fine, but the boy with the paralyzed arm said it wasn't up to the night at Eddie's. Then someone said, "Let's sing," and Mrs. Sherman began, "Halleluja, I'm a Bum." She told old George that the word bum meant nothing to her and Mr. Sherman. They often called one another that in fun, and he shouldn't take offense even if Mr. Sherman had said it, but he hadn't. George said that it certainly made him feel pretty bad and the boy with the paralyzed arm said, "Aw, forget it," and began to sing, "When the dawn comes up like thunder out of China cross the bay."

Then they got to singing, "I want to go home to bed," and all the men sang louder and louder and one of the Peet boys sang louder than anyone. Mr. Sherman said he looked just like his relatives, the Schreibers. Peet said the Schreibers around this part of the country were horse-thieves. Mr. Sherman said, Oh well, he guessed his crowd wasn't much better. They stole too —in a business way, of course, which is supposed to be honorable stealing.

Then Art and Mr. Sherman went down the cellar for another jug of cider and old George played "The Eternal Magdalene" again. When Mr. Sherman and Art came back, Mrs. Sherman left the room and looked at the watch in the front room. It was half past twelve, and she was dead tired. The party in the kitchen was just warming up. She was so angry at the thought that Mr. Sherman had not tried to keep them out that she wanted to scream. She went upstairs and sat in the dark. Then she lighted a little oil-stove. Would there never be an end? They had come to the country for a quiet place to work, but now they would have to go to the city to rest up. It was awful. She started to cry, and then to laugh, a little hysterically. Then she took one of the brass candlesticks and threw it as hard as she could against the floor.

The noise downstairs went on just the same, singing and shouting. No one heard her. Her husband didn't hear her. He was busy being a good fellow.

ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN MIND

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

During the last generation we have learned to trace a good part of the ailments and peculiarities of America back to the rough life of the frontier. Van Wyck Brooks, in "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," has diagnosed the pioneer as a neurotic; and as we examine more carefully the Spoon Rivers and Gopher Prairies and Winesburgs that he left in his wake we become less and less impressed by his heroism, and more and more concerned with his pathology. But we have still to take up an interesting question: What created the pioneer? If he was a typical product of the New World, why was it that he did not appear in the Catholic settlements of Mexico? If his culture showed the overwhelming influence of a raw physical environment, why was it that the Seventeenth Century colonies of Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia did not bear that plain impress? Was he really the beginning of a new stock, as we like to think, or the running to seed of an old one?

I cannot pretend to answer all these questions; but I purpose to put them a little more sharply by tracing the pioneer's mind and disposition back to its remoter historic beginnings. For the settlement of America had its origin in the unsettlement of Europe: the pioneer came into existence when the European was already so distant in mind from the ancient customs of his birthplace that the whole span of the Atlantic did not widen the gap by an inch. This dissociation, this displacement, and finally, this disintegration became most apparent in America; but the process had begun in Europe, and the interests which eventually dominated the American scene all had their origin, I think, in the Old World. The Protestant, the inventor, the politician, the explorer, the restless, delocalized man—all these types appeared in Europe long before they rallied together in America. If we can understand the forces that produced them, we shall see what created the pioneer.

II

In the Thirteenth Century the European heritage of medieval culture was still intact. By the end of the Seventeenth it had become only a series of fragments, and men showed, in their actions if not by their professions, that it no longer had a hold over their minds. What had happened?

If one tries to sum up the world as it appeared to the contemporaries of Thomas Aquinas or Dante one is conscious of two main facts. The physical earth was bounded by a narrow strip of seas: it was limited: while above and beyond it stretched the golden canopy of heaven, infinite in all its invitations and promises. The medieval culture lived in the dream of eternity: within that dream, the visible world of cities and castles and caravans was little more than the fore-stage on which the prologue was spoken. The drama itself did not properly open until the curtains of Death drew aside, to destroy the illusion of life and to introduce the main scene of the drama, in heaven itself.

During the Middle Ages the visible world was definite and secure. The occupations of men were defined, their degree of excellence described, and their privileges

and duties, though not without struggle, were set down. Over daily life lay a whole tissue of meanings, derived from the Christian belief in eternity: the notion that existence was not a biological activity, but a period of moral probation, the notion of an intermediate hierarchy of human beings that connected the lowest sinner with the august ruler of heaven, the idea that life was significant only on condition that it was prolonged, in beatitude or despair, into the next world. The beliefs and symbols of the Christian Church had guided men, and partly modified their activities, for roughly a thousand years. Then, one by one, they began to crack; one by one they ceased to be "real" or interesting; and gradually the dream that held them all together started to dissolve. When the process ceased, the united order of Christendom had become an array of independent and sovereign States, and the Church itself had divided up into a host of repellant sects.

At what point did medieval culture begin to break down? The current answer to this, "with the Renaissance," is merely an evasion. When did it finally cease to exist? The answer is that a good part of it is still operative and has mingled with the customs and ideas that have succeeded it. But one can, perhaps, give an arbitrary beginning and an arbitrary end to the whole process. One may say that the first hint of change came in the Thirteenth Century, with the ringing of the bells, and that medieval culture ceased to dominate and direct the European community when it turned its back upon contemporary experience and failed at last to absorb the meaning of that experience, or to modify its nature. The Church's inability to control usury; her failure to reckon in time with the Protestant criticism of her internal administration; the unreadiness of the scholastics to adapt their methods to the new interests and criteria of science; the failure to prevent the absorption of the free cities, the feudal estates, and the monasteries by the central government—these are some of the stigmata of the decline. It is impossible to give a date to all of them, but it is pretty clear that by the end of the Seventeenth Century one or another had come to pass in every part of Europe. In countries like England, which were "advanced," all of them had come to pass.

It is fairly easy to follow the general succession of events. First, the bells tolled, and the idea of time, or rather, temporality, resumed its hold over men's minds. All over Europe, beginning in the Thirteenth Century, the townsman erected campaniles and belfries, to record the passing hour. Immersed in traffic or handicraft, proud of his city or his guild, the citizen began to forget his awful fate in eternity; instead, he noted the succession of the minutes and planned to make what he could of them. It was an innocent enjoyment, this regular tolling of the hour, but it had important consequences. Ingenious workmen in Southern Germany and the Low Countries invented clocks, rigorous mechanical clocks; they adapted the principle of the woodman's lathe and applied it to metal. Here was the definite beginning of the exact arts. The craftsman began by measuring time; presently he could measure millimetres, too, and with the knowledge and technique introduced by the clockmaker, he was ready to make the telescope, the microscope, the theodolite—all of them instruments of a new order of spatial exploration.

The interest in time and space advanced side by side. In the Fifteenth Century the mapmakers devised new means of measuring space, and scarcely a generation before Columbus's voyage they began to cover their maps with imaginary lines of latitude and longitude. As soon as the mariner could calculate his position in time and space, the whole ocean was open to him; and henceforward even ordinary men, without the special skill and courage of a Marco Polo or a Leif Ericson, could travel to distant lands. So time and space took possession of the European's mind. Why?

dream of heaven or eternity while the world was still so wide, and each new tract that was opened up promised, if not riches, novelty, and if not novelty, well, a new place to breathe in? So the bells tolled, and the ships set sail. Secure in his newly-acquired knowledge, the European traveled outward in space, and, losing that sense of the immediate present which went with his old belief in eternity, he traveled backward and forward in time. An interest in archaeology and in utopias characterizes the Renaissance. They provided images of purely earthly realizations, in past and future.

The fall of Constantinople and the diffusion of Greek literature had not, perhaps, such an influence on this change of mind as the historian once thought. But they accompanied it, and the image of historic Greece and Rome gave the mind a temporary dwelling-place. Plainly, the knowledge which once held it so firmly, the convictions that the good Christian once bought so cheaply and cheerfully, no longer sufficed: if they were not altogether thrown aside, the humanists began, with the aid of classic literature, to fill up the spaces they had left open. The European turned aside from his traditional cathedrals and began to build according to Vitruvius. He took a pagan interest in the human body, too, and Leonardo's St. John was so lost to Christianity that he became Bacchus without changing a feature. The Virgin herself lost her old sanctity. Presto! the Child disappeared, the responsibilities of motherhood were gone, and she was now Venus. What had St. Thomas Aquinas to say about theology? One could still read the Phaedo. What had Aristotle to say about natural history? Leonardo, unaided, discovered fossils in the Tuscan hills and inferred that the ocean was once there. Simple peasants might cling to the Virgin, ask for the intercession of the saints, and kneel before the cross, but these images and ideas had lost their hold upon the more acute minds of Europe. They had broken outside the tight little world of Here and Eternity: they were interested in Yonder and Yesterday; and since eternity was a long way off and we'll "be damnably moldy a hundred years hence," they accepted tomorrow as a substitute.

There were some who found it hard to shake off the medieval dream in its entirety, so they retained the dream and abandoned all the gracious practices that enthroned it in the daily life. As Protestants, they rejected the outcome of historic Christianity, but not its inception. They believed in the Eucharist, but they did not enjoy paintings of the Last Supper. They believed in the Virgin Mary, but they were not softened by the humanity of Her motherhood. They read, voraciously, the literature of the ancient Jews and the legends of that sect which grew up by the shores of Galilee, but, using their private judgment and taking the bare words themselves as the sum and substance of their religion, they forgot the interpretations, from the early Fathers to St. Thomas, which refined that literature and melted it into a comprehensible whole. When the Protestant renounced justification by works, he included under works all the arts which had flourished in the medieval church and created an independent realm of beauty and magnificence. What remained of the faith was perhaps intensified during the first few generations of the Protestant espousal—one cannot doubt the original intensity and vitality of the protest—but alas! so little remained!

In the bareness of the Protestant cathedral of Geneva one has the beginnings of that hard barracks architecture which formed the stone-tenements of Seventeenth Century Edinburgh, set a pattern for the austere meeting-houses of New England, and finally deteriorated into the miserable shanties that line Main Street. The meagreness of the Protestant ritual began that general starvation of the spirit which finally breaks out, after long repression, in the absurd jamborees of Odd Fellows, Elks, Woodmen, and kindred fraternities. In short, all that was once made manifest

in a Chartres, a Strasbourg, or a Durham minster, and in the mass, the pageant, the art gallery, the theatre—all this the Protestant bleached out into the bare abstraction of the printed word. Did he suffer any hardship in moving to the New World? None at all. All that he wanted of the Old World he carried within the covers of a book. Fortunately for the original Protestants, that book was a whole literature; in this, at least, it differed from the later Protestant canons, perpetrated by Joseph Smith or Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. Unfortunately, however, the practices of a civilized society cannot be put between two black covers. So, in many respects, Protestant society ceased to be civilized.

III

Our critical eyes are usually a little dimmed by the great release of energy during the early Renaissance: we forget that it quickly spent itself. For a little while the great humanists, such as More, Erasmus, Scaliger, and Rabelais, created a new home for the spirit out of the fragments of the past, and the new thoughts were cemented together by the old habits of medieval civilization, which persisted among the peasants and the craftsmen long after they had been undermined in the church and the palace. But the revival of classic culture did not give man any new power to take command over the workaday routine of life, for the very ability to re-enter the past and have commerce with its great minds implied leisure and scholarship. Thus the great bulk of the community had no part in the revival, and if the tailor or the tinker abandoned the established church it was only to espouse that segment called Protestantism. Tailors and tinkers, almost by definition, could *not* be humanists! Moreover, beyond a certain point humanism did not make connections with the new experience of the Columbuses and Newtons any better than did the medieval culture. If the criticisms of the pagan scholars released a great many minds from Catholic theology, it did not orient them to what was "new," and "practical" and "coming." Therefore, the Renaissance was not, properly speaking, the launching out of a new epoch: it simply witnessed the breakdown and disruption of the existing science, myth, and fable. When the Royal Society was founded in London in the middle of the Seventeenth Century the humanities were deliberately excluded. "Science" was indifferent to them.

Once the European, indeed, had abandoned the dream of medieval theology, he could not live very long on the memory of classic culture; that, too, lost its meaning; that, too, failed to make connections with his new experiences in time and space. Leaving both behind him, he turned to what seemed to him a hard and patent reality: the external world. The old symbols, the old ways of living, had become a blank. Instead of them, he took refuge in abstractions, and reduced the rich actuality of things to a bare description of matter and motion. Along this path went the early scientists, or "natural philosophers." By mathematical analysis and experiment they extracted from the complicated totality of everyday experience just those phenomena which could be observed, measured, generalized, and if necessary, repeated. Applying this exact methodology, they learned to predict more accurately the movements of the heavenly bodies, to describe more precisely the fall of a stone and the flight of a bullet, to determine the carrying load of a bridge, or the composition of a fragment of "matter." Rule, authority, precedent, general consent—these things were all subordinate in scientific procedure to the methods of observation and mathematical analysis: weighing, measuring, timing, decomposing, isolating,—all the operations that led to "results." At last, knowledge could be tested and practice reformed, and if the scientists themselves were usually too busy to see the upshot of their investigations, one who stood on the sidelines, Francis Bacon, was quick to announce

their conclusion: science tended to the relief of man's estate.

With the aid of this new procedure, the external world was quickly reduced to a semblance of order. But the meanings created by science did not lead into the core of human life: they applied only to "matter," and if they touched upon life at all, it was through a post-mortem analysis, or by following Descartes and arbitrarily treating the human organism as if it were automatic under all conditions. For the scientists all these new abstractions were full of meaning; they tunneled through whole continents of knowledge. For the great run of men, however, science had no meaning for itself: it transferred meaning from the creature proper to his estate, considered as an independent and external realm. In short, except to the scientist, the only consequences of science were practical ones. A new view of the universe developed, naturally, but it was accepted less because of any innate credibility than because it was accompanied by so many cogent proofs of science's power. Philosophy, religion, art, none of these activities had ever baked any bread: science was ready, not merely to bake the bread but to increase the yield of the wheat, grind the flour, and eliminate the baker. Even the plain man could appreciate consequences of this order. Seeing was believing.

The process of abstraction began in the theology of Protestantism as an attempt to isolate, deform, and remove historic connections; it became habitual in the mental operations of the physical scientist and it was carried over into other departments. The extended use of money, to replace labor and service, likewise began during the same period of disintegration. Need I emphasize that in their origin Protestantism, science, and finance were all liberating influences? They took the place of habits and institutions which, plainly, were moribund, being incapable of renewal from within. Need I also emphasize the close historic inter-connection of the three things? We must not raise our eyebrows when we discover that a scientist like Newton in Seventeenth Century England or Rittenhouse in Eighteenth Century America became master of the mint, nor must we pass by, as a quaint coincidence, the fact that Geneva is celebrated both as the home of Jean Calvin and as the great center of watches and clocks. These connections are not mystical or metaphysical. The new financial order was a direct outgrowth of the new theological and scientific views. First came a mechanical method of measuring time: then a method of measuring space; finally, in money, men began more widely to apply an abstract way of measuring power, and in money they achieved a calculus for all human activity.

This financial system of measurement released the European from his old sense of social and economic limitations. No glutton can eat a hundred pheasants; no drunkard can drink a hundred bottles of wine at a sitting; and if anyone schemed to have so much food and wine brought to his table daily, he would be mad. Once he could exchange the potential pheasants and Burgundy for marks or thalers, he could direct the labor of his neighbors, and achieve the place of the aristocrat without being to the manner born. Economic activity ceased to deal with the tangible realities of the medieval world—land and corn and houses and universities and cities. It was transformed into the pursuit of an abstraction—money. When some incipient Rotarian finally coined the phrase, "Time is money," he expressed philosophically the equivalence of two ideas which could not possibly be combined, even in thought, so long as money meant houses, food, pictures, and time meant only what it does in Bergson's *durée*, that is, the succession of organic experiences.

Does all this seem very remote from the common life? On the contrary, it goes to the root of every activity. The difference between historical periods, as the late T. E. Hulme pointed out, is a difference be-

tween the categories of their thought. If we have got on the trail of these essential categories, we have a thread which will lead outward into even remote departments of life. The fact is that from the Seventeenth Century onward, almost every field is invaded by this process of abstraction. The people not affected are either survivals from an older epoch, like the Roman Catholics in theology or the humanists in literature, or they are initiators who are working through to a new one. Last, and most plainly of all, the disintegration of medieval culture became apparent in politics.

Just as "matter," when examined by the physicist, is extracted from the matrix of our daily experience, so the "individual" was abstracted by the political philosopher of the new order from the bosom of human society. He ceased, this individual, to maintain his omnipresent relations with family, household, club, college, guild, and office: he became the new unit of political society. Having extracted this purely conceptual person in thought—he had, of course, no more actual existence than an angel or a cherub—the great problem of political thinking in the Eighteenth Century became: How shall we restore him to society?—for somehow we always find man, as Rousseau grimly said, in chains, that is, in relations with other human beings. The solution that Rousseau and the dominant schools of the time offered was ingenious: each individual is endowed with natural rights, and he votes these political rights into society, as the shareholder votes his economic rights into a trading corporation. This principle of consent was necessary to the well-being of a civil society; and assent was achieved, in free national states, through the operation of the ballot, and the delivery of the general will by a parliament.

The doctrine broke the weakening chain of historical continuity in Europe. It challenged the vested interests; it was ready to declare the existing corporations bankrupt; it was prepared to wipe away the traditional associations and nets of privileges which maintained the clergy, the nobility, the guilds. On its destructive side, the movement for political liberty, like that for free contract, for free associations, for free investigation, was sane and reasonable; for the abuses of the past were genuine and the grievances usually had more than a touch of justice. We must not, however, be blind to the consequences of all these displacements and dissociations. Perhaps the briefest way of characterising them is to say that they made America inevitable.

IV

Now we begin to see a little more clearly the state of mind out of which the great migrations to the New World became possible. The physical causes have been dwelt on often enough; it is important to recognize that a cultural necessity was at work at the same time. The old culture of the Middle Ages had broken down; the old heritage lingered on only in the backward and unprogressive countries, like Italy and Spain, outside the main currents of the European mind. Men's interests had become externalized—and abstract. They fixed their attention on some narrow aspect of experience, and they pushed that to the limit. Intelligent people were forced to choose between the fossilized shell of an old and complete culture, and the new culture, which in origin was thin, partial, abstract, and deliberately indifferent to man's proper interests. Choosing the second, our Europeans already had one foot in America. Let them suffer persecution, let the times get hard, let them fall out with their government, let them dream of worldly success—and they will come swarming over the ocean. The groups that had most completely shaken off the older symbolisms were those that were most ready for the American adventure: they turned themselves most easily to the mastery of the external environment.

The ultimate results of this disintegration of European culture did not come out,

n America, until the Nineteenth Century. But its immediate consequences became visible, step by step, in the first hundred nd fifty years or so of American settlement. Between the landing of the first olonists in Massachusetts, New Amsterlam, Virginia, and Maryland, and the irst thin trickle of hunters and trappers vho passed over the Alleghanies, beginning figuratively with Daniel Boone in 775, the communities of the Atlantic eaboard were outposts of Europe: they arried their own moral and intellectual limate with them.

During this period the limitations in he thought of the intellectual classes had ot yet wrought itself out into defects nd malformations in the community tself: the house, the town, the farm were till modeled after patterns formed in Europe. It was not a great age, perhaps, ut it had found its form. Walking through he lanes of Boston, or passing over the wide lawns to a manor-house in Maryland, one would have had no sense of a great wilderness beckoning in the beyond. To tell the truth, the wilderness did not beckon: these solid townsmen, these freeholders, these planters were content with their civil habits; and if they thought of expansion, it was only over the ocean, in search of Palladian designs for their houses, or of tea and sperm-oil for their personal comfort. On the surface, people lived as they had lived in Europe for many a year.

In the first century of colonization, this life left scarcely any deposit in the mind. There was no literature but a handful of verses, no music except the hymn or some surviving Elizabethan ballad, no ideas except those that circled around the dogmas of Protestantism. But, with the Eighteenth Century, these American communities stepped fully into the sphere of European ideas, and there was an American equivalent for every new European type. It is amusing to follow the leading biographies of the time. Distinguished American figures step to on the stage, in turn, as if the Muse of History had prepared their entrances and exits. Their arrangement is almost diagrammatic; they form a résumé of the European mind. In fact, these Edwardses and Franklins, seem scarcely living characters: they were Protestantism, Science, Finance, Politics.

The first on the stage was Jonathan Edwards: he figured in American thought as the last great expositor of Calvinism. Edwards wrote like a man in a trance, who at bottom is aware that he is talking nonsense; for he was in love with beauty of the soul, like Plato before him, and it was only because he was caught in the premises of determinism that, with a heavy conscience, he followed his dire train of thought to its destination. After Edwards, Protestantism lost its intellectual backbone. It developed into the bloodless Unitarianism of the early Nineteenth Century, which is a sort of humanism without courage, or it got caught in orgies of revivalism, and, under the name of evangelical Christianity, threw itself under the hoofs of more than one muddy satyr. There were great Protestant preachers after Edwards, no doubt: but the triumph of a Channing or Beecher rested upon personal qualities, and they no longer drew their thoughts from any deep source of conviction.

All the habits that Protestantism developed, its emphasis on industry, upon self-help, upon thrift, upon the evils of "idleness" and "pleasure," upon the "worldliness" and wickedness of the arts, were so many gratuitous contributions to the Industrial Revolution. When Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was still a painter, travelling in Italy, he recorded in one of his letters the animus that pervaded his religious creed; the testimony loses nothing by being a little belated. "I looked around the church," he wrote, "to ascertain what was the effect upon the multitude assembled. . . . Everything around them, instead of aiding devotion, was entirely calculated to destroy it. The imagination was addressed by every avenue; music and painting pressed into the service

of—not religion but the contrary—led the mind away from the contemplation of all that is practical in religion to the charms of mere sense. No instruction was imparted; none ever seems to be intended."

It is but a short step from this attitude to hiring revivalist mountebanks to promote factory-morale; nor are these thoughts far from that fine combination of commercial zeal and pious effort which characterizes such auxiliaries as the Y. M. C. A. The fictions of poetry and the delusions of feeling were the bugbears of Gradgrind, Bounderby, and M'Choakumchild, in Dickens' classical picture of industrialism: for the shapes and images they called forth made those which were familiar to the Protestant mind a little dreary and futile. It was not merely that Protestantism and science had killed the old symbols: they must prevent new ones from developing; they must abolish the contemplative attitude in which art and myth grow up, and create new forms for men's activities. Hence the fury of effort by which the leaders of the new day diverted energies to quantitative production. Did not God's word say: "Increase and multiply?" If babies, why not goods: if goods, why not dollars? Success was the Protestant miracle that justified man's ways to God!

The next figure that dominated the American scene stood even more completely for these new forces. He was, according to the pale lights of his time, a thoroughly cultivated man, and in his maturity he was welcomed in London and Paris as the equal of scientists like Priestley, Erasmus Darwin, and Buffon, and of scholars like D'Alembert and Diderot. As a citizen, by choice, of Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin adopted the plain manners and simple thrifty ways of the Quakers. He went into business as a publisher, and with a sort of sweet acuteness in the pursuit of money, he imparted the secrets of his success in the collection of timely saws for which he became famous. The line from Franklin through Samuel Smiles to the latest advertisements, in the pape that dates back to Franklin's ownershi for improving one's position and doublin one's income is a pretty direct one. If on prefers Franklin's bourgeois qualities t those of his successors, it is only, perhaps because his life was more fully rounded If he was not without the usurious habit of the financier, he had also the dignit and freedom of the true scientist.

For Franklin was equally the money maker, the scientist, the inventor, and th politician, and in science his fair boast wa that he had not gained a penny by any c his discoveries. He experimented wit electricity; he invented the lightning roc he improved the draft of chimneys; i fact, on his last voyage home to America shortly before his death, he was still im proving the draft of chimneys. Finally he was a Deist: he had gotten rid of all th "gothick phantoms" that seemed s puerile and unworthy to the quick mind of the Eighteenth Century—which mean that he was completely absorbed in th abstractions and myths of his own time namely, matter, money, and politica rights. He accepted the illusion of time time is money; the importance of space space must be conquered; the desirabilit of money: money must be made; and h did not see that these, too, are phantoms in preoccupation with which a man ma lose most of the advantages of a civilized life. As a young man, Franklin even in vented an elaborate system of moral-book keeping: utilitarianism can go no further

Although Franklin's sagacity as statesman can hardly be over-rated, for h had both patience and principle, th political side of the American thought o his time is best summed up in the doctrine of a new immigrant, that excellent friend of humanity, Thomas Paine. Paine's nam has served so many purposes in polemic that scarcely anyone seems to take the trouble to read his books; and so more than one shallow judgment has found it way into our histories of literature written by worthy men who were incap

ble of enjoying a sound English style, or of following, with any pleasure, an honest system of thought, clearly expressed. "The Rights of Man" is as simple as a geometrical theorem; it contains, I think, most of what is valid in political libertarianism. I know of no other thinker who saw more clearly through the moral humbug that surrounds a great many theories of government. Said Paine:

> Almost everything appertaining to the circumstances of a nation has been absorbed and confounded under the general and mysterious word government. Though it avoids taking to its account the errors it commits and the mischiefs it occasions, it fails not to arrogate to itself whatever has the appearance of prosperity. It robs industry of its honors by pedantically making itself the cause of its effects; and purloins from the general character of man the merits that appertain to him as a social being.

Passage after passage in "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason" is written with the same pithiness. Paine came to America as an adult, and saw the advantages of a fresh start. He believed that if first principles could be enunciated, here, and here alone, was a genuine opportunity to apply them. He summed up the hope in reason and in human contrivance which swelled through the Eighteenth Century. Without love for any particular country, and without that living sense of history which makes one accept the community's past, as one accepts the totality of one's own life, he was the vocal immigrant, justifying in his political and religious philosophy the complete break he had made with old ties, affections, allegiances.

V

Unfortunately, a man without a background is not more truly a man: he has merely lost the scenes and institutions which gave him his proper shape. If one studies him closely, one will find that he has secretly arranged another background, made up of shadows that linger in the memory, or he is uneasy and restless, settles down, moves on, comes home again, lives on hopeless tomorrows, or sinks back into mournful yesterdays. The immigrants who came to America after the War of Independence, gave up their fatherland in exchange for a Constitution and a Bill of Rights: they forfeited all the habits and institutions that had made them men without getting anything in exchange except the rights of citizenship. When they migrated in bodies, like the Moravians, they sometimes managed to maintain some sort of cultural life; when they came alone, as "free individuals," they gained little more than cheap land and the privileges of the ballot-box. The land itself was all to the good, and no one minded the change, or felt any lack, so long as he did not stop to compare the platitudes of the Fourth of July orations with the actualities of Constitutional Conventions, Alien and Sedition Acts, and Fugitive Slave Laws. It was possible for Paine, in the Eighteenth Century, to believe that culture was served merely by the absence of a church, a state, a social order such as those under which Europe labored. That was the error of his school, for the absence of these harmful or obsolete institutions left a vacancy in society, and that vacancy was filled by work, or more accurately speaking, by "busy work," which fatigued the body and diverted the mind from the things which should have enriched it. Republican politics aided this externalism. People sought to live by politics alone; the national state became their religion. The flag, as Professor Carleton Hayes has shown, supplanted the cross, and the Fathers of the Constitution, the Fathers of the Church.

The interaction of the dominant interests of industry and politics is illustrated in Paine's life as well as in Franklin's. Paine was the inventor of the take-down iron bridge. Indeed, politics and invention recurred rhythmically in his life, and he turned aside from his experiments on the iron bridge to answer Edmund Burke's attack on the French Revolution. "The War of Independence," as he himself said, "energized invention and lessened the

catalogue of impossibilities. . . . As one among thousands who had borne a share in that memorable revolution, I returned with them to the enjoyment of a quiet life, and, that I might not be idle, undertook to construct a bridge of a single arch for this river [the Schuylkill]."

"So that I might not be idle!" What a tale those words tell! While the aristocracy was in the ascendant, patient hirelings used to apply their knowledge of hydraulics to the working of fountains, as in Versailles, or they devised automatic chess-players, or they contrived elaborate clocks which struck the hour, jetted water, caused little birds to sing and wag their tails, and played selections from the operas. It was to such inane and harmless performances that the new skills of the exact arts were first put. The bored patron was amused; life plodded on; nothing was altered. But in the freedom of this new day, the common man, as indifferent to the symbols of the older culture as the great lords and ladies, innocent of anything to occupy his mind, except the notion of controlling matter and mastering the external world—the common man turned to inventions. Stupid folk drank heavily; ate gluttonously, and became libertines; intelligent, industrious men, like Franklin and Paine, turned their minds to increasing the comforts and conveniences of existence. Justification by faith: that was politics: the belief in a new heaven and a new earth to be established by regular elections and parliamentary debate. Justification by works: that was invention. No frivolities entered this new religion. The new devices all saved labor, decreased distances, and, in one way or another multiplied riches.

With these inventors, the American, like his contemporary in Europe, began the utilitarian conquest of his environment. From this time on, men with an imaginative bias, like Morse, the pupil of Benjamin West, men like Whitney, the schoolteacher, like Fulton, the miniature painter, turned to invention, or at least to the commercial exploitation of inventions without a qualm of distrust: it all seemed natural and inevitable. Not that America began or monopolized the development of the Industrial Revolution: the great outbreak of technical patents, in fact, began in England about 1750, and the first inklings of the movement were already jotted down in Leonardo da Vinci's notebooks. The point is that in Europe heavy layers of the older culture kept a large section of the directing classes in the old way. Scholars, literary men, historians, artists still felt no need of justifying themselves by "practical" activity. In America, however, the old culture had worn thin, and in the rougher parts of the country, it did not exist. No one in America was unaffected by the progress of invention; each improvement was quickly cashed in. When Stendhal wrote "L'Amour" the American love of comfort had already become a by-word: he refers to it with contempt.

Given an old culture in ruins, and a new culture *in vacuo*, this externalizing of interest, this ruthless exploitation of the physical environment was, it would seem, inevitable. Protestantism, science, invention, political democracy, all of these institutions denied the old values; all of them, by denial or by precept or by actual preoccupation, furthered the new activities. Thus in America the new order of Europe came quickly into being. If the Nineteenth Century found us more raw and rude, it was not because we had settled in a new territory; it was rather because our minds were not buoyed up by all those memorials of a great past that floated over the surface of Europe. The pioneer was thus a stript European; and the colonization of America can, with justice, be called the dispersion of Europe—a movement carried on by people incapable of sharing or continuing its past. It was to America that the outcast Europeans turned, without a Moses to lead them, to wander in the wilderness; and here they have remained in exile, a little more than the Biblical forty years.

WHITMAN IN CAMDEN

BY DANE YORKE

And now it would appear that Camden, New Jersey—where he spent eighteen years of his life and where, thirty-four years ago, he died—has finally adopted Whitman. They have named the new hotel—a town pride—the Walt Whitman. There are, also, a Walt Whitman garage and a Walt Whitman Building and Loan Association. They have bought the little frame house in Mickle street and turned it into a Whitman memorial. And I have seen, in a New York newspaper, a letter from an ardent Camden booster hailing the memorial as "an everlasting credit to its [Camden's] administration." True, it is creditable. But to me, remembering my years in Camden, and the contact I had with Old Camden—the generation that had personally seen and known Whitman—all this new enthusiasm simply means that the Camden I knew—Old Camden—is dead. And that New Camden—the generation that has grown up since Whitman—is now definitely in charge. How Old Camden must be turning in its grave!

For ten years I was in close, friendly, almost daily contact with the Whitman generation in Camden. I was not there to ferret out Whitman data but I did welcome, at first, the chance to listen to first hand stories about Walt's life, and my interest was intensified by the curious and marked disinclination on the part of Old Camden to discuss him. It was very evident that the town took no pride in him. Some—the non-readers—had known Walt simply as a town character, "a nice, friendly old man." But there was nothing remarkable in him—to them—to talk about. Others—members of the articulate, governing class—were not only not proud of him, but actually went out of their way to discourage anything even remotely resembling what they contemptuously called the Whitman cult. Today New Camden is naming the community hotel, of which it is so proud, after Whitman. Eighteen or twenty years ago the "better" opinion of Old Camden protested seriously at the mere inclusion of his name—as only one of a list of American poets—on the walls of the then new public library.

It was just not the thing in Old Camden to be interested in Whitman. There was an elderly friend of mine, a life-long resident, president of the Board of Education, amateur astronomer, Dante scholar, a man of wide reading and one who prided himself upon the catholicity of his acquaintance. I asked him one day if he had personally known Whitman. "Know him," he said, "I should say I did! But why are *you* interested in that smutty old man?" The question was typical of Old Camden. Even twenty-five years after Whitman's death a visitor encountered it. When he questioned another Old Camden resident—at that time, for all practical purposes, the literary censor of the town—the man exclaimed angrily that "we knew him [Whitman] as an incorrigible old beggar who lived very immorally . . . an old loafer."

Certainly I found that Old Camden was a very poor environment for the appreciation of Whitman the poet. Many and many a time after a talk with that generation I have had to deliberately put out of my mind the figure of Whitman, the man, that they portrayed. Because that figure coarsened and smutted and cheapened and

clouded the intent and purpose of every line the poet wrote. Through its repellent aura the poems read entirely differently. To enjoy them, to value them, that figure had absolutely to be forced to one side. More than once I regretted having disturbed Old Camden's reticence.

I found no help in Traubel. The gossipy, tolerant old saint, surrounded by his loving disciples, that Traubel portrayed was, to me, as far from the "Leaves" as the "smutty old beggar" that Old Camden offered in savage opposition. Neither figure rang true. And then I came across a group of stories in which a third Whitman stood out, different from both the beggar and the saint: a sturdy, likeable, understandable human being. This Whitman I came to regard as the real Old Camden Whitman. The others were built-up overlays.

Roughly there were two main periods in Whitman's life in Camden. The first—to which I found this new Whitman to belong—was from about 1874 to about 1883. Very little, that I have seen, has been written of that period. The second period began about 1884, with Whitman's purchase of the Mickle street house and lasted to his death in 1892. To that period may be ascribed the Traubel legend of the "saint" and Old Camden's legend of the "immoral beggar." During that time Old Camden seems to have gradually lost nearly all first-hand intimacy with Whitman. It could not overlook what it regarded as his irregular life. On that I offer the suggestion that in Old Camden—in any small town then or, for that matter, now—an unmarried man whose home was cared for by a resident housekeeper was sure to be the subject of local speculation, intensified in Whitman's case by the charges of literary immorality that constantly cropped up, especially after 1882. Certainly, in all the stories I heard from Old Camden I never heard one direct story of personal immorality on Whitman's part nor even one indirectly drawn from anything that had happened in Camden.

I never knew Traubel, but Old Camden's dislike for him was very apparent. Old Camden, alas, was not alone in that. John Burroughs, Whitman's early champion, so disliked Traubel that when he was asked to contribute to a fund to aid Traubel with his Whitman writings he refused with the caustic remark that, "Traubel wrote such gush and rot I'd have given a purse to have him stop." Kennedy, another friend, bitterly refers to the "little German Jew of Camden" and to his "spying" on Whitman. Donaldson, another intimate, records with evident satisfaction—although without mentioning names—that in Whitman's last illness Traubel was so busy with his notebook and pencil that the sick man asked that he be kept from the room. And Whitman's physician has told how, after that request, Traubel and others would stand outside the door of Whitman's room greedily listening for "last" words. And how one day their whispering and the rustling of their papers so annoyed the dying man that he wearily asked, "Are those damned fools out there this afternoon?"

There is no question but Traubel genuinely worshipped Whitman. In his own words he regarded the poet as a messiah. But his nature was too narrow and doctrinaire to reflect accurately the man he attempted to mirror. There is evidence that Whitman correctly appraised him, and it is interesting to note that although the acquaintance between the two began around 1874, yet it was not until about 1887, when increasing age and disability kept the old man largely housebound and helpless, that Traubel seems to have assumed any important part in his life. It was in those feeble years that Traubel's notebook and pencil came into play—the years when, as Whitman himself said, his chief concern was not expression but the mere living from day to day. When

> As I sit writing here, sick and grown old,
> Not my least burden is that dulness of the years, querulities,
> Ungracious glooms, aches, lethargy, constipation, whimpering ennui,
> May filter in my daily songs.

Whitman's first Camden period, as I have said, began about 1874, when he came to live there with his brother, the Colonel George Whitman with whose nursing—in 1862—commenced his service as a volunteer army nurse. At that time (1874) Whitman was about fifty-four and so badly disabled from the paralytic attack of '73 that practically all of the next two years was spent in nursing himself back to some semblance of his old activity. Much of that time was spent away from Camden and on Big Timber Creek, as recorded in "Specimen Days." By 1876 Whitman had gained greatly—although Carpenter who visited him that year speaks of the dragging leg—and in 1877 he was able to travel extensively in the West. After that year, however, most of his time was spent in Camden. He seems to have visited much in Old Camden homes, he was widely known in all circles of the town's life, and he was apparently liked. He was not then, so far as I could ever find, regarded either as a great man, an immoral man, or a beggar. He was poor and people helped him, but there was no taint of beggary, and this voluntary assistance was rendered simply because of respect for his war history and his disability. Certainly, the fact that he was living in his brother's home would indicate that he was not dependent upon or in need of alms to enable him to exist.

II

It was during this first period, about 1878, I believe, that Whitman became an intimate of an interesting little group of Old Camden. It was the stories of his meetings with that group that first revealed to me the Whitman that Old Camden had really known. "A Locomotive in Winter," which first appeared in the 1881 edition of the "Leaves," was discussed by Whitman before publication with a young member of that circle. At one of the meetings (after 1877 and before 1881) Whitman simply said, "I want to write a poem about a locomotive. Give me some ideas." The young man volunteered that he had recently seen a locomotive at night, its belching fire casting weird shadows on the ground and on the streaming smoke, the engineer and fireman in the lurid light looking like demons, and that he had been profoundly impressed by the ghastly character of it all. Whitman listened attentively, said, "That's all right," and afterwards produced "To A Locomotive in Winter".

The little group was a shifting informal body, semi-literary in type, that came together more or less casually at the home of this or that member. There were about ten members altogether, but the nucleus, the dominating figures, were Dr. Reynell Coates, Dr. James Ridge, Colonel Johnson and Whitman. All four had turned fifty. Johnson, whose home was the group's chief rendezvous, was an artist and rather widely travelled. He seems to have been a bearded, reflective type, and his rôle was principally that of host and listener. Dr. Ridge was a physician, a big-framed, powerful, Johnsonian figure with a Berserk love for argument. He had a taste for literature, dabbled in politics, was fond of music and played the violin. He was a formidable debater, but in debate he was far more intent on overawing and crushing his opponent than on establishing the truth under discussion. His favorite word was ignoramus. Once he proposed doing something unusual and someone objected: "Doctor, you don't want to do that. It will arouse public opinion." "Public opinion!" Ridge roared, "What the hell do I care about public opinion! Damn the public! Ignoramuses, 90 per cent of them!" Visiting a patient one day, he found the sick room almost hermetically sealed. Emphatically he ordered the windows opened and kept opened. Coming back some time later he found the family had disobeyed and again closed the windows. Instantly Ridge picked up the first object at hand, a hair brush, and threw it through the window glass. Almost before it had crashed he turned to the sick woman, shaking his finger at her in pas-

sionate earnestness: "Now don't *you* be afraid! I'm going to make you well in spite of these damned ignoramuses!" And the sheer fighting power of the man carried healing conviction.

All four of the group were big men physically. Coates and Johnson were often mistaken by strangers for Whitman, not because of facial resemblance but because all three dressed unusually, all had long white hair, and Johnson was also bearded like Whitman. Whitman, so tradition runs, finally quarreled with Johnson because the latter was suspected of having gone to Philadelphia, traded there on his resemblance to Whitman and been so royally entertained by admirers that later Whitman himself was seriously disturbed at the resultant reports of hilarious drinking. The Coates resemblance affords another interesting illustration of the fact that in Old Camden Whitman was not a preëminent character; he was as often mistaken for Coates as Coates was for him. The thing so annoyed Coates that he finally changed his style of dress and cut his hair in an effort to overcome his resemblance to "that da'fool Walt Whitman."

III

Unquestionably in the group itself Coates was looked upon as the outstanding figure. He was an interesting man. Born in 1802, seventeen years Whitman's senior, he was about eighty at the time of their chief contact. But age had not impaired his brilliancy nor his fiery temper and ungovernable pride. That temper and pride had made him break with friends and with family, and had ruined every serious effort of his life. One of the most revealing stories of the man is that of his feud with Daniel Webster. About 1836 an expedition was planned to explore the South Seas, and Coates was appointed head of the department of comparative anatomy. Previously he had made a voyage to India (in 1823, when he was 21) and his published notes of that voyage had drawn considerable attention in the circle of scientists. Something about the plans of the South Sea expedition did not quite suit him, so he went to Washington to urge his views upon Andrew Jackson, then President. During the interview Webster strolled into the room. He did not know Coates but Coates knew the famous Webster by sight. Coates's talk to the President was so blistering that finally Webster interjected: "If I were President Jackson I would start that expedition when I damn pleased." Instantly Coates turned on him and flashed: "What do you know about scientific matters? You're only a mere lawyer—a damned clod!" Webster was so impressed that he afterwards made inquiries, found out who Coates was and sent a card desiring further acquaintance. But Coates returned the card, first writing on the back: "My list of acquaintances is already larger than desirable. I have no wish to extend it." That was not the end. Later Coates became active in politics as a member of the Native American Party and in 1852 was nominated for Vice-President on the same ticket that had nominated Webster for President. When the news reached Coates's he became furious. "It's a kangaroo ticket!" he exclaimed. "The strongest legs are behind!" And he would neither meet Webster nor stump for him throughout the campaign.

Coates had won recognition in medicine, in politics and on the lecture platform. He was also known as a writer and had been honored by a special biographical article in a series called "Our Contributors," in *Graham's American Monthly Magazine* of 1846. Longfellow, Bryant, Poe, Dana, Fenimore Cooper and Lowell were similarly honored in the same series. In his literary work he was probably as complete a contrast to Whitman as could be imagined. The laudatory biographical article of 1846 says, "His [Coates'] intervals of leisure . . . have been occasionally occupied in toying with the Muses; . . . we find him bounding away into the region of fancy . . . in a style alternating, often with the

rapidity of lightning, from the playful to the pathetic or sublime."

His titles bear out this appraisal: "The Gambler's Bride" (a stock sob piece of the old school readers), "The Island Lyre," "Christian Charity," "The Grecian Maid," —all supreme examples of the things Whitman had early marked for avoidance: conventional themes, stock ornamentation, writing considered merely as an exercise of fancy. And to make the contrast more pointed the article continues: "It may be said of all the literary labors of Dr. Coates that they are *peculiarly safe* [the italics are in the original]. His genuine love of the species renders him incapable of catering to an immoral or degrading appetite, and this true refinement of feeling precludes all trespasses beyond the verge of modesty."

If Whitman ever expressed his opinion of Coates it has gone unrecorded. Coates' verdict on Whitman was sweeping and characteristic. Testily he would say, "The da'fool! [a favorite phrase, pronounced as one word] He can't even write a grammatical sentence. He puts words together like onions on a string without regard to size, shape, meaning, syntax, fitness or decency." Of all Whitman's work only one thing seems to have impressed him and that was "The Mystic Trumpeter." The haunting conception of the Trumpeter drew him strongly while the utter lack of form—in his opinion—violently repelled him. "The da'fool," he would say earnestly, "had a great idea and didn't know how to use it." Personally, I have always suspected that Coates' marked and bitter antagonism to Whitman ["He grew to hate Whitman like the devil," said Old Camden admiringly.] really represented a conflict in himself. Here was something he did not understand and his logical, scientific mind, puzzled at its own confusion, took refuge in absolute condemnation. "Nobody," he kept saying to the last, "nobody takes any stock in Whitman."

Naturally, two such pronounced individualities would clash. And those two did, repeatedly. Of all their clashes oral tradition has given me a detailed account of only one, apparently the last and the one that led Coates to cut his hair to avoid being again mistaken for Whitman on the street. The account of the quarrel is in the words of an eye witness. She had spoken of Whitman as having a "terrible temper." Then she went on: "One night Mother thought of inviting Dr. Coates and him to tea. I went to invite Dr. Coates. How he lived! [Coates was then absolutely poverty-stricken. His family was well to do, but he was estranged from it and would allow no help.] His bed was a mattress on four chairs. He told me he'd be there when he'd made his toilet. Poor Dr. Coates—his toilet! Why, he always wore a paper shirt bosom that bulged. Sometimes you saw nothing under it and again you saw an undershirt. I always imagined he had only the one shirt. Well, he came. He and Mr. Whitman didn't like each other. They were both egotistical and they couldn't get along. That night they fell to arguing about materialism. Really, we thought they'd throw the teacups at each other. We were very much concerned. They patched that up but soon fell to arguing about the Quakers wearing their hats in church and public places. [Coates was of Quaker descent.]

"Finally, they both got very angry. Dr. Coates said something and then Mr. Whitman said in his slow way, 'This isn't the first time you've been impertinent to me.' And Dr. Coates said, 'You're a liar!' With that he jumped up. He had great shaggy eyebrows, and when he was angry they worked up and down. They were working then. I've never seen anything like them. 'You needn't show me to the door,' he said to Mother, 'but if I should come to this house again and that man is here, tell me. I don't think I will come in.' And he marched off. Afterwards Mr. Whitman was very much upset about it. We all were."

Considering the subjects discussed, the place of discussion and the venerable age of Coates, that picture of Whitman battling over the teacups for such causes is certainly

out of alignment with the kindly, tolerant, somewhat simple-minded old saint that Traubel fathered. It is the picture of a very different man: a man full-blooded enough to get heated in argument; whose skin could be pricked; who was susceptible enough to opposition, even in unessential things, to resent it actively. Not a saint—but a very human being.

IV

And it was as such a figure, evidently, that that little group regarded Whitman in those early days. Night after night the four—Coates, Ridge, Johnson, Whitman—gathered at Johnson's house and talked and smoked and drank. Principally they talked. Whitman, so the tradition runs, "always brewed the drinks," but there was no report of over-indulgence. Rather, there was the lusty, vigorous discussion with incidental drinking that we associate with the old Mermaid Tavern and its group. The talk ranged widely: politics, religion, art, literature, science, philosophy. There was much quotation. Coates and Ridge were both fond of classical allusions and of reciting them at length in the dramatic, passion-shredding fashion of the day.

In it all Whitman seems to have taken his due part. His slow speech and thought put him, in argument, at a disadvantage against the powerful, dogmatic Ridge with his booming "ignoramuses," and against Coates with his nervous, testy "da'fool" and rich vocabulary. Yet, the group as a whole looked upon Whitman as "belonging." Not, however, on any basis of superior ability or accomplishment. They did not regard him as a great man, and his poetry they considered negligible. They simply thought of him as one of the boys. Certainly no meek, mushy figure would have lasted long with Ridge and Coates. Nor would they have tolerated "an incorrigible old beggar . . . who lived very immorally."

I don't know just when Whitman drifted away from the intimacy of the little group; the quarrels with Johnson and Coates may have had something to do with it. Neither do I know just when the group's—and Old Camden's—regard for Whitman, as an individual, changed. There *was* a change, a change so marked, in fact, that the earlier figure of Whitman was almost entirely overlaid and obliterated in Old Camden's memory, and replaced by the disreputable figure I first found.

I have always thought that perhaps the notoriety Whitman received in 1881 and '82, through the suppression of the "Leaves" in Massachusetts, marks the beginning of the change. At any rate, that incident again focussed attention on the sexual aspect of Whitman's writings, and the rapid sale of the 1882 edition (brought out in Philadelphia) gave his work much wider distribution in this country—and Old Camden—than ever before. Then, in 1883, came the Bucke "Life," hailing Whitman as a great figure. That pronouncement must have been rather stunning to Old Camden. And finally, in 1884, came Whitman's purchase of the Mickle street house and the gradual establishment of what the community regarded as his irregular household. I never heard anything to indicate that the little group of Johnson, Ridge and Coates ever gathered with Whitman in Mickle street. Nor was there anything to show even a continuance, after that time, of the former close intimacy. Certainly after 1884 or '85, Whitman's growing fame, his increasing disability and, particularly, the circle of "disciples" that gradually drew around him, all served to remove him more and more from the earlier contacts.

In the Old Camden stories that dated from the second period of Whitman's life there, the thing that impressed me was that those stories did not deal very much with Whitman himself. Rather they were stories, in disgusted, contemptuous vein, of the "disciples" and their methods of promoting Whitman's "fame," as Old Camden would have written the word. The birthday dinner of 1889—Whitman's

eventieth aniversary—seemed to stick ost in Old Camden's mind when its dis- ust was aired. And with cause. I have the ttle red volume that Traubel issued to ommemorate the event. It is entitled, Camden's Compliment to Walt Whit- an." Even without the evidence of Old amden the little book itself bears internal itness to the fact that the whole affair as deeply tinged with literary log-rolling. Vhitman himself was apparently not in ympathy with the effort. At any rate he emarked afterwards to his nurse that he didn't think much of the dinner. It was oo much gush and taffy." But Old Cam- en never heard that remark. It saw only he Whitman "disciples"—it did not even ealize that they were self-appointed—at heir frenzied hurryings to and fro, and verheard their careful planning to induce his or that "big name" to "recognize Valt." How far these boosters went is hown by some of the letters printed in the ittle book, obviously included solely be- ause of the famous names of their writers. Sometimes they were not even by the vriter himself. Tennyson, for instance, was epresented by a letter from his son which ead:

> My father has been yachting in the *Sunbeam*. He thanks you for your letter: he is not up to writing.
> Your banquet and speech seem to have been a great success. All congratulations.

That is all, yet since Tennyson's was *the* 'big name" just then that "recognition" eads all the rest. Then there was a letter rom Mark Twain, a long review of the eventy years through which Whitman ad lived, but there is no word in it to ndicate that he felt Whitman had done nything distinguished. Of course, there were, both in the book and at the dinner, genuine testimonials of respect, admira- ion and affection for Whitman. Such sin- cere admirers as Richard Watson Gilder and Hamlin Garland personally attended and spoke in honor of the poet. But essen- ially the affair was as artificially worked up as ever any dinner to promote the political boom of a favorite son.

The begging was another subject of the later stories. How much Whitman knew of what went on it is hard to say, but it is certain that a great deal was inspired by overzeal and misunderstanding. It seems to have been fairly common in those later days for visiting admirers to be so impressed by the poet's shabby surroundings—entirely satisfactory, though, to Whitman himself—as to go scurrying away to solicit relief for the Good Gray Poet. Old Camden always grimaced at the title. It had all the effect of a terribly trite slogan, so badly over-used had it been. That begging really seems to have been incorrigible. And it all came to a climax in 1890 when, through the building of the Whitman tomb (under the poet's own supervision), Old Camden and the crest-fallen admirers discovered that during all the time of these solicitations Whitman had been quietly banking his income only to "squander" it (as Old Camden considered) on the utter "vanity" (again the town's word) of the tomb.

But worst of all, and most deadly to Old Camden's former regard, was the idolatry. Said one disciple, "Walt Whitman is the Saviour, the Redeemer, of the modern world." Said another proudly, "I am dining today with the greatest man in the world." During Whitman's last illness Old Camden saw the Traubel group going about wringing hands, and heard their cry, "A greater than Christ is dying in your town today," and later heard the funeral ceremonies referred to as "the entombment of another messiah." It was all too much for it. The Walt Whitman it had known, slow of speech, a listener rather than a talker, kindly of face, cleanly of person, friendly of habit, unassuming of mind—that Walt Whitman was no superman, no messiah, but a human being. This other thing, this primped up, sentimentalized figure that the disciples talked of and so sedulously aped, was foreign and odious to it.

Whitman himself had not changed but Old Camden did not realize that. It had not heard him cry, "Oh! Oh! Don't plaster it

on too thickly. Please don't!" when the disciples became extravagant in their claims. It did not hear him jest at his own reputation when, in discussing his poor memory, he said, "I remember very few things out of the mass I have written. . . . The best people will tell you I ought to forget it as soon as I can." No, Old Camden did not know those things. The old first hand contact was gone, and, seeing from the outside only, it could not conceive how the things that were said and done, presumably in Whitman's name, could have been possible without Whitman's consent and encouragement. In disgust at the activities of the "disciples" Old Camden took refuge in reaction, in refusing "to be fooled," and Whitman became a figure not for pity or affection or admiration but rather one to be depreciated.

That feeling even went so far as to depreciate Whitman's war service. "Walt Whitman a war nurse!" exclaimed one member of Old Camden, "Oh, no, he never could have been. Why, one time my mother was ill with a combination of gout and bad stomach, and Whitman came to me and said, 'I heard your mother was sick, had a bad stomach, so I brought her some delicacies.' Delicacies!! He had brought her pork chops and sausage! He *couldn't* have been a nurse."

V

Three pictures stand out clearest of all my Old Camden memories. The first was the remark of an old deck-hand on the Camden ferries: "Sure, I knew Walt Whitman. He used to ride on the boat for an hour at a time. Had a pass. Liked to ride way up front so the wind could blow in his face. We used to make a lot of fun of the old man, and he always took it good natured except when we called him Grandpop. He didn't like that. He liked to be called Uncle." In "Specimen Days" Whitman himself alludes to those encounters: "And the ferrymen. Little they know how much they have been to me, day and night. How many spells of listlessness, ennui, debility, they with their hardy ways have dispelled."

The second picture dates from about 188[illegible] when Whitman's disability had so developed that a phaeton had been purchased for him. In it he drove about the Camden streets, and sometimes he would see walking a certain young wife, slender, barely twenty-two but with a plump, chubby cheeked child of four by her side. Always he would pull over to the curb to chat, with the invariable greeting, "Hello, little mother, your little girl's face is bigger than yours. You'll have to eat up." Says that mother in later years, "He had a wonderful rosy complexion and his hair was thick and white and his voice very gentle. He seemed the cleanest, kindest old man. I never could understand all the stories they told about him afterwards."

The third picture is the one I have already tried to suggest: the little group at Johnson's. Coates, "ragged, poor, proud but so brilliant when he began to talk"; Ridge, powerful, dogmatic, delighting in Gargantuan argument; Johnson, with his touch of art; and finally Whitman himself, listening much, speaking slowly, asking no quarter for himself or his opinions—and getting none, relishing the give and take and the man-to-man contact of it all and coming back steadily for more. Perhaps He had some of those evenings in mind when in "Sands at Seventy," he wrote:

> Have you learn'd lessons only of those who admired you, and were tender with you, and stood aside for you?
> Have you not learn'd great lessons from those who reject you, and brace themselves against you? Or who treat you with contempt, or dispute the passage with you?

Personally, I would trade the whole sentimental mass of Traubel for one good verbatim report of just one evening of that Whitman there among that group. For that *was* Whitman. Pity it is that to Old Camden that Whitman was forever obscured by the fawning, boosting admirers and that, in reaction, it set him down as squalid, disreputable beggar.

STATEN ISLAND

BY MILDRED EVANS GILMAN

THE *Theodore Roosevelt* bumps its sides and glides slowly into its slip. People swarm out to its forward deck, acked, waiting for the gates to be thrown pen. But some stay inside, walking slowly ehind the crowds and picking up the ewspapers lying on the seats: the *Daily Tews*, the *Graphic*, the *Mirror*, and the *Eve-ing Journal*. The crowd chatters Spanish, rench, Italian, Finnish, Danish, German, ish brogue, English—foreigners, most of iem, but violently Americanized. The abloid papers, to them, are America. Life s a series of murders and suicides, children un down by traffic, people who "fell or umped" under subway trains, little girls nd boys rescued from fires, mothers kiss-ng daughters beaten by fiends and mani-cs, wives fighting to keep their husbands rom being electrocuted.

These ferry-boat people flow out over he quiet pastoral island, lurid veins of ervous restlessness, pictorial head-line Americans. Aping the news pictures, they elephone the police on the slightest provo-ation. They kiss the flag and make pa-ades. They live with a grand gesture. 'Caruso" Mancusi, the ice-man, gives a all at Donlan's dance hall, over the beer arlor, to raise the money to make him a rand opera star. Hurray for the ice-man, he new Caruso! Everybody goes. He is in he Sunday supplements, grinning under a hunk of ice.

Mrs. Ivelou, out in the open fields near rince's Harbor, has been murdered, ac-epting a lift in a car. A fiend did it. No, a an she knew did it. *She* knew what his ntentions were, asking her to get into his ar on that lonely road. She did not. That's a lie! She'd never seen the man before. Is that so? Didn't they live in the same town? Weren't they old friends? Spread over the front pages of the tabloids are the woman's pictures, the man's pictures, the woman's mourning children, her mourning husband, the lonely spot, the automobile that lured her to death. Inside are editorials of warning, cartoons of warning. Something must be done about those lonely waste stretches!

II

Old Henriette Lacerteux has reached her one-hundred-and-fourth birthday—all alone, in her cottage that leans wearily over to one side. The cottage patiently waits for her death before it tumbles down into a worn-out heap. Her cat looks ancient. The fence leans. The wood-bin built on to the house sags. That is Mrs. Lacerteux sifting ashes, and it's a weary thankless job, but with coal so scarce and the price it is, what can one do?

"I attribute my old age to keeping busy, minding my own business. Why don't other people mind theirs? No sir, no one lives with me, nor I with them. I am here fifty-four years. So long ago I left my Normandy. No, I do not like to be old. What woman likes one-hundred-and-four years? Too much. May I never see another birthday! No, I'm not lonely here. Sometimes my grandchildren come. Blind? Not yet. A little sight is left. This one is finished."

She passes a finger casually before her red-rimmed blind old eye. Now her voice is coming faintly, forced by a mighty effort, pushed out of her old body.

"Surprise, surprise!" One-hundred-and-twenty-five school children rush in at the front gate, waving American flags. They burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner." The old lady almost falls over, but the reporter helps her to a chair. Someone has got a picture of her sifting ashes. Someone gets another of her on the porch, and a few flashlights in the house, and the fresh young school children, grinning, singing, eating, tramping down the lawn, muddying the carpets. She is half dead, the guest of honor, sitting there in her chair, her eyes closed, and at last they go out and leave her alone.

The floors are muddy; the curtains dragged down. Youngsters get into everything. The last of the ice-cream furnished by the entertainment committee of the Civic Improvement League melts in her cut-glass dish. Dirty plates, dirty saucers, crumbs, mud. "We'll be back to clean up tomorrow," some of the Civic Improvement League ladies said. They'll have to be. She's all worn out. She sits staring out of the thin slit that is left at Napoleon Bonaparte on the wall before her. Her mind is sick and old. It is a dizzy mad whirl. There is no party, no house, no sound of screeching singing in her ears. A heavy whirl carries her back, back, back, interminably through the years to that other time, around 1822, when her life was only color and sound,—mere sensations, as it is now. It is like falling through a pit, bottomless, shedding the long, long years. The old cat jumps up on to the couch beside her. Tomorrow they will come to clean up. "May the good God take me before another birthday! I am finished."

Saturday morning in the picture papers there is good old Mother Lacerteux, natural as life, at the ash-sifter, and there she sits on the porch of her quaint little cottage, surrounded by the school children, over a hundred of them—think of it!—and the ladies of the entertainment committee of the Civic Improvement League. It's wonderful what America does for the poor. It must mean a lot to the old lady to kno everyone's thinking of her on her day days. How she must look forward to i And her picture on the front pages of t papers! A million people seeing it, a over the country!

III

"It happened like this. He had the la load, the piano and the lamps, stuff h was most careful of, to move to Annada with the truck after he got through wor ing, and it was their last night in t house. The new people were to move this morning. Well, he was in a hurry ar he had his delivery man and his kid wit him. He could have made it easy a mon ago, but not now, no sir. These electri got the steam trains beat a mile, and man that is used to the old trains don think of it. Say, I nearly forgot it myse the other day, only I never race a tra —not me. 'Give 'em a wide berth,' say.

"He must of gotten panicky and tri to beat the two of 'em, one from eac direction. My God, there ain't enough the truck left—look at it! There's t chassis and way up at the station acro the tracks, that's the body. There's pa of the piano keyboard. Lord, that loo like his cap. Don't touch it! Leave ever thing. That's the law. Don't carry awa nothing! They may want to start suit."

"I want you two fellows to understan the bell was ringing and the red light w working. I have three witnesses. It w the man's own fault. Of course it is a ve painful occurrence, and I feel deeply f those he left behind, but the man toc his own risk."

"Yeah, but what's going to happen his widow and his kids? That kid he ha with him? He threw him off just in tim He could have jumped along with Lou if he hadn't saved the kid."

"But you don't seem to realize it isn the fault of the railroad, however awf the nature of the accident."

"And they got that new house half
aid for at Annadale. She won't be able
o keep up the payments."

"That's all very well—there goes the
heriff. I want to see him."

"Lousy bum! None o' those guys got
ny heart. What did she say when they
old her?"

"Fainted. They didn't tell her he was
ead then, but she knew. She seen the
uck."

"I always said they'd get someone at
his crossing."

"Somebody's going to step on the third
ail next. It's a damn shame there ain't
o law fencing them off. It's an outrage.
omething ought to be done."

"Grab that kid! He picked up the cap.
ay that down right where you found it!
on't touch nothing! Go on, git out of
ere, you kids!"

"They took her picture kissing the kid
mil. That was a rotten picture she give
hem of him—in his *overalls!* But she was
ll upset. She told the man she couldn't
nd the one taken when they was married.
he's half crazy, poor woman, they been
elling her she can't get a cent out of the
ailroad."

"The poor dopes, they shouldn't of told
er so quick. She can always fight, can't
he? I see in the *News* a fellow gets a
housand dollars for loss of his daughter's
ociety, and she gets ten thousand for five
roken ribs and a sprained ankle. You can
oak 'em for anything now-days."

IV

God is against them. All luck has left
hem. Josita's baby is born two weeks
efore the nine months; only two weeks
ore and they'll be married nine months.
ut how people talk! And then it dies, and
first-born dead is such bad luck, and the
icture Nicholas takes of it in the coffin
omes blank.

Angelo is bitten by a dog and the man
ides the dog, and Angelo's hand swells
nd swells, till finally they take him off
to the hospital. He comes out good in the picture, but dark, against the sheets. That nurse holding his hand! Nine children bitten in two weeks on the Island. All dogs must be muzzled. Every family has a dog. How funny the dogs look pawing their muzzles. But that man with the dog that bit Angelo hides it!

Annie falls down and breaks off her two front teeth. Holy Jesus, when things begin to happen, there is no end! Mrs. Sciata weeps all the time, rocking back and forth. Sometimes she shrieks, and little Tony suffers from the milk. He gets thinner and thinner. At night he cries from pain. "You spoil the milk by getting excited," says the visiting nurse. But how can she be calm! Maria has consumption. They have taken her away. She writes home, but no one can answer her. Rosie only begins to learn writing. Mrs. Sciata cannot write her own name, and Tony Sciata cannot write his. She rocks and moans, and the baby gets sicker and sicker. "The children's throats are bad," says the visiting nurse. Mrs. Sciata takes them over to the priest and has their throats blessed with candles, against the throat sickness, but God sends it to them all the same. That priest isn't so good as Father Antonio in the city.

The Sciatas have surely angered God. He takes away Tony Sciata's work. They are poor, suffering, weeping. Only red wine makes them forget. Long, long ago, in the Summer-time, they sang late into the night. Dozens of relatives and friends came out from the city—car-loads of people turned in at Tony Sciata's house. What feasts they had, of chicken and ravioli, spumoni and red wine! The children shouted, the babies slept, all were happy. But then came Winter, and sickness, and the curse of God. The gas is turned off. The electricity is turned off. Any day now they will be put out into the streets, to lose all that money Tony paid down for the house. No work, no money. They shiver and moan all day long and say their prayers on their beads.

V

"Call the bolice! I want them to come after my hosband!"

"But, Mrs. Astrom, not the police!"

"Call them, or *I* call them. He is dronk. He knocks the dinner off the table. He breaks the dish my brother gives me on our vedding. Cut glass. I hate him. I want him punish. All right then, Mrs. Killman, *I* call them."

"It may cost you a lot of money."

"Money?" Down goes the receiver on to the hook.

"Sure, for a fine."

"Don't they yust lock him up all night and scare him?"

"Oh no, they may charge you money and *keep* him locked up, and he'll lose his job and you'll be disgraced. They'll have his name and his picture in the records."

"What I do, Mrs. Killman? Oh, what I do? That man! Some wop gives it to him. He don't got money. He gives me all his pay."

"You wait here. I'll go over and talk to him."

He walks back and forth in the little kitchen like a wild animal, but tears are streaming down his cheeks.

"Mrs. Killman, what for you here? Oh, Mrs. Killman, that vife!"

He staggers, lunges forward, wheels around on to a chair and sits with his legs stretched out.

"Money, money, money—all she vants is money. I vork. She vork. We make money, money. She vants more. Ve got too much money, tree houses. I come home, Mrs. Killman, I'm all tired out, vork, vork all day for that voman, first here, then I go Yoisey to vork, then I come back here, now she says ve go to Florida. Dere's a pig poom. I don't go. Put down my foot on it. Ve got good home. What's matter? Can't I have no peace? Must ve move all time, sell houses, make more money? Oh, Mrs. Killman, my heart is break. See dose arms—such muscle, such a big strong man I am. Feel dem muscles. Yust like iron. I come home tir out. Building houses, he is cold yob d de outside, dis vedder. Such a dinner find. Cold meat. Cold food! She tire What for she vork? Why she clean at vash and earn more money as I do? I ta you, Mrs. Killman, America no good f vimen. In Finland, she is good vife; he no good.

"Oh *so*, she gats de boliceman. A right, I kick boliceman out. This m house. I pay for it. I own it. No ma comes in my house. She don't come in m more. I lock the door. No, I don't va ever see her—I'm poor man—vork hard I kill dat boliceman. What she vant bolice? What I do? Don't I vork? Te her, go to hell."

"I'll bring her over, Mr. Astrom, an you eat your dinner nicely and everythin will be all right. She doesn't mean ha she says. Sit down here now and wh she comes she'll get your dinner for yo Sit down nicely, Mr. Astrom."

"I don't sit down. I vant to stand up

"Here comes your wife. Now be nic Mr. Astrom."

"Oh, you come here? Get oud. You va to put me in yale. Ay—I break your bones

"Run, Mrs. Killman, out the front wa he's crazy dronk. See, what did I say run! Let me go! Don't touch me. Oug See, didn't I tell you?"

"Voman, stay here! You don't go o calling no bolice. All right, you get ou I lock de doors. You don't get in no mor All right, I don't ever let you in no mor Good! Go on! Get oud!"

"Mrs. Killman, I sit in your house t he goes to sleep. No, I don't call the bolic What I tell that man in the morning! H won't never do it no more. One more tim I don't live with him. Mostly, he is good. For five years, I am changing m life, and he is quiet and kind—he is fi years younger as me, Mrs. Killman. He good man, only when some crazy wo gives him wine. Them wops it don't ma ter—they drink from babies. Look, he gone down in the basement. No, he's wal

; in the kitchen. Hilma, go sneak in
l turn off the light. Such a big base-
nt light, Mrs. Killman. Hilma!"
'I'm scared, ma."
'Hilma, you go! Such big bills in the
nter. Always money, money, I don't
ow where it goes. Here's the key,
lma. Go quiet. He don't hear you."

VI

)id any of them die, Mrs. Murphy?"
"Three of thim, God rist their souls!
l have hod sivinteen. Norah fill out a
ird-story window; Mary hod convul-
)ns with whooping cough. And a still-
rn."
"My, that's awful. But the fourteen
at you have must keep you busy. That's
ite a family! And this is the baby.
ello there, Sonny."
"Four of thim born since I got thot
:ter you see over there framed from
isident Roosevelt."
"I was just noticing that. It's very inter-
ting. Some day that letter's going to be
)rth lots of money."
"I wouldn't take a mint of money for
now. I wish he could see this. They
ok like stips, don't they? That Barney
)d to move. He's a fresh one. They took
e picture so sudden I hod scarce time to
ash their faces lit along, change their
)thes. I always filt the Prisident took a
rsonal interest like in our family, enjoy-
g big families the way he did."
"What I actually came for, Mrs. Mur-
y, is the story of why you did it. What
is your motive in turning on the gas?
notice it wasn't in any of the morning
pers. There *was* a motive, wasn't there,
rs. Murphy? Something happened? You
uldn't have grown despondent in the
dst of all these beautiful children."
"Dispondint, I was like to crazy! Thot
nmy, I sint him to the store. He has a
enty dollar bill, straight from John's
y invilope. There ain't another nickel
the house. 'Jimmy,' says I, 'git the
)ceries and take care of the change.
Take care of the change!' I calls after him, but he's a careful boy and I hod no fear, needing the groceries badly and in a hurry.

"Jimmy comes in and throws the bag on the table, and I'm not here, so he runs out to play.

"I take out the groceries—Oh, my God, I can't speak it. Jimmy, git out of my sight! It happened so soon ago. I calls in Jimmy. 'Where's the change!' 'The change?' says he. 'There wasn't any change. The man hod none. So I charged thim and brought back the bill.' 'Give me the money,' says I. 'It's in the bag,' says he. 'The bag!' And I fill down like dead."

"Ma already trew it on de fire."

"Ya, she boined up de twenty dollars."

"She went like crazy and she toined on de gas in de terlet, and my sister smelt it and got her out."

"Them Finnegans called up the paper. We never done it."

"You hadn't become unconscious then when you were rescued?"

"Nah, she hadn't even fell over."

"Shut your heads, you kids! Git out of here! Who's tilling this story?"

The young reporter stared politely above the quarrel at President Roosevelt's letter, hanging beside the picture of Christ holding a bleeding heart.

"What is your opinion of birth control, Mrs. Murphy?"

VII

"I know you're going to love Staten Island. Everyone does. It's so healthy here. Richmond is the healthiest of the five boroughs, you know. And you can be right out in the country, but with the city so handy. I love the ferry-boat ride, don't you? And then when we get our subway, that is promised—have you thought of investing in Staten Island real estate? It's as safe as government bonds and the return is much higher.

"That smell? No, that's not a Staten Island smell. It comes from Jersey, just when the wind's in a certain direction. I like this block, don't you, it's so quiet

and homelike and the neighbors are so—

"No, there's just the one Italian family and they're very quiet and unobjectionable. They're eager to get Americanized; they try very hard to be like us. I shouldn't consider them a detriment to any street, should you, Ed?"

"Why, no, to be perfectly honest, I shouldn't. A good industrious foreigner, trying to be an American citizen as soon as he can, is next best to the real sure enough product. The Sciatas are all right. However, the block is safeguarded against that sort of thing happening again. Restricted neighborhood now. Nobody can pull any monkey-shines again. That old man would have sold to niggers to get his money."

"Ed, what will your new neighbor think of you, hearing you talk this way?"

"I can't help it. I never liked that man. You know how it is: you can tell right off the bat whether you're going to like a fellow or not. He did me a dirty turn once, when I opened a moving-picture theatre at South Beach. Oh, yes, I've been in lots of things. There isn't much that I haven't tried my hand at. Lumber, retail hardware, telegrapher. During the war I invested very heavily in shipping and I was on the edge of making real money when —fluey—the war stops. Knocks the bottom out of everything. Yes sir, if the war had lasted one more year, we'd be on Easy Street now, wouldn't we Ella?"

"Yes, we would. But don't think about it. Things always seem to go just a little bit wrong for us."

"Now, I wouldn't say that, Ella. We're comfortable. I manage to keep a roof over our heads. The children aren't starving. They have shoes on their feet."

"Oh, *Ed!*"

"You ought to think over this 'own your own home' proposition, though. This is the time to get in on the ground floor. Prices have doubled in the last ten yea and the next ten will see a bigger ju than that. There's no doubt of it. WI when that subway gets through—say this place is going to put Long Island the map.

"Tell your husband I'm coming in a little heart-to-heart talk with him so evening. Not about this—another lit matter, of vital importance to him—a you—and the kiddie. I don't know j how much he has tied himself up for, I I know it's not enough. It usually isn And I don't know whether he realizes extra hazard he runs now that he is wo ing in New York. Accident insurance cheap here, considering the risk run. Thi of the subway accidents, and eleva smash-ups, and scaffoldings falling on destrians, and the traffic situation. A low takes his life in his hands around he Tell him I'll be in to write him up a n little policy some evening, and he can sure that if Charlie Gantz stands beh it, it is O. K.

"Come over here. Look out this w dow. How's that for a sunset? You ca beat that anywhere, can you? Say, you going to be rooting for this little island another month or two. I'll give you months. After that, you'll think anybod a sucker that lives anywhere else. A between you and me, Hylan avenue l got almost any street on Staten Isla backed off the map. Near the ocean, n the railroad station, restricted, good sto handy, good school, two churches—

"Run over any time. The missus h hankers for company. To be quite fra with you, I'm glad to welcome an Am ican family, a good hundred perce American family to the neighborhoo We Yankees have got to stick togeth haven't we? Take this cigar over to yo husband, with the compliments Charles Albert Gantz."

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Democracy.—The failure of democracy s of a piece with the failure of marriage ince the so-called emancipation of women. Vhere there is the theory of equality mong persons living under the same roof r under the same flag there can be no ound and workable organization. Na- ional content, permanent prosperity, hap- piness and strength in unity are to be btained only where there is an outstand- ng dictator, and such a dictator, like the uccessful husband, must be born not out f the hypothetically shrewd meditation f his people or, in the instance of the usband, of his wife, but out of their omance and willing subservience. A king vas the father of Cinderella's prince. Men may follow, but they do not and never vill lay down their lives, their intelligence nd their derisory humor for a fellow itizen from a cow State in a Stein-Bloch hree-piece suit, an Arrow collar and a Dunlap derby hat.

The Message of Art.—As ridiculous as the heory that great art exercises an enno- bling influence upon man and inculcates in him a prompt and overwhelming passion or close psychic association with God, he angels and the League for the En- orcement of Prohibition, is the sister heory that great art must inevitably arry a message to man. Great art, in point of fact, carries no such thing; rather s it great art for the directly opposite eason. It carries with it, true enough, the nessage of its own technical beauty, but o call that a message, in the way the vord is generally used, is like saying that auerkraut carries with it its own taste nd catharsis. Everything has its message, if one wishes to put a fine point upon mundane phenomena and if one has a mind to make the language conceal the nonsense of one's reasoning; but art, precisely speaking, has no other actual message than its internal dignity and splendor. What, conceivably, is the nature of the "message" of "Huckleberry Finn," of the "Iliad," of Michelangelo's sculpture, of a Brahms trio, of Raphael's portrait of him- self, or of the Grand Central Station? The message in each of these cases is simply, and nothing more, than this: that a great artist has achieved perfect form in his own particular domain of art. That is the only message that real art carries. The messages that certain critics speak of—these critics who conceive of art as a branch of the Western Union—are reserved for imita- tions of authentic art. Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," Gounod's "Nazareth" and Long- fellow's "Hiawatha" have messages and duly convey them to the boobs, but Shake- speare's "Twelfth Night," a Beethoven fantasia and Chaucer's "The Assembly of Fowls" have no more of a message than so many brilliant stars in the heavens. There are certain exceptions, of course, as there are always exceptions. But, taking great art on the whole, we find it to be as devoid of evangelism as a perfect Spring day, a perfect flower or any other such analogous masterpiece of God's making.

Fortune-Tellers.—In the crusade of the ordained constabulary against clairvoy- ants, crystal-gazers, fortune-tellers, palm- ists and other such professors of the joys and sorrows of tomorrow, one detects the usual American official device of making a great show by hitting such members of

the community as have no power to strike back. The authorities are simply up to their now venerable trick of blinking conveniently when the bloodhounds go by and of displaying their strength against the helpless mutts. If there were so many as two millionaires or two men with political power who were to don black velvet peignoirs, smell up their back parlors with corner drugstore incense and begin to predict magnificent amours to fat women with double chins, the authorities would indulge in a second thought before proceeding against the professional seers either in part or as a whole. But as the prognosticating profession is made up entirely of nothing more impressive and dismaying than ex-dentists, gynecologists who have lost their licenses, Armenian rug dealers who have exhausted their easy pickings and Jewish traveling gents who have grown long moustaches and changed their names to Abdul, Yasim and Hamid, the gendarmerie has nothing to hold it back and accordingly lets moral nature take its course.

Yet what is the specific charge against these soothsayers? The charge against them is that they swindle the public by professing to do something that is not within their power. They take money on the theory that they are able to foretell events, on the presumption that they are privy to the secrets of the future, on the assurance that they can indicate cures, alleviate ills and suggest the means of future well-being. Well, so do the chiropractors and osteopaths; so do the gentlemen of the clergy; so do the stock and bond dealers of Wall Street; so do the Florida realtors; so do the advertisers who guarantee that they can grow hair on bald heads, teach the piano by mail in thirty days, and make a brilliant conversationalist and great social favorite out of a millhand. These persons, however, unlike the fortune-tellers, have, the most of them, organizations of their own kind to protect them or influence enough in one direction or another to keep the civic uhlans from making raids upon them. Yet they are, i their several ways, equally dubious. If fortune-teller predicts that a client wi make a pot of money if he invests his hard earned savings in this or that oil stock the stockbroker does the same thing; an one's guess is as good as the other's. If fortune-teller promises future happiness c future woe, so does a clergyman. And if fortune-teller suggests to his client that magnetized horseshoe carried in the rea pants pocket will cure his long-standin thrombolymphangitis, a chiropractor tel his that a manipulation of one of his rib will cure his long-standing gout, ga stones, dandruff, stammering and loss c hearing.

American Criticism.—"Elephants," wrot Swift, "are always drawn smaller tha life, but a flea always larger." In the sam way are the stature and bulk of the rea artist amongst us relatively diminishe by the magnification of the stature an bulk of the inferior artist. The chief faul of American criticism is its warm hospi tality to second-rate striving. It often dul appreciates the authentic artist, but de tracts from that appreciation by an over valuation of the dubious artist. Every thing that has been written in praise o Cabell has also at one time or another bee written in praise of Donn Byrne. Every thing that has been written in praise o Sherwood Anderson and Dreiser has at on time or another been written also o James Oliver Curwood.

Suggested Argument Against Prohibition b the Authors' League.—Charles Lamb wa such a boozer that it required the com bined efforts of Coleridge, Hazlitt an Wordsworth, his fellow tipplers, to stag ger up the stairs with him and get him into bed. Anatole France, according to hi secretary, Brousson, consumed a quart o cognac every time he composed a critique and stated that the only review he ever wrote for the *Temps* which got him the special commendation of his editor was a

feuilleton he wrote when he was so tewed that he hadn't the slightest notion he had ever written it and didn't recognize t when he saw it in print. Jules Lemaître drank so much that his inamorata, Mme. le Loynes, always brushed his lips with rose water before allowing him to bestow upon her a loving smack. Ibsen was one of the greatest *Biersäufer* to whom the *Oberkellner* of the Café Luitpold ever vouchsafed a *Grüss Gott*, and Wagner was the delight of the *Wirte* at Bayreuth. Shakespeare, in his earlier years and when he was making the reputation that will never die from man's memory, drank regularly every night he had the money from ten o'clock until two the next morning. Lessing put the breweries of Hamburg on their feet and caused them to pay increased dividends to their stockholders. Stephen Crane knew intimately all the most conspicuous bartenders of his day, and Thomas Hardy, like Conrad before him, keeps a carafe of port handy on the sideboard. When Jack London gave up rum, his writing went to pot.

Swift loved his liquor, as did Chaucer. Rostand's favorite beverage was the white wine of Bordeaux, Château de Suiduiraud in particular, and Marcel Proust's is Château Climens. Congreve drank a quart of Burgundy every night at dinner, and washed it down with several ponies of brandy. Ambrose Bierce's taste was for straight whiskey, provided only the glasses were big enough, and Nathaniel Hawthorne's penchant was for ale. Sterne was off the stuff only in his unproductive years; the moment he took to ethyl alcohol he produced "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey." William Schwenk Gilbert lived up to the traditions of his middle name, and Fielding wrote "Joseph Andrews" in a mildly pickled state. Sir Charles Napier wrote his one and only book, "War in Syria," after his physician had prescribed a moderate daily use of alcohol after a long and deleterious period of abstinence. Under the assumed name of Dr. Schmidt, Schiller enjoyed the malt of Oggersheim and later of Bauerbach to such a degree that for years afterward he was fretful if any other brew was passed over to him. Byron tried all the tipples of Portugal, Spain, Turkey and Greece, and apparently found them to his liking, and Swinburne's cast-iron stomach is known to history. Dickens was a magnificent stower-away of ale; old Sam Johnson's booze chair is familiar to all American Prohibitionists who have gone to London on Cook's tours; and Oscar Wilde could down six glasses of green Chartreuse or eight of bad brandy without turning a hair.

We come to the present American scene. Who are the outstanding writers in the country today? Dreiser, Cabell, Lewis, Anderson, Hergesheimer, Sandburg, O'Neill—and not one of them, from personal observation, would exactly faint in the presence of a bottle.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Credo in Recollection

WHAT, after a protracted period of writing on art, criticism, drama, the theatre and acting, are some of the minor conclusions a commentator like myself comes to? Sifting the many pages I have covered with momentary reflections, I extract a number of more or less lingering convictions. These, I herewith recall in quotation.

Criticism

1. Criticism is the art of appraising others at one's own value.

2. One is a good critic in the degree that one is able to answer vacillating and quibbling doubt with determined and persuasively positive doubt. Criticism is the prevailing of intelligent skepticism over vague and befuddled prejudice and uncertainty. It answers no riddle; it merely poses an oppugnant and contradictory riddle.

3. Too much emphasis, it seems to me, is laid by critics upon form. Perfection of form is hardly the *sine qua non* of art. The old dime-novel had almost perfect form; James Joyce has none, or at best very little, in the currently accepted sense. Fine art is often as formless as inferior art is sleek in form.

4. In criticism of the drama and the theatre, the critic should always be mindful of the fact that drama is an art of the ages and the theatre the art of an age. The drama is to be criticized from the viewpoint of the centuries; the theatre is to be criticized only from the viewpoint of the present moment.

5. Criticism may be defined as an art within an art, since every work of art is the result of a struggle between the heart that is the artist himself and his mind that is the critic. The wrangling that occurs at times between art and criticism is, at bottom, merely a fraternal discord, one in which Cain and Abel belabor each other with stuffed clubs.

6. Criticism of the arts consists in an intellectualization of emotionalism.

7. The critic who at forty believes the same things that he believed at twenty is either a genius or a jackass.

8. It is impossible for the true critic to be a gentleman. I use the word in its common meaning, to wit, a man who avoids offense against the punctilio, who is averse to an indulgence in personalities, who is ready to sacrifice honesty to good manners and good form, and who has respect and sympathy for the feelings of his inferiors. Criticism is intrinsically and inevitably a boorish art. Its practitioner takes color from it, and his gentlemanliness—if he has any—promptly becomes lost in its interpretative labyrinths. The critic who is a gentleman is no critic. He is merely a dancing-master among the arts.

9. Criticism is the art of appraising that which isn't in terms of what it should be and that which should be in terms of what it isn't. The rest—is mere handshaking.

10. The best critics are the inconsistent critics. Show me a consistent critic, one who sets himself a critical credo and abides by it with never a side-step, never a doubt, and I'll show you a critic who is more often wrong than right. The theatre and drama are inconsistent and changeful; each contradicts itself with the passing of the years. Dramatic criticism, if definitively and invariably consistent, becomes therefore proportionately as unsound as a brief on cancer written two decades ago.

11. The impersonal critic is a worthless itic. He is as worthless as an impersonal oducer or an impersonal playwright. ne chief argument against the impersonal itic, after all, is not that he is impersonal, it that he is a critic. The practice of prossional criticism by any such fellow is oth ludicrous and objectionable. He is ot a critic; he is a reporter. Reporting is e recording of what one has seen and eard; criticism, the recording of deducons made from what one has seen and eard. The difference is the difference beveen a Sunday newspaper supplement rticle on the monkeys in the Bronx Zoo nd the Darwinian theory.

12. The biography of dramatic criticism the autobiography of sly hypocrisy. he younger Dumas, a sharp critic, comaring the theatre with the church, said, You cannot gain the ear of the multitude or any length of time or in any efficacious ay save in the name of their higher nterests," and then sat himself down and rote "Camille," which, in the name of ne multitude's higher interests, made the nultitude slobber over a sentimental rostitute. Hazlitt, criticizing ever directly rom the intellect, paid his greatest tribute o Joseph Fawcett, a friend who criticized ver directly from the emotions. Where a nan who has satirized and made droll nock of his own critical attitude so tidily s Anatole France? The critic Shaw, who rote that in the theatre he shivered with pprehension as to the potential brutalities f Benedick and Mercutio whenever they pproached a woman or an old man, is the ame playwright Shaw who wrote Bill Valker, Edstaston and a round dozen like hem. . . . It has always been that the ritic has eloquently professed one thing bout the theatre while he was a critic nd has then promptly pulled off his louch hat and whiskers when he turned laywright and done exactly the opposite. he dramatic criticisms of Robert de Flers n *Figaro* and his subsequent comic opera, Les Travaux d'Hercule," and comedy, Les Sentiers de la Vertu," are as hard to reconcile one with the other as are the criticisms of Jules Lemaître in the *Journal des Débates* and his subsequent "Révoltée." To read Wedekind's "Art of the Theatre" and other critical papers and then to see his plays is to chuckle broadly into one's cuff. To read Bahr, the critic, in the Vienna *Tageblatt*, and then to lay an eye to Bahr, the playwright, in "The Mother" or "The Apostle" is to negotiate a snort. Victor Hugo, the critic of *Le Conservateur Littéraire*, is a twenty-eighth cousin to Victor Hugo, the dramatist of "Le Roi S'Amuse."

13. Drama is a deliberate intoxicant; dramatic criticism, aromatic spirits of ammonia; the re-creation of one art in terms of the other is never perfect; there is always a trace of tipsiness left. Even the best dramatic criticism is always just a little dramatic. It indulges, a trifle, in acting. It can never be as relatively impersonal, however much certain of its practitioners may try, as criticism of painting, or sculpture, or literature. This is why the best criticism of the theatre must inevitably be personal criticism. The theatre itself is distinctly personal; its address is directly personal. It holds the mirror not up to nature, but to the spectator's individual idea of nature. If it does not, it fails. The spectator, if he be a critic, merely holds up his own mirror to the drama's mirror: a reflection of the first reflection is the result. Dramatic criticism is this second reflection.

14. A critic is worthy in the degree that his mind feels and his heart thinks.

15. All elegant bosh to the contrary, a fine play is a fine play before it is acted. Try to think of a single great stage play that is not at the same time a great library play.

16. In the career of the critic of the theatre there are three more or less distinct periods: first, the period in which he passionately believes and vehemently conjures the theatre to be a lyceum of art; second, the period in which he passionately hopes and vehemently prays that the theatre may be a lyceum of art; and third,

the period in which he rather good-naturedly comes to the conclusion that his view of the theatre has been all wrong, and doesn't admit it.

17. Does the play interest, and whom? This seems to me to be the only doctrine of dramatic criticism that is capable of supporting itself soundly. First, does the play interest? In other words, how far has the dramatist succeeded in expressing himself, and the materials before him, intelligently, eloquently, symmetrically, beautifully? So much for the criticism of the dramatist as artist. In the second place, whom does the play interest? Does it interest inferior persons, or does it interest cultivated and artistically sensitive persons? So much for the criticism of the artist as dramatist.

Art

1. The value of a detached point of view in artistic creation is absurdly overestimated. Truly great art is the product of passionate interest and hot enthusiasm. That interest and enthusiasm may affect a cool and self-condescending smile, and that smile may in turn be interpreted as the smile of detachment, but it is never—save in the instance of the second-grade artist—anything of the kind. A tonic detached philosophy is not necessarily the fruit of a detached point of view. It is more often the fruit of a positive point of view which, to its own pleasurable inexpectation and disconcertment, has found itself cut into, half frustrated and divided into two by the sudden incursion of a point of view that appears to be equally positive in its approach to the truth.

2. Art states what we know in terms of what we hope.

3. To be convincing, emotion may go so far and no farther. Emotion become never so slightly too intense skirts perilously the abyss of travesty. It is thus that the writing of tragedy calls for a more highly developed genius than any other form of literary or dramatic composition.

4. Art is a reaching out into the ug[li]ness of the world for vagrant beauty an[d] the imprisoning of it in a tangible dream. Criticism is the dream book. All art is [a] kind of subconscious madness expressed in terms of sanity; criticism is essential to the interpretation of its mysteries, for about everything truly beautiful there is ever something mysterious and disconcerting.

5. Art is a partnership between the artist and the artist-critic. The former creates; the latter re-creates. Without criticism, art would of course still be art and so with its windows walled in and with its lights extinguished would the Uffizi still be the Uffizi. Criticism is the windows and chandeliers of art: it illuminates the enveloping darkness in which art might otherwise rest only vaguely discernible, and perhaps altogether unseen.

6. Art is the haven wherein the disillusioned may find illusion. Truth is no part of art. Nor is the mission of art simple beauty, as the text-books tell us. The mission of art is the magnification of simple beauty to proportions so heroic as to be almost overpowering. Art is a grotesque exaggeration of natural beauty: there never was a woman so beautiful as the Venus di Milo, or a man so beautiful as the Apollo Belvedere, or a sky so beautiful as Monet's, or human speech so beautiful as Shakespeare's, or the song of a nightingale so beautiful as Ludwig van Beethoven's. But as art is a process of magnification, so criticism is a process of reduction. Its purpose is the reducing of the magnifications of art to the basic classic and æsthetic principles, and the subsequent announcement thereof in terms proportioned to the artist's interplay of fundamental skill and overtopping imagination.

7. To speak of morals in art is to speak of legislature in sex. Art is the sex of the imagination.

8. There is, to the artist, often no criticism so humorous as that which fully endorses his intent and achievement.

9. Sound art is never recondite. Molière

nd Shakespeare are as transpicuous as Iaeterlinck and Georg Kaiser are ambigu-us. That a great work of art is susceptible f many meanings, many interpretations, eems to me to be largely nonsense. What, or example, are the *many* meanings, and *any* interpretations, of "Romeo and uliet," Haydn's "Kindersymphonie," aphael's "Sposalizio," or the "Divina ommedia" of Dante?

10. Literature is an art wherein one bserves the effects of the thematic action pon the protagonist's mind. Drama is an rt wherein one observes the effects of the hematic action upon the protagonist's eart. Burlesque is an art wherein one bserves the effects of the thematic action pon the protagonist's trousers-seat.

11. Of all the arts and half-arts—per-aps even above that of acting—is the art f criticism founded most greatly upon anity. All criticism is, at bottom, an ffort on the part of its practitioner to how off himself and his art at the expense f the artist and the art which he criti-izes. The heavy modesty practised by ertain critics is but a recognition of, and elf-conscious attempt to diminish, the undamental and ineradicable vainglory f criticism. The great critics are those vho, recognizing the intrinsic, permanent nd indeclinable egotism of the critical rt, make no senseless effort to conceal it. The absurd critics are those who attempt o conceal it and, in the attempt, make heir art and themselves doubly absurd.

12. If art, according to Beulé, is the ntervention of the human mind in the lements furnished by experience, criti-ism is the intervention of the human nind in the elements furnished by æsthetic assion.

13. Though each work of art is in-lubitably an entity and so to be considered, here is yet in creative art what may be ermed an æsthetic genealogy that bears eavily upon comprehensive criticism and hat renders the artist's aim, his point of iew and his execution of the task before im susceptible of a criticism predicated in a measure upon the work of the sound artist who has just preceded him.

14. Intent and achievement are not necessarily twins. I have always perversely thought it likely that there is often a greater degree of accident in fine art than one is permitted to believe. The aim and point of view of a bad artist are occasionally admirable; the execution of a fine artist may sometimes be founded upon a point of view that is, from an apparently sound critical estimate, at striking odds with it. Art is often unconscious of itself. Shakespeare, writing popular plays to order, wrote the greatest plays that dramatic art has known. Mark Twain, in a disgusted moment, threw off a practical joke, and it turned out to be literature.

15. Your true artist is seldom, if ever, absolutely sincere, for he appreciates that to write only what he believes is to confess his pettiness, narrowness and inflexible limitations. Perfectly sincere men are rarely artists.

Drama

1. By way of a substitute for authentic originality, some dramatic authors resort to the familiar dodge of causing certain of their characters to act not in the way they would normally and logically be expected to act but rather in a way that, being the opposite, will surprise the expectations of the audience. This surprise twist, as it is known, is ever the common resort of the unimaginative and uninventive playwright. Unable to draw character that is at once logical and interesting, he seeks to conceal his deficiency in a superficial dramatic hocus-pocus that will, in the interesting fore-stage prestidigitation of the moment, divert the audience's attention from the disappearance of logic up-stage. The trick, however, though it is usually successful for the moment, generally—save in the farce—finds the audience dissatisfied a short while afterward. An audience may not know logic when it sees it, but it usually knows it when it feels it. It may casually be amused

by an arbitrary surprise twist of character, but it is seldom persuaded. And a theatre audience, if it is to be successfully cultivated, must always be persuaded before it can be consistently amused.

2. To remind us of what we have nearly forgotten—that is the purpose of fine drama.

3. Like tapestry, drama should not be scrutinized too closely. It should be pondered and criticized at several paces. It is not designed for near consideration; if analytically regarded at short range, its woof and essential crudity dispel its creator's aim. That aim is solely to fashion a thing of suggestive illusion and beauty. The texture and the structure may in the eyes of a too peering criticism be ugly. But if the illusion and beauty be there, the rest is not the business of criticism.

4. Great drama is the souvenir of the adventures of a master among the pieces of his own soul.

5. Men go to the theatre to forget; women, to remember.

6. The drama lives for us the lives of our neighbors in terms of ourselves.

7. Even the greatest dramatist must always have in him something of the plebeian. It may be a faint streak, indiscernible to the casual eye, but it is in him none the less. No thoroughbred aristocrat, wholly free of democratic taint, can write real drama. Drama is the stubborn, automatic echo in an artist's heart of the voice of the people from whom he has sprung.

8. Drama is, in essence, a democratic art in constant brave conflict with aristocracy of intelligence, taste and emotion.

9. Life is a conflict of principles. Drama, of emotions.

10. Nothing is so essentially undramatic as clear thinking. Various attempts to devise serious drama out of the thoughtful figures of history—out, even, of reflective figures of the playwright's fancy—have for the most part rolled the stone of Sisyphus. The meditative man, when employed for the purposes of the stage, must, if he would be used at all, be made the figure of comedy, farce or satire, as with Napoleon in "Sans Gêne" and "A Man of Destiny." For the needs of the stage, the thinker must be operated upon, his heart placed in his head and his mind in his funny-bone. It is the first rule of the acting stage that the hero must not think out the drama to *its* conclusion but that, *per contra*, the drama must think out the hero to *his* conclusion. In plainer words, the central figure of a play must be influenced infinitely less from within than from without. If, for example, one were to write a play with Nietzsche as the hero, the drama would needs be generated and carried on to its climacteric consummation not by that gentleman's energetic mind and philosophies, but rather by the objection to them on the part of the leading lady. There can be no substantial thought in stage drama. Drama consists in the surrender of accurate and judicious thinking to emotionalism: either to the emotions of its central character or to those of its secondary character (symbolic of the mood emotion) operating against that central character and forcing him, breathless and beaten for all his brave show, to the wall. For the part victory of a Trigorin or an Undershaft, there are the thousand routs of the Vockerats and Gabriel Schillings.

11. Good drama is anything that interests an intelligently emotional group of men and women.

12. Melodrama is that form of drama in which the characters are deliberately robbed of a sense of humor by the author. Problem drama, most often, that form in which the characters are deliberately robbed of a sense of humor by the audience.

13. Comedy is but tragedy, cunningly disguised and popularized for the multitude.

14. The dramatist, in the theatre, is not a worker in actualities, but in the essence of actualities that filters through the self-deception of his spectators. There is no such thing as realism in the theatre: there is only mimicry of realism. There is no such thing as romance in the theatre: there

is only mimicry of romance. There is no such thing as an automatic dramatic susceptibility in a theatre audience: there is only a volitional dramatic susceptibility. Thus, it is absurd to speak of the drama holding the mirror up to nature; all that the drama can do is to hold nature up to its own peculiar mirror which, like that in a sideshow, amusingly fattens up nature, or shrinks it, yet does not at any time render it unrecognizable. One does not go to the theatre to see life and nature; one goes to see the particular way in which life and nature happen to look to a cultivated, imaginative and entertaining man who happens, in turn, to be a playwright. Drama is the surprising pulling of a perfectly obvious, every-day rabbit out of a perfectly obvious, every-day silk hat. The spectator has seen thousands of rabbits and thousands of silk hats, but he has never seen a silk hat that had a rabbit concealed in it, and he is curious about it.

15. The art of the drama is one which imposes upon drama the obligation of depicting at once the inner processes of life realistically and the external aspects of life delusively. Properly and sympathetically to appreciate drama, one must look upon it synchronously with two different eyes: the one arguing against the other as to the truth of what it sees, and triumphing over this doubtful other with the full force of its sophistry.

16. The villain in the average American play is that character in the play who, were he a real, living man, would in all probability decline to associate with the author.

Acting

1. The actor, by the very nature of his craft, must be popular or perish. Hence the actor is not logically an artist and cannot conduct himself as one.

2. The circumstance that Coquelin was an artist who happened to be an actor does not make acting an art any more than the circumstance that Villon was an artist who happened to be a burglar or that Paderewski is an artist who happens to be a politician makes burglary and politics arts.

3. The actor is the child of the miscegenation of an art and a trade: of the drama and the theatre.

4. If criticism is an art (thus a familiar contention), why is not acting also an art, since both are concerned with re-creating works of art? But the artist's work offered up to the critic is a challenge, whereas the dramatist's work offered up to the actor is a consonance. Criticism is war, whether in behalf of æsthetic friend or against æsthetic foe; acting is agreement, peace. The critic recreates, in terms of his own personality, the work of another and often emphatically different and antagonistic personality. The actor re-creates, in terms of a dramatist's concordantly imagined personality, his own personality: the result is less recreation than non-re-creation. In other words, the less the actor creates or re-creates and the more he remains simply an adaptable tool in the hands of the dramatist, the better actor he is. The actor's state is thus what may be termed one of active impassivity. Originality and independence, save within the narrowest of limits, are denied him. He is a literal translator of a work of art, not an independently imaginative and speculative interpreter, as the critic is.

5. What is often mistaken for intelligence in an actor is merely a talent for not reading incorrectly the work of a dramatist. Yet intelligence is unnecessary in the case of the actor. It requires no more authentic intrinsic intelligence to play, say, the King in "Lear" than it requires to play the oboe in Beethoven's op. 87. Application it does require—and, with application, a good pair of lungs, a clear speaking voice, a copy of a pronouncing dictionary, a presence at least approximating that of a floor-walker, the mind of an eighteen-year-old boy, and a measure of experience in testing these things out upon a brilliantly illuminated platform—and

also a competent director—but actual intelligence, hardly.

6. Drama is the art of expressing artificially what is felt naturally. Acting, the art of expressing naturally what is felt artificially.

7. Dramatic criticism advances as its concern with the actor recedes. Extended criticism of actors is a subterfuge for concealing a confined knowledge of drama.

8. An actress is charming on the stage in the degree that her audience imagines she is charming off the stage.

9. The proficient actor is one who can completely immerse his own personality in the rôle he is playing. The star actor is one who can completely immerse the rôle he is playing in his own personality.

10. Acting is a thing almost as local as Rugby, baseball, bull-fighting or any other sport. It is a pastime and, as such, open to local prejudices, tastes and predilections. The jury that sits in judgment upon it is like a cosmopolitan jury that sits upon woman's beauty: a jury that decides according to each of its twelve separate and divergent national standards. The world, without exception, recognizes a Beethoven symphony to be a great work of art. In all probability the greatest acting performance of more modern times was Eleanora Duse's performance of "Heimat." And yet several of the leading British critics asserted that Duse had not so much as touched the rôle; and yet the French critics to a man asserted that the performance could not be compared with that of Bernhardt; and yet the Italian and Spanish critics asserted that the performance of Bernhardt could not be compared with that of Duse; and yet a practised, cultured and thoroughly trained Scandinavian critic, stage director and actor, Lindberg, asserted that *neither* Duse nor Bernhardt had given a proper and authentic interpretation of the rôle. While, of course, it is perfectly true that a work of art is often and may often be debated, and eloquently, on both its sides, it is yet hardly conceivable that the master works of art, if they be debated at all, be not debated eventually to a conclusion, a conclusion establishing them in their proper place and stature. That this conclusion is seldom if ever reached in the matter of acting and acting performances is significant in the consideration of acting as an art. No more, indeed, is the conclusion ever reached in the argument over the putting of Worcestershire sauce into soup.

11. The actor who contends in favor of his creative art that he must experience within him the feeling of the dramatist that he must actually persuade himself to feel his rôle with all its turning smiles and tears, speaks nonsense. So, too, must the auditor, yet who would term the auditor a creative artist? The actor who contends in favor of his creative art the exact opposite, that he is, to wit, a creative artist since he must theatrically create the dramatist's moods, illusions and emotions without feeling them himself, speaks nonsense no less. For so, too, in such a case as "Electra," "Ghosts" or "The Green Hat," must the auditor, yet who, again, would call the latter a creative artist? The actor who contends in favor of his creative art that two accomplished actors often "create" the same rôle in an entirely different manner, speaks nonsense yet again. For what is not creation in the first place does not become creation simply by multiplying it by two. The actor who further contends in behalf of his creative art that if effective acting were the mere trickery that some maintain it to be, any person ordinarily gifted should be able, after a little experiment, to give an effective stage performance, speaks truer than he knows. Some of the most remarkable performances on the stage of the Abbey Theatre of Dublin have been given by just such persons.

12. Acting is less an art than the deceptive echo of an art.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Origin of Variations

MALIGNANCY AND EVOLUTION: A BIOLOGICAL INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND CAUSES OF CANCER, by Morley Roberts. London: *Eveleigh Nash & Grayson.*

Mr. Roberts' title and sub-title do a certain injustice to his book, for they suggest to the casual reader that what he has to offer is simply one more contribution to the endless series of theories that seek to account for the pathological mystery, cancer. He actually goes very much further than that. Pathology in the strict sense, indeed, is quickly left behind him, and he engages in a sweeping and extremely fruitful exploration of the whole field of the biological sciences, including even sociology. Why is it that an organism occasionally throws off the rule of its being and runs amok? And when it does so, what is the ultimate effect? Here, obviously, he sets himself a problem that is vastly wider than the cancer problem. It strikes at the very heart of the riddle of evolution, and involves questions of embryology, physiology and paleontology quite as much as questions of pathology. Mr. Roberts' answer, though its presentation involves a long exposition, and most readers will probably find that exposition very difficult, is really quite simple. The changes that occur in organisms, he argues, are due mainly, if not exclusively, to changes in their environment, and the mechanism of variation is one of damage and repair. The organism, in the face of a new environment, is thrown off its balance, and its normal symmetry is destroyed. The parts that find the new environment favorable tend to increase in size and importance; the parts that find it hostile tend to disintegrate. There is thus a rapid growth of new tissue at the expense of old tissue. Two things may now happen: either the new tissue may proliferate unimpeded until it interferes with the normal working of the organism as a whole, and so causes its death, or the organism as a whole may conquer and halt the new tissue, and so render it harmless or even adapt it to some useful purpose.

It is Mr. Roberts' contention that this growth of new tissue is always at the expense of old tissue. The various tissues of the body live together in what he calls hostile symbiosis. That is, each is necessary to the others, but each, unless held in check by the others, will seek to invade their food supply, and even to prey upon them. The balance is maintained by a mechanism which regulates the food supply of each tissue and carries off its débris. When for any environmental cause, that mechanism ceases to function, there is an anarchistical struggle and the hindmost is handed over to the devil. Something of this sort takes place, says Mr. Roberts, in the condition known as carcinoma, a form of cancer. The epithelial, or surface tissue at the point of incidence, having been forced out of its normal life by mechanical irritation or some other cause, turns upon the connective tissue beneath it which ordinarily supplies it with food, and proceeds to seize more than its fair share of that food, and even to attack the connective tissue. The connective tissue responds by seeking to wall in the aberrant epithelial tissue, and in most cases, no doubt, it succeeds. But when it fails the epithelial tissue begins to consume it, and there appears a carcinoma.

A process exactly analagous, argues Mr. Roberts, is responsible for variations, and

hence for the appearance of new organs and the disappearance of old ones. A variation is simply a response to environmental change. One tissue benefits by that change at the expense of the rest, and so tends to proliferate sufficiently to throw the organism as a whole out of balance, and thus to imperil its life. The other tissues struggle with the outlaw. They may succeed in checking and destroying it altogether, in which case the organism remains substantially as it was before. Or they may dispose of it by walling it in, in which case the organism has to contend with a new structure, and may, in the long run, find a use for it, and convert it into a gland or other organ. Or they may succumb to it, in which case the organism dies. Mr. Roberts believes that this process (here described, of course, very crudely) has been responsible for many, if not most of the variations that are visible in the course of organic evolution. He argues that it accounts for those variations better than any other theory, most of which, in point of fact, simply beg the question. He believes that it has been extremely wasteful, and that it may be blamed for the extinction of many organisms. Even among those that have survived, he says, it has been fatal to countless individuals, for thousands had to die of what were, to all intents and purposes, cancers before one managed to bring the new growth into order, and turn it to use.

Obviously, this theory forces Mr. Roberts into a more or less blushful flirtation with the inheritance of acquired characters—a business extremely offensive to most biologists. He faces the difficulty without evasion. The inheritance of acquired characters, he argues, is by no means disproved beyond a doubt: it seems improbable, but it is certainly not downright impossible. But he doesn't believe that his theory forces him to accept it, at least in its ordinary sense. He is dealing with environmental changes that affect, not merely chance individuals, but whole groups of organisms. So operating, those changes tend to select out certain strains. The individuals fit to deal with the new environment and its consequent new growths survive and beget their kind. Those that succumb naturally leave no progeny, and hence their unfitness dies with them. The effects of the new environment, indeed, may not be directly somatic at all: they may be worked upon the germ cell. If that is true, the difficulty tends to vanish. That it is not unreasonable is shown by general feeling among biologists, mirrored in more than one theory that cancer concerns the germ cells.

Mr. Roberts believes that the human race is entering upon a period of variation and that the underlying cause is the radical change in the environment of civilized man that has come about since the rise of the industrial system. This change, he thinks, is responsible for the increase in cancer—that is, in so far as there is any increase that is real, and not merely statistical. The savage in his jungle very seldom succumbs to cancer, even at great ages. But the civilized man, beset by an environment that is full of artificial irritations, frequently falls a victim to the disease. That certain of the chemical constituents of that environment have a special capacity for inducing cancer has been established experimentally: the case of tar is familiar. There are other elements, Mr. Roberts believes, that conduce to more benign variations. Man as a physical organism has remained static since the Stone Age, but it may be that during the next few milleniums, with a new and highly artificial environment pressing upon him, he may change materially. Signs of such a change, indeed, are already visible in the human jaw, and there may be other changes in progress, as yet undetected, in certain of the larger organs.

I present Mr. Roberts' ideas briefly, and for what they are worth. His book is difficult reading, for in order to avoid misunderstanding he has had to employ a highly technical vocabulary, but the lay reader who has the elements of biology

ıd is not wholly unfamiliar with pathol-
gy will be able to read him profitably.
ıe is himself a layman, and his trade is
ıat of a novelist. But he has pursued
iology as a hobby for many years, and
is writings in that field have been suffi-
ently sound and ingenious to win the
ɔproval of such men as Professor Arthur
eith and Professor W. M. Bayliss. Even
his fundamental theory turns out, on
ıvestigation, to be untenable, he will yet
eserve to be remembered for a gallant and
ıtelligent attempt to synthesize the bio-
ɔgical sciences. Such attempts, unfortu-
ately, are seldom made. The pathologist
ɔrks in his narrow field, and is largely
gnorant of what is being done across the
ɔad by physiologists, embryologists and
ven anatomists. Because cancer seems to
e a disease and is fatal to thousands, the
ɔtion has grown up that the search for
s cause is a purely pathological problem.
: may be, in fact, nothing of the sort. The
ecret may lie within the range of physi-
logy or embryology; it may be unearthed
t last by a paleontologist. Mr. Roberts
elieves that even sociology may throw
ɔme light upon it. Human society is an
rganism of very low grade, but it is still an
rganism, and it responds to many stimuli
ı the precise way that tissue cells respond.

Sandburg's "Lincoln"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS, by Carl Sandburg. Two volumes. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

THE first volume of this huge work, it
eems to me, comes close to being a
ıasterpiece; the second is less good, and
ı parts, indeed, very bad. The reason
ıerefor is not far to seek. The early
ıincoln not only appeals to Sandburg with
ınmense power and eloquence, as a salient
gure in the dark and romantic struggle
ɔr the subdual of the mid-Western wilder-
ess; he is also completely within the range
f Sandburg's imagination, and a man in
ıore than one way not unlike himself.
ut the later Lincoln, become adept in the tricks of politics and gradually edging his way toward the White House—this Lincoln often eludes him, and sometimes, I fancy, gives him a shock. He is, in brief, a poet rather than a psychologist, and so the epic youth is always a bit more real to him than the hard-headed and not too punctilious man. The difficulty has afflicted other historians than Sandburg. They have resolved it, not uncommonly, by converting the man into a mere imago of the youth, with the addition of black whiskers and a lugubrious frown. In the school-books he becomes an elderly Sunday-school scholar—not of today, but of that more innocent and virtuous day which Mark Twain flogged with such gusto. His pungent cynicisms, born in the back-alleys of Western politics, are transformed into quotations from the Sermon on the Mount. He glitters as the ideal Good Man, half Washington and half Coolidge, and even sprouts a firm faith that Jonah swallowed the whale. Sandburg, it goes without saying, is too honest for that sort of pious muck. He is no evangelical white-washer. When he happens upon proof that old Abe was, after all, a shrewd and somewhat devious fellow, who knew precisely how to get on in his primitive world, the fact is frankly set down. There is never any shuffling or snuffling. But all the while the impression lingers that this later Abe only too often gives him pause, and even dismay—that he is quite unable to see into the mind of the politician, or to fathom the murky depths of practical politics. Thus his political discussions lack penetration, and it is sometimes difficult to make out, from his description, what the combats he deals with were about. Even Lincoln's long struggle with Douglas retains a certain vagueness. Sandburg is intensely interested in the two men, so unlike in every way, but their motives are not always clear.

All this applies especially to the second volume. In the first there is no sign of such uneasiness. The young Lincoln, set in that lonely and forbidding wilderness, pressed

upon by an environment that sought only to make him a clod like his fellows, is a hero precisely to Sandburg's taste. He can understand the harsh, unyielding purposes, half instinctive and half insane, that moved the prairie pioneers. He can grasp and make plain the almost unbelievable difficulties that hedged them in: the bitter face of Nature, the heart-breaking round of cruel toil, the dreadful isolation and helplessness—above all, the handicap of their own incapacities. They were brave men and they were resolute, but not many of them, it seems to me, had any sense: what they wrung from the reluctant earth with such vast labor was not, in the main, worth having. The profits all went to others. They suffered and died that land speculators and mortgage sharks might blossom into bankers, and bankers into railroad stockholders, and railroad stockholders into golfers. They served an uncouth, barbaric God who recalled their existence only to play jokes on them. The soil watered by their sweat and blood now sprouts country clubs, Prohibitionists, Coolidge men, Kiwanians. The final flowers of the civilization they wrested from the tough oak-tree and the tougher wolf are Judge English and Uncle Joe Cannon. The whole episode belongs to humor.

But it was not humor, save by occasional flashes of intuition, to those who figured in it. It was not humor to the forlorn farm-wives whose agonies marked the slow stages of the long and desperate struggle. Nor was it humor to their dull lords and masters, torn between the appalling enmity of Nature and the occult and sinister enmity of the powers of the air. The fortitude of these elemental folk with soil and weather against them and hell yawning for them beyond the grave, was fatuous, no doubt, but it was also heroic: it suggested somehow the grim firmness of those martyrs who have died for a typographical error in Holy Writ. Sandburg, it seems to me, gets its true character into his close-packed and immensely interesting pages. He converts the march into the wilderness into a huma drama of the first calibre. He gets dignit into it, and a fine flavor of simple poetry The wilderness was hostile almost beyon endurance, but it was also beautiful b yond compare. There was a tremendou and romantic loveliness in its virgin rive and its doomed forests, and there wa loveliness scarcely less in the open reach of its primeval meadows. It swarmed wit wild things, afoot and awing, and i face was strewn with flowers. There wa a symphonic cycle in the round of i seasons. It could blast, but it could als caress. In the midst of its wild gorgeou ness Sandburg sets the boy Lincoln— simple creature like the rest, but not clod. The story is that of his struggle t rescue what was sound and beautiful i it from what was transient and hideou The epic is unfolded with a sombre an compelling skill. No man has ever writte of the young Lincoln with a finer insigh or with greater eloquence. Are the fac all respected? Is the narrative satisfactor to the professors of Lincolology? To he with the professors of Lincolology! Sand burg, in his amazing first volume, ha made a poem, and it is one of the noble poems in our literature. In his second, c course, he comes sprawling. But all poe come sprawling soon or late. They shoul be shot delicately when their grand flight are over, and they flutter to earth. I would be a mercy to them, and it woul be a service of merit to beautiful letters

The End of the Century

THE MAUVE DECADE: AMERICAN LIFE AT TH END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, b Thomas Beer. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

This book is by no means a history: it is fantasia upon a rococo theme, showing al the resources and many of the affectation of modern literary instrumentation. Wha gives it color and distinction is not it value as document, for it has little, no its form as work of art, for it has less, bu its sheer elevation of spirits, its vast an

ntagious gusto. For Beer plainly be-
ves that in the closing decade of the
st century the gaudy spectacle of Amer-
an life reached its high point and the be-
nnings of its decline, and I am inclined
think that the more sober historians of
e future will be forced to agree with him.
was the end of the Civil War that
arted the great show, and it went on in
er-increasing *crescendo* for thirty years—
whole generation. Then, suddenly and
if by some unintelligible act of God,
ere came a halt and a reconsideration—
d *Katzenjammer* followed. The American
ople, it seems to me, have never been
nuinely happy since. Today they are
ch, and if the laws are to be believed they
e virtuous, but all the old goatish joy
as gone out of their lives. Compare Coal
il Johnny to young John D. Rockefeller.
ompare Jim Fiske to the current J. Pier-
nt Morgan. Or General Nelson A.
iles to General Pershing. Or Chester A.
rthur to the dull and preposterous Cool-
ge. Or even Anthony Comstock to his
nhappy heirs and assigns. Something is
rely missing. Life among us is no longer
e grand and dazzling adventure it once
as. The Americano no longer dances
orgeously with arms and legs. He has
come civilized, which is to say, he has
ined a country club. His father roared
the stews and saloons.

I am old enough to remember the final
auve decade—better, indeed, than Beer
members it. His record, as I read it, thus
ems to me to be full of gaps, despite its
azzling colors and its unfailing bounce.
Why does he make so little of the White
quadron? I believe that it was a far more
lequate symbol of the period than even
e Chicago World's Fair—nay, than even
lark Hanna himself. It reflected a con-
lence that ran through every back-alley
American life, and showed itself in the
right and shining face of every Amer-
an, however humble. While those lovely
d lethal craft rode the waves, chiefly to
the southward, and glittered in their macabre way before Latin greaser and English Queen, there was peace and contentment from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. We had the men, we had the ships, and we had the money too. Fighting Bob Evans was a whole fleet in himself, and what Bob could not attend to would be done competently and to the tune of suitable rhetoric by old Schley with his goatee and his platoons of heroic Jackies, always on the spot! But now the White Squadron is no more—battered and sunk at target practice by floating machine-shops, scarcely to be distinguished one from the other, or from Ford service-stations. The drop in the national morale is enormous. Compare Dewey, emerging from Manila, with Pershing, haranguing his fellow Elks. Did we really win the late war? Then winning wars is no longer the thrilling business it was in 1898.

What brought about the change I don't know, though I have my notions. Perhaps nations, like individuals, actually grow old, and growing old, take to golf. Beer, in his chronicle, does not go into the question. His business is simply to describe the civilization that was, and he has achieved it in an extremely artful and effective manner. He makes the nineties live again, in all their incomparable color and joyousness, with their saloon doors wide open, their gamblers in plug hats, their frenzied fairs and carnivals, and their John Baptists howling in the wilderness. He has read deeply in their records, public and esoteric, and immersed himself in their swinish and happy life. His book is history of a new sort, and it is a sort that is extremely diverting and refreshing. I believe that it is also instructive. Let some talented psychologist examine the materials that he has so lavishly amassed, and tell us (*a*) what processes of man or God brought the American people to so dizzy a pinnacle of beatitude, and (*b*) what heaved them off.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD *was formerly professor of history at Illinois and Minnesota. He is now in Europe.*

MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D., *is editor of the* Journal of the American Medical Association.

WALDO FRANK *is the author of "Our America," "City Block," "Rahab," and other books. His "Virgin Spain" was lately published.*

CLAY FULKS *was born in Van Buren county, Arkansas, in 1880. After working on a farm he became a school teacher. He remained in the schools until very recently. He is now in business at McRae, Ark.*

MILDRED EVANS GILMAN *was born in Chicago and educated at the University of Wisconsin. She now lives on Staten Island. Her first novel, "Fig-Leaves," was lately published.*

THOMAS F. HEALY, *as his article shows, is a former hobo. He is now living in New York.*

JOSEPHINE HERBST *is an Iowan, but is now living in Connecticut. Her first novel, "Unmarried," will soon appear.*

OSCAR LEWIS *is a frequent contributor to the magazines. He is secretary of the Book Club of California.*

LEWIS MUMFORD'S *article will be a chapter in a book on the history of American ideas, soon to be published.*

BART PARK *is a Kansan and a graduate of the State University there. He has been in the Air Service, and is at present instructor in chemistry at the Michigan College of Mines.*

ROBERT R. ROWE *is a Pennsylvanian, and was educated in his native State in Rhode Island. He entered journalism as a correspondent at Newport for New York papers. Later he moved to New York and became editor of* Polo, Racing *and other weeklies. He is now engaged in genealogical researches.*

ELDOR PAUL SCHULZE *is a graduate of Concordia Collegiate (Lutheran) Institute, Bronxville, N. Y. For a time he was a student at the Concordia (Lutheran) Theological Seminary at St. Louis. He comes from a family of Lutheran ministers.*

JAMES STEVENS *is the author of "Paul Bunyan" and "Brawnyman," the latter just published.*

STANLEY WALKER *is night city editor of the New York* Herald-Tribune.

GEORGE P. WEST *is a San Francisco newspaper man. He wrote the article on California in the* Nation's *series, "These United States." He lives at Sausalito, a San Francisco suburb.*

DANE YORKE *is a retired Philadelphia business man, now devoting all his time to writing. He resides in Maine.*

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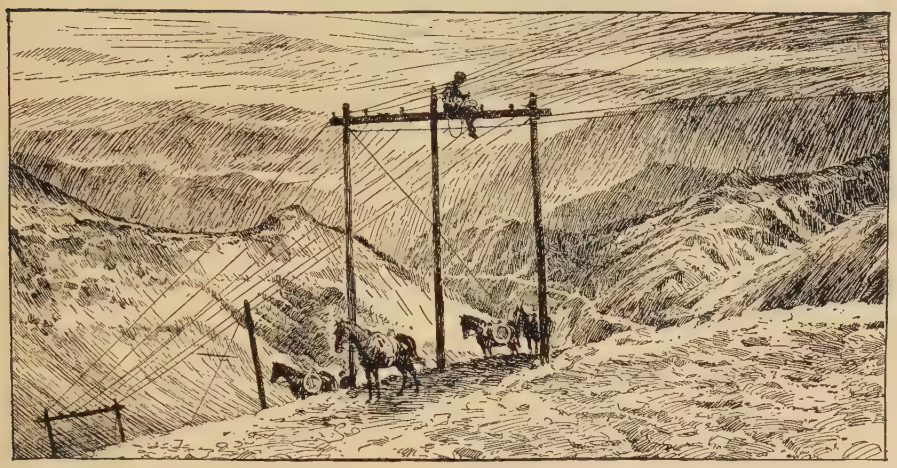

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Editorial NOTES

From a customer in one of the Christian cities of California:

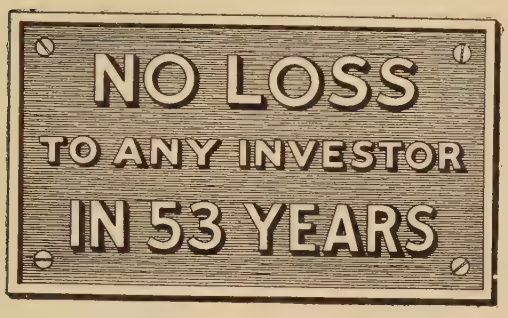
In our town, under the Volstead Act, what t called rolling parties have become the vo When one of the younger married set buys a gallon carboy of recovered denatured alco invitations go out for a rolling. Young mot leave their children in the care of impecun maiden ladies who are trying to become writ young fathers quit their radios. The party sembled, the host drains off two and a gallons of the alcohol, replaces in the carbo similar amount of water from the faucet (tilled water has come to be regarded as m swank), adds the requisite number of my drops from a medicine dropper, and then cc the carboy. Next the glass container is tip on its side and vigorously rolled back and fo across the living-room floor amid glad anticipatory shouts. Sometimes the livel young matron straddles the carboy and the ga is to see who can roll her off. The rolling m continue for at least ten minutes, for that c stitutes ageing, and is equivalent to ten ye in the warehouse.

When the glass container grows hot from in nal chemical combustion, the cork is removed permit the escape of the imprisoned gases. Af that it becomes the host's high office and pri lege to siphon some of the "gin" thus aged i veritable Gordon bottles. Lemons are then out in the pass pantry. The ice-pick is pla handy to use. Station K. G. O. is found on t radio. Dancing and drinking are indulged un everybody is—in the local idiom—proper cut. Such is one of the quaint drinking custo that have arisen out of the rule of the Method Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Pub Morals in this great land.

Mr. James Stevens, author of "Paul B yan" and "Brawnyman," sends in this

As I looked over Mr. Holbrook's "Wobbl Talk" before he submitted the article, I fe that I should defend it against Mr. Jam Lance's attack.

Continued on page xx



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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

It is true that Otis (or the Los Angeles *Times*) was the first to use the word *wobbly* in print, but it is doubtful if he was its originator. I have an idea that one of his editorial writers got it from a police reporter, who got it from the wobblies themselves. I credited the California editor with the first use of the word in the article, "Logger Talk," which I wrote for Dr. Louise Pound's *American Speech*, but the old-time wobblies of the overall brigade will swear by Mr. Holbrook's account of its origin.

Dehorn is a wobbly euphemism for stooling on the skid-road bootleggers. So the intellectuals understand the term. But the savages who survive in the wobbly ranks *are* using it in place of *scissor-bill*. The type of young logger who once would have belonged to the overall brigade is now a *short-staker*, attached to no organization. He was a booze-fighting rebel when the camps were lousy and the wages were low. Now he is seldom seen on the skid-road in town, for he drives a car from job to job and when he comes in with a stake he jazzes around with corsetless working women who live for love. Only wobblies and old loggers are to be found on the skid-road nowadays. *Scissor-bill* is the short-staker's term for the other groups, wobblies, old-timers and home guards. It has lost its old meaning. In all my years of camp life I never heard *William Shears*.

Lance falls all over his feet when he wades into the nomenclature of woods-bosses. The official title of the camp boss nowadays is *logging superintendent*. The camp boss has been *the bull of the woods* ever since I heard of one. In California I worked for "The Little Bull." In Oregon I worked for "Baldy the Bull." The *hook-tender* is one straw-boss in the woods. But there are also the *boss-faller*, *top-loader*, and *bull-bucker*. There are no others, in the usual logging operation. *Chasers*, *choker-setters*, and so on are not wobbly talk, but plain job names, like *hod-carrier*, and *blacksmith-helper*. Construction men are divided into two groups: the *grading stiffs*, the *team-hands* and *hard rock men* who make the grades, and the *gandy-dancers*, who lay the steel.

Mr. Holbrook did fail to mention *job shark* and *slave market*, two overall brigade inventions for employment agent and employment office. That brigade had a rich rebel lingo. The modern wobbly usually talks like a *New Republic* editorial. The short-staker tunes the bunkhouse radio in and practices the Charleston. The old-timer groans out a "Sufferin' old dyin' cries of Christ!"—and sighs.

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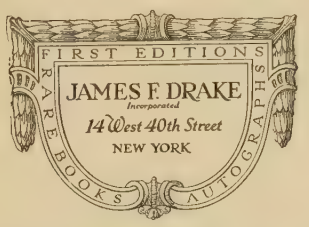

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THE RELATION OF NATURE TO MAN IN ABORIGINAL AMERICA
By Clark Wissler. *The Oxford University Pr*
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Under this formidable title Dr. Wissler conceal learned and extremely instructive study of the ge graphical distribution and cultural relations of t American Indian tribes. The book follows a cou of lectures given at Philadelphia two years ago. is well planned and adequately illustrated. T author is curator-in-chief of the department of a thropology at the American Museum of Natu History.

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This large and important monograph is intend primarily for medical men, but there is much in that will be of value to the sociologist and the ge eral reader. Dr. Sachs is a former president of th American Neurological Association, and Dr. Hausma is an instructor in neurology in Cornell Medical Co lege. The authors are strongly opposed to psych analysis, and attack it with great vigor.

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By Theodore B. Hyslop. *The George H. Doran Compan*
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Continued on page xxiv

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figures as Ivan IV to the mere eccentricity c
doubted men of genius. It is his contention tha
world is too apt to regard any diversion fro
normal as evidence of mental disease, and tha
rules binding judges and juries ought to be cha

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

DEPENDENT AMERICA
By William C. Redfield. The Houghton Mifflin Co
$2.50 7½ x 5; 268 pp. *I*

The author, who was Secretary of Commer
the Wilson Cabinet, essays to show the exte
which the industries of the United States ar
pendent upon imported raw materials. He has am
many interesting facts, and presents them effecti
He argues that they show the folly and impossi
of a policy of complete national isolation.

ISVOLSKY AND THE WORLD WAR.
By Friedrich Stieve. George Allen & U
12s. 6d. 8½ x 5¼; *L*

This valuable work is based upon a thorough s
of the diplomatic correspondence of A. P. Isvo
Russian ambassador to Paris from 1911 to 1914
presents overwhelming proof that Isvolsky b
working for a world war in 1911, and that Poin
the French premier, joined him in 1912.

PEGASUS, *or Problems of Transportation.*
By J. F. C. Fuller. E. P. Dutton and Com
$1 6 x 4¼; 87 pp. *New*

The greater part of this book deals with
struggle Stephenson had in introducing his invent
the locomotive. In the remainder of the book Col
Fuller argues that the prime need of the futur
transportation is further development in tra
vehicles of the tank type.

ECONOMICS: *Principles and Problems.*
By Lionel D. Edie. The Thomas Y. Crowell Com
$5 9; 6; 799 pp. *New*

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is perhaps the best college textbook on econor
yet published. The author presents clearly, not c
the doctrines of the classical economists, but also
latest developments in anthropology and psychol
in so far as they have a bearing on his topic. The b
is well written and is replete with pertinent ch
and figures and also with well-selected bibliograph
Mr. Edie is professor of economics at Indiana U
versity.

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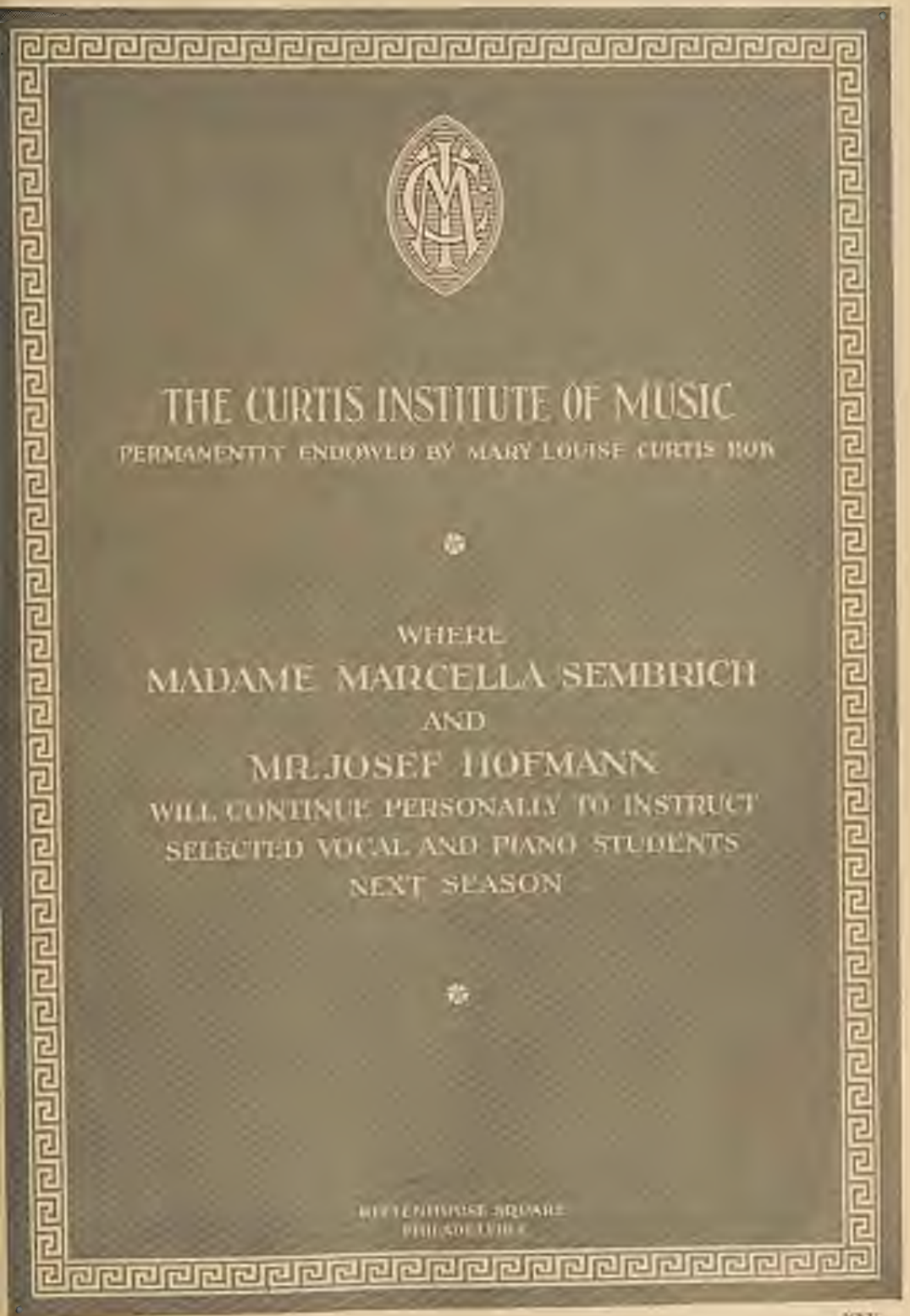
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THE CONQUEST OF THE PHILIPPINES BY THE UNITED STATES, 1898–1925.
By Moorfield Storey and Marcial P. Lichauco. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$3 8½ x 5⅝; 274 pp. *New York*

A polemic against American policy in the Philippines. The authors hold that "their conquest and retention were due to the influence of a comparatively few men who, caring nothing for American principles or the interests either of the Filipinos or their own countrymen, have sought to make money for themselves at the expense of both."

BIOGRAPHY

AFTER THE BALL: *Forty Years of Melody.*
By Charles K. Harris. *Frank-Maurice, Inc.*
$4 9⅜ x 6⅛; 376 pp. *New York*

The autobiography of the author of "After the Ball," perhaps the most successful popular song ever published in America. There are many curious sidelights upon the trade of popular song writing, and upon the lives and public services of some of its eminent practitioners. A facsimile of the original MS. of "After the Ball" is given, and there are numerous other tid-bits for the connoisseur.

ANATOLE FRANCE AT HOME.
By Marcel Le Goff. *The Adelphi Company*
$2.50 9 x 5¾; 197 pp. *New York*

M. Le Goff met Anatole France at Le Bechellerie in September, 1915, and thereafter saw him once a week for ten years. This book is a record of their conversations. The Master's views on Americans are set forth in Chapter VII.

IN QUEST OF THE SOUL OF CIVILIZATION.
By Hagop Bogigian. *Published by the author*
8 x 5½; 255 pp. *Washington*

Starting out as a penniless Armenian orphan, Mr. Bogigian has worked himself up to be one of the most prosperous carpet merchants in this country. The book is naturally full of rhapsodies about the United States and its liberty-loving people, but it is also full of sharp comments upon the ease with which the Americans are swindled and other such things.

ESSAYS

THE MEADOWS. *Familiar Studies of The Commonplace.*
By John C. Van Dyke. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7 x 5; 245 pp. *New York*

Twelve prose rhapsodies on such things as Winter birds, bare trees and frozen fields, all charmingly

Continued on page xxviii

Count Bruga
by Ben Hecht

"It is one of the most gorgeous pieces of brilliance that I have ever read. First-class funmaking. I shall recommend "COUNT BRUGA" eternally. Hecht, I insist, is about the most capable writer in America. You will never regret reading "COUNT BRUGA."—*G. D. Eaton, The Morning Telegraph.*

"Ben Hecht has come through in "COUNT BRUGA" with the book that must have been in him all the while. It is a superb vehicle for Mr. Hecht's paradoxical vision of life. It is also an inspired 'thriller.'"—*John W. Crawford, N. Y. Times Book Review.* Third Edition. $2.00

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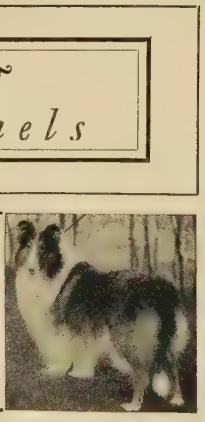

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written. The author should not be confused with Henry van Dyke. The difference between them considerable.

THINGS THAT HAVE INTERESTED ME: *Third Series.*
By Arnold Bennett. *The George H. Doran Co.*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 225 pp. *New*

The first and second volumes of this series were decidedly amusing. But the third is made up, in the main, of blowsy and shameless platitudes. The writing, incidentally, is very careless.

HELLAS: *Travels in Greece.*
By Georg Brandes. *The Adelphi Co.*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 219 pp. *New*

There are five essays in this book. In the first three, ostensibly commenting on the Iliad, the Odyssey and the Anabasis, Brandes sings his old praise of Hellenic culture and repeats his well-known sneer at modern Western civilization. In the last two chapters he examines the causes that have plunged Greece of today down to its present disgraceful level. On page 209 he says, "If any specific European diplomat may be mentioned as responsible for the collapse that has brought Hellas to its present low estate it that man could be none other than Lord Grey, for he it was who . . . [utilized] Venizelos for the purpose of splitting the Greek people. . . ." By way of comment on the general political situation in Europe now he says, on page 219, "Europe has fallen into the hands of clowns."

CRITICISM

THE MODERN NOVEL: *Some Aspects of Contemporary Fiction.*
By Elizabeth A. Drew. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*
$2 7⅝ x 5; 274 pp. *New*

This is an extremely intelligent and acute piece of criticism, and perhaps the best study of the modern English novel yet printed. Miss Drew, who is an Englishwoman, is very partial to H. G. Wells, but she has also a fine understanding of his antithesis, Joseph Conrad. Her chapter on the American novel is short, but very searching.

SWINBURNE.
By Harold Nicolson. *The Macmillan Co.*
$1.25 7 x 4¾; 207 pp. *New*

Continued on page xxx

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HERMAN MELVILLE.
By John Freeman. *The Macmillan Comp*
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These are the first volumes of a new English M of Letters Series, edited by J. C. Squire, editor of *London Mercury*. The format is pleasing, there are a quate bibliographies and indices, and the two v umes in hand show a sound understanding of men discussed, and a capacity to interpret th adequately.

NOTORIOUS LITERARY ATTACKS.
Edited by Albert Mordell. *Boni & Livera*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 255 pp. *New Y*

The slatings here reprinted, with copious notes the editor, include "On the Cockney School Poetry," by Leigh Hunt; the *Quarterly Review's* c brated onslaught upon Shelley's "Revolt of Islam *Blackwood's* "Remarks Upon 'Don Juan';" the *Ath næum's* denunciation of Carlyle's "French Revo tion;" John Morley's review of Swinburne's "Poe and Ballads" in the *Saturday Review*, the authorsh of which was long unknown, though not to Sw burne; "The Fleshly School of Poetry," from *Contemporary Review*, and Henley's "R.L.S." Cert famous attacks that have been reprinted elsewh are omitted—for example, Jeffrey's review of Wor worth's "Excursion," beginning "This will ne do." The editor's preface is very long and very learn

TRANSLATIONS

TIBETAN TALES.
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CATULLUS. *The Complete Poems.*
Translated by F. A. Wright. *E. P. Dutton & Compa*
$3 7¼ x 5; 250 pp. *New Yo*

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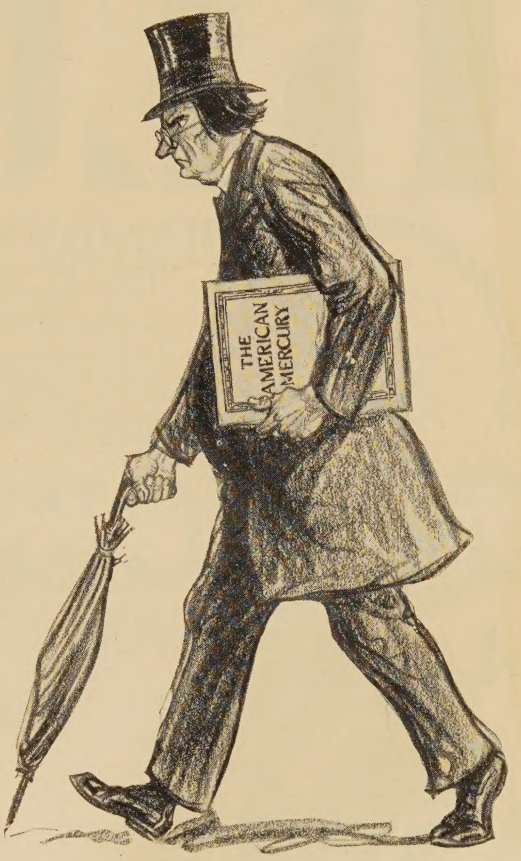

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Other Things in the August Issue:

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safeguards you and your family from dangers unforeseen

EVEN though you are, yourself, the most careful of drivers, you are always at the mercy of "the other fellow".

The NEW STUTZ with Safety Chassis is designed and built for *safety first.* This is because *safety* was the ideal of STUTZ engineers right from the beginning of the development of The NEW STUTZ.

The hydrostatic four-wheel brakes of The NEW STUTZ, built by Timken, utilize, for the first time, a superior principle of braking. In a word, they give much more actual braking contact, and more evenly distribute the braking-energy. This means a quicker safety-stop when needed, and smoother, more comfortable deceleration at all ordinary speeds —without skid, swerve, or sidesway.

In The NEW STUTZ, a lower center of gravity has been secured by the employment of a worm-drive rear axle. The NEW STUTZ, while providing full road clearance, rides from five to eight inches nearer the ground than cars with conventional chassis design. This means unequaled stability, with high resistance to overturn and skidding at corners, ease of control, and greater facility of handling.

The alert, instant acceleration found in The NEW STUTZ quickly pulls the car out of "tight places." At the same time, it gives to the car an unusually ready obedience.

The frame is of unequaled strength and rigidity, with steel running boards (side bumpers).

Narrow front corner-posts provide clear vision and decrease the possibility of collision.

Safety-glass in the windshield eliminates the danger of injury from flying shattered windshield glass.

And many of these features not only constitute invaluable safeguards, but they add immeasurably to the smartness of the car's appearance and to its comfort.

See The NEW STUTZ, and compare its safety features with those of any conventional car.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc., Indianapolis

Six body styles, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated.

STUTZ SAFETY 8 CHASSIS

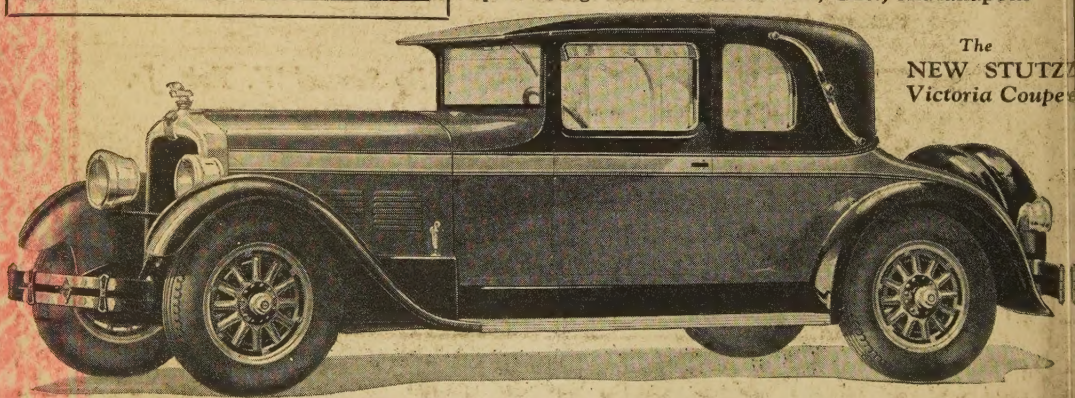
Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing full road clearance and headroom

Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and roadability

Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 H. P. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New, non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive



The NEW STUTZ *Victoria Coupe*